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Poetry.

THE VILLAGE STORK—BAYARD TAYLOR'S LAST POEM.

From the Independent.

The old Hercynian Forest sent
His weather on the plain:
Wahlwinkel's orchards writhed and bent
In whirls of wind and rain.
Within her nest, upon the roof,
For generations tempest proof,
Wahlwinkel's stork with her young ones lay,
When the hand of the hurricane tore away
The house and the home that held them.

The storm passed by; the happy trees
Shook up and kissed the sun;
And from the birds new melodies
Came fluting one by one.
The stork, upon the paths below,
Went sadly pacing to and fro,
With dripping plumes and head depressed,
For the thought of the spoiled ancestral nest,
And the old, inherited honor.

"Behold her now!" the throstle sang
From out the linden tree:
"Who knows from what a line she sprang,
Beyond the unknown sea?"
"If she could sing, perchance her tale
Might move us," chirruped the nightingale.
"Sing? She can only rattle and creak!"
Whistled the bullfinch, with silver beak,
Within the wires of his prison.

And all the birds there, or loud or low,
Were one in scoff and scorn:
But still the stork paced to and fro,
As utterly forlorn.
Then suddenly, in turn of eye,
She saw a poet passing by,
And the thought in his brain was an arrow of fire,
That pierced her with passion and pride and ire
And gave her a voice to answer.

She raised her head and shook her wings
And faced the piping crowd:
"Best service," said she, "never sings.
True honor is not loud.
My kindred carol not, nor boast;
Yet we are loved and welcomed most.
And our ancient race is dearest and first,
And the hand that hurts us is held accursed
In every home of Wahlwinkel!

"Beneath a sky forever fair,
And with a summer clad,
The land I come from smiles—and there
His brother was a god!
My nest upon a temple stands
And sees the blue of desert lands;
And the palm and the tamarisk cool my wings,
When the blazing beam of the noonday stings,
And I drink from the holy river!

"There I am sacred, even as here;
Yet dare I not be lost,
When meads are bright, hearts full of cheer,
At olden-time Pentecost.
Then from mine obelisk I depart,
Guided by something in my heart,
And sweep in a line over Libyan sands
To the blossoming olives of Grecian lands,
And rest on the Cretan Ida!

"Parnassus sees me as I sail;
I cross the Adrian brine;
The distant summits fade and fail,
Dalmatian, Apennine.
The Alpine snows beneath me gleam,
I see the yellow Danube stream!
But I hasten on until my spent wings fall
Where I bring a blessing to each and all,
And babes to the wives of Wahlwinkel!"

She dropped her head and spake no more;
The birds on either hand
Sang louder, lustier than before—
They could not understand.
Then mused the stork, with snap of beak:
"Better be silent than so speak!
Highest being can never be taught;
They have their voices, I my thought;
And they were never in Egypt!"

American Legation, Berlin, Germany, November 12, 1878.

Our Story Teller.

THE GREAT MOGUL DIAMOND.

A Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PASTILE-BURNING.

Rarely had Capt. Ducie felt in a pleasanter frame of mind than when he went down to breakfast in the course of the forenoon following the evening on which he had shown Mr. Van Loal and his daughter the Great Mogul Diamond. Several circumstances had combined to make him more than ordinarily cheerful. He had fully made up his mind to propose to Mirpah Van Loal that very day, and he felt little fear that his suit would be rejected. Once married, he would cut his old associations forever, would probably leave England for several years, and in some remote spot would, with his lovely wife, lead a life such as one sometimes reads of in idyls and romances, but rarely sees reduced to practice in this work-a-day world. Mr. Van Loal had appraised the Diamond at a very tolerable sum, through his influence he would doubtless be able to dispose of it quietly, and in a way that would give rise to no suspicion as to the mode by which it had come into his possession. The proceeds of the sale, judiciously invested, would be productive of an annual income on which it would be possible to live in comfort wherever he might choose to pitch his tent. Lastly, all apprehension as to any results which might possibly have accrued to him from the sudden death of M. Platzoff, and the subsequent events at Bon Repos, had utterly died away. He had got by this time to feel as if the Diamond were as much his own as though it had been given to him or handed to him as a family heirloom. If any uncomfortable thought connected with the death of Platzoff and his appropriation of the Diamond ever crossed his mind, it was dismissed with ignominy, like a poor relation, almost as soon as it made itself known. Capt. Ducie was not a man to let his conscience trouble him whenever it wished to question him respecting any transaction the results of which had proved prosperous to himself. In such cases he bade it begone, turning it out by main force, and shutting the door in its face. But whenever it stole in and began to reproach him for his conduct in any little affair that in its results had proved disastrous either socially or pecuniarily, then did Edmund Ducie bow his head in all humility before the veiled monitress, and cry mea culpa, and bewail his naughtiness with many inward groans, and promise to amend his ways in time to come.

But it may be doubted whether in the latter case his regret did not arise less from having done that which was wrong, than because the wrong had proved unsuccessful in compassing the ends for which it was done.

Be that as it may, Capt. Ducie's conscience did not seem to trouble him much as he came down stairs this pleasant Autumn morning, humming an air from the Trovatore, and giving the last finishing touches to his filbert-shaped nails. He rang the bell for breakfast, and turned over half contemptuously, the selection of newspapers on the side table.

"Has Mr. Van Loal come down to breakfast yet, do you know?" he asked when the waiter re-entered the room.

"I will ascertain, sir, and let you know."

Two minutes later the waiter came back. "Mr. Van Loal, sir, and Miss Van Loal, left this morning by the Southampton boat."

"What!" shouted Ducie, jumping to his feet as though he had been shot.

The waiter repeated his statement.

"Either you are crazy or you have been misinformed," said Ducie, contemptuously, as he quietly resumed his seat. "Go again, and ascertain the truth this time."

Presently the waiter returned. "What I told you before, sir, is quite true. Mr. Van Loal and his daughter left this morning by the early boat."

A horrible sickening dread took possession of Ducie. He staggered to his feet, his face like that of a corpse. Was it—was it possible that by some devil's trick the Diamond had been conjured from him? His hand went instinctively to the spot where he knew it ought to be. No—it was not gone. He could feel it there, just below his heart, in the little seal-skin bag that hung from his neck by a steel chain. He had replaced it there after taking it from the fingers of Van Loal the preceding night, and he had not looked at it since.

Greatly relieved, he turned to the waiter with a face that was still strangely white and contorted. "What you have told me is almost incredible," he said. "In fact, I cannot believe it without further proof. Go and bring to me some one who was an eye-witness of the departure of Mr. and Miss Van Loal."

The waiter went. Ducie was still unnerved, and he poured himself out a cup of coffee with a hand that trembled in spite of all his efforts to keep it still. But his appetite for breakfast was utterly gone.

Then the waiter came back and ushered into the room, first, the young lady who kept the accounts of the establishment; secondly, the boots. The young lady advanced with charming self-possession, made her little curtsy, and broke the ice at once.

"I am informed, sir, that you wish to have some particulars respecting the departure of Mr. and Miss Van Loal," she said. "They dined with you last evening in your own room, if I am not mistaken. Yes. Well sir, about 11 o'clock, just as I was closing my books for the night, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Van Loal. 'Oblige me by making out my little account,' said he; 'and include in it to-morrow's breakfast. I am recalled to England by important letters, and must go by the first boat. You will further oblige me by making no mention of my departure till after I am gone. I have several friends to whom I ought to say good-bye, but I do not feel equal to the occasion, and wish to slip quietly away without saying a word.' Mr. Van Loal waited while I made out the account; then he paid me and bade me good night. When I got up this morning, I found that he and his daughter had gone by the early boat. James, here, took their luggage down to the pier and saw them start."

"Did you with your own eyes see Mr. and Miss Van Loal start by the Southampton boat this morning?"

"I did, sir. I was instructed to look after their luggage this morning. I took it down to the boat and saw the old gentleman and the young lady safe aboard. They went below deck at once, and two minutes later the steamer was off."

"A very clear and conclusive narrative," said Ducie. "You are the man, I believe, who looks after the letters and attends to the post-bag?"

"I am, sir."

"Were there any letters by the afternoon post yesterday for Mr. Van Loal?"

"No, sir, not one. I can speak positively to that."

Left alone, Capt. Ducie sat down in a perfect maze of perplexity. That Van Loal and his daughter were gone he could no longer doubt. But why had they gone without a hint or word of farewell? They must have known at the time they were dining with him the previous evening that they were about to sail on the following morning, and yet they allowed him to plan and arrange for the day's excursion as though any thought of change were the last thing in their minds. And Mirpah, too—what of her? What of the woman whom it was his intention to have proposed to that very day? Had she merely been playing him all along in order that she might jilt him at last? He could not understand the thing at all. He was mazed, utterly dumbfounded, like a man walking in a dream. The more he thought of the affair, the less comprehensible it seemed to him. His amour propre was terribly wounded. More intolerable than all else was the sense there was upon him of having been outwitted, of having in some mysterious way been made the victim of a plot with the beginning and ending of which he was utterly unacquainted. He had been hoodwinked—bamboozled—he felt sure of it; but how and for what purpose he was quite at a loss to fathom. His Diamond was perfectly safe; he had never gambled with Van Loal; whatever his looks might have conveyed, he had never spoken a word of love to Mirpah, so that it was impossible she could have taken offence with him on that score. What, then, was the meaning of it all? He rang the bell to inquire whether Mr. Van Loal had left no note, or message of any kind for him. None whatever, the reply.

"What a preposterous idiot I must have been," murmured Ducie, "to fancy that this woman whom I propsed to make my wife, cared for me the least bit in the world! She is like the rest of her sex—neither better nor worse. From highest to lowest they are false and fickle—every one."

He spent a miserable day, in wandering aimlessly about, he neither knew nor cared whither; nursing his wounds, and vainly striving to understand for what reason he had been struck so mercilessly and in the dark. A thousand times that day he cursed the name of Mirpah Van Loal. Once he paused in his pacing of the lonely sands, and not satisfied with the evidence of his fingers that the Diamond was safe in its seal-skin pocket, he took it out of its hiding place and gazed on it, and pressed it to his lips, even as M. Paul Platzoff had done in his time, and as, in all probability, hundreds had done before him.

"Fool! after all my experience of life and the world, to believe in the chimera of woman's love!" he said bitterly to himself. "Man's only real friend in this world is money, or that which can command money. The rest is only a shadow on the wall, gone ere it can be clutched."

He had been wandering about all day without food, and when night set in he felt nervous and dispirited.

He made a pretence of eating his dinner as usual, but he sickened at his food and sought consolation in a double allowance of wine. Later on he strolled out with a cigar, and made his way to a certain billiard room where he was not unknown. He was too nervous to touch a cue himself, but he found his excitement in betting on other men's play. After having lost five sovereigns he went back to his hotel. This was the night of Cleon's arrival at Jersey.

His mood next day was one of sullen bitterness. It was a mood that, under other circumstances, might have incited him to do something desperate, were it only to find a safety-valve for his pent-up feelings. In such a mood, had he been on active service and had the need arisen, he would have gloried in offering himself as the leader of some forlorn hope. In such a mood, had he been a burglar, it would have fared ill with any one who stood up in defence of that which he had made up his mind to take as his own. Happily, or unhappily, in such crises of everyday life we have no choice save to eat our own hearts, and drink our own tears, and wear the mask of comedy to the world, while hiding that other mask of tragedy under our robe, which we venture to don only when we are in secret and alone.

Capt. Ducie, behind the masks of comedy which he presented to the world, hid a heart that in a few short hours had become surcharged with gall, and that would never again, however long his life might be, be entirely free from bitterness. He felt like one of those savage caged creatures who, when they have nothing else to war against, will sometimes turn and rend themselves. He felt that he should like to do himself some bodily injury; to put his foot under the care of Juggernaut, had he been a Hindoo; or to have swung, with a hook through his loins, above the populace of some Indian fair.

All day long he loafed about in this savage mood, smoking innumerable cigars and twisting the ends of his moustache viciously.

He was only anxious for one thing, and that was for the arrival of the afternoon post. It is possible that he expected some line of explanation from Van Loal. If so, he was disappointed. That day's post brought him no letters.

After dinner he joined a whist party in the coffee-room. Later on, the quartette composing the party adjourned to a private room up stairs. Captain Ducie was ordinarily an abstemious man, especially when cards were on the table, but to-night he was reckless, and took more wine than was good for him. It was nearly one o'clock when the party broke, and Captain Ducie never afterwards remembered how he reached his own room.

That he reached his room in safety cannot be doubted, because he found himself safely in bed when he awoke next morning. But before that time a strange scene had been enacted in Captain Ducie's bedroom.

As before stated, it was nearly one o'clock when he reached his room, and five minutes after getting into bed he had fallen into a broken, troubled sleep, in which he enacted over again the varied incidents of the evening's play. After moaning and tossing about for more than an hour, he woke up, feeling parched from head to foot, and with a pain across his forehead like a fiery hoop that seemed to be slowly shrivelling up his brain. He got out of bed and emptied the decanter on his dressing-table at a draught. Then he plunged his head into a large basin of water, and that revived him still more. His head still ached, but not so violently as before. He went back to bed, cursing his folly for having taken so much wine. The night-light was burning as usual, dim and ghostly—barely sufficient to light up the familiar features of the room—for Capt. Ducie had a strange superstitious horror of sleeping in the dark. He lay on his back, with his hands clasped above his head, and with shut eyes. Sleep did not come back to him at once. His imagination went wandering here and there into old nooks and corners that it had not visited for years. By-and-by he slid into a state of semi-unconsciousness, in which, without entirely losing all knowledge of time and place—of the fact that he was lying there in bed with a beastly headache—he yet mixed up certain scenes and events from dreamland, interfusing the real and imaginary in such a way that for the time being the line of demarcation between the two was utterly lost, and where one ended and the other began he would just then have found it impossible to determine. He was playing cards with one of the huge stone images that guarded the gates of Memphis, and was yet at the same time conscious of being in bed. He could see the grotesque shadows thrown by the night-light on the wall, and he could hear the ticking of his watch in the little pocket a few inches above his head. In his game with the stone image, in whose eyes he seemed to read the garnered patience of many centuries, he was aware that unless he could succeed in trumping his adversary's trick with the five of clubs, the game would be irrevocably lost, and he, Ducie, would be condemned to be buried alive for 500 years in the heart of the great Pyramid. The twentieth deal would be the last, and if the five of clubs were not forthcoming by that time, the game would be lost, and the dread sentence would be carried into effect.

Deal after deal went on, and still the five of clubs did not show itself. Even in the midst of his perturbation he heard and counted the strokes of a clock in the silent house. The clock struck three, and in the act of deliberating which card he should play next, Ducie remarked to himself that it still wanted two hours till daybreak.

From minute to minute his perturbation increased. He did his best to maintain a calm front before his calm adversary. As he peered into those terrible eyes, he knew that he must expect no mercy if he failed in producing the magic card. Forgiveness and revenge were alike unknown to the inexorable being before him, who was the embodiment of Law, serene and passionless, neither to be hurried nor hindered, keeping ever to the simple white line traced out for its footsteps from the beginning of the world, and as utterly regardless of human joy or human sorrow, as of the grumbling of the earthquake or the fiery passion of the volcano.

Slowly but surely the game went on. Ducie's adversary marked off every deal with a hieroglyph on a huge slate by his side. Fifteen—ten—five—the number of deals diminished one by one, and still the magic card was not forthcoming. Ducie went on playing with the quiet courage of despair. Five—four—three—two—one. The last deal had come, but the five of clubs was still hidden in the pack. As he thought of the terrible fate before him his soul was utterly dismayed. Suddenly he heard a faint whisper in his ear: "Give me the Great Mogul Diamond, and I will save you." "It is yours," he replied in the same tone. In a fainter whisper than before came the words: "Feel up your sleeve for the five of clubs."

Ducie put his hand up his sleeve and drew forth the magic card. As he dashed it on the table, cards and image melted silently away, all but the great calm eyes, which seemed to recede slowly from him while gazing at him with an inexorable gentleness that awed him, and crushed out him all expressions of joy at his escape.

He had been conscious all this time of being in his own room at the Royal George, and without being thoroughly awake, this consciousness was still upon him when he found himself left alone. Was he really quite alone? he asked himself. Some voice had whispered in his ear only a minute ago, and a voice implied a bodily presence. But whose presence?

He would doubtless know before long when this unknown being would come forth to claim the great Diamond.

Well, better part from the Diamond than be made a living mummy of, and be buried for five hundred years among dead kings and priests in the great pyramid.

Was it Shakspeare who talked about "dusty death?" It did not matter. He had been saved from a dreadful fate, and a long peaceful sleep for 105 hours, 15 minutes, and 10 seconds—neither more nor less—was needed to compensate him for the mental and bodily torture from which he had just escaped.

Even while this fancy was simmering in his brain, he was aware of a strange, subtle odor which seemed to rise from the floor in faint, cloud-like waves, rising and spreading till every nook and cranny of the room was pervaded by it. It was a mist of perfume—a perfume far from unpleasant to inhale—heavy, yet pungent, odorous of the East, inclining to sleep and to visions of a pasionless existence, undisturbed by all outward influences—such visions as must come to the strange beings whose most central thought is that of future absorption in the mystic godhead of the mighty Brahma.

Empires might change and die, the world might split asunder and chaos rule again, it mattered not to him. Only to rest, to lie there forever, self-absorbed, indifferent to all mundane matters—that was the utmost that he craved.

The mist of perfume thickened, becoming from minute to minute denser and more penetrating. By this time it seemed to have permeated his whole being. It filled his lungs, it mingled with his blood, it saturated his brain; it glowed in him, a slumberous heat, from head to foot. The shadowy past of his life, the real present of his surroundings, grouped themselves in his brain like blurred photographs, which it was impossible for him to regard with anything more than a vague and impersonal interest. Nothing seemed real to him save the noiseless involved working of his own mind, working in and out like a shuttle with a fantastic thread of many colors, and with self forever as the central figure.

While his mind had been growing thus strangely active, his body had been slowly losing—or rather suspending—its vitality. Slowly and imperceptibly his limbs had grown utterly powerless and inert, till now, if a kingdom had been offered him, he could not have raised hand or foot two inches from the bed. Not that he had any desire to move hand, or foot, or head, or tongue; only to lie still forever, thinking his own thoughts, weighing the universe in the balance of his own mind and finding it wanting. Grant him but that, ye powers of earth and air, and for the rest, the word "nihil" might be written, and all things come to an end.

Suddenly though the mist of perfume that filled the room he saw, or seemed to see a black and threatening figure rise from the floor close by his bedside.

"Surely," he thought to himself, "this must be the presence belonging to the voice that whispered in my ear as I was playing cards with the Memphian image. He has come to claim his pledge—he has come for the Mogul Diamond."

To him, just now, the Mogul Diamond was as valueless as a grain of sand. That black and threatening figure by his bedside might take it and welcome.

"Strange," he thought, "that the minds of men should ever grow to such trifles."

The power of despising others thoroughly, but without emotion, is one of the final products of pure intellect: and to that serene height he had now attained.

The black figure bent over him. In one hand it held a dagger.

Ducie felt no alarm. Such a human emotion as fear affected him not, nor quickened the equable pulses of his being.

As the face pertaining to the figure bent nearer to his own, he recognized it as the face of Cleon, the mulatto. Even then he was not surprised. The mulatto made as though he would have struck Ducie to the heart, but stopped the dagger when it was within an inch of his breast. He passed his other hand across his forehead and seemed to stagger.

Was it possible that the powerful odor was affecting him as it had affected his victim? He hurriedly replaced his dagger in its sheath, and putting his hand to Ducie's neck, as if he knew instinctively that such a thing was there, he felt for the chain from which was suspended the seal-skin pouch that held the Diamond. He had no difficulty in finding the chain, nor the sachet, nor the Diamond. He extracted the great flashing gem from its hiding place, even as Ducie had extracted it a few weeks before from the head of the Indian idol. He held it up between his eye and the night-lamp, and muttered a few guttural words to himself.

Then for the second time he passed his hand across his forehead and staggered. As if warned that he had not a moment to spare, he stuffed the Diamond into his mouth, gave a last scowl at the helpless figure before him, and disappeared behind the curtains that fell round the head of the bed.

Ducie was left alone.

All that had just taken place had affected him no more than if he had witnessed it as a scene out of a play. The Great Diamond was gone, and not even a ripple disturbed the waveless serenity of his mind.

But the subtle odor that had filled the room was slowly fading out, and as it grew fainter, so did the strange spell that had held Ducie captive begin to lose its power. His thoughts lost their crystalline clearness, becoming blurred and unwieldly. They no longer arranged themselves in proper sequence. Some of them became so cumbersome that they had to be dropped and left behind, while those that were more nimble strayed so far ahead as to be almost beyond recall. Then the nimble ones had to come back and try to pick up the unwieldly ones, till they all become jumbled together and lost their individuality. Finally sleep came to the rescue and laid her mantle softly over them, and for a little while all was peace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHASING LA BELLE ROSE.

It was broad day when Capt. Ducie awoke. Even before his eyes were open, or he was conscious of where he was, there was upon him the overwhelming sense of some great calamity.

His gaze wandered round the familiar room, and as he did so, he asked himself what it was that had befallen him.

Before he had time to consider the question, or even to answer it, a great shock went through his heart, and with a loud cry he sprang from his bed to the floor.

"The Diamond!"

He felt for it. It was gone. Even before his fingers had time to touch the seal-skin pouch his instinct told him that it was not there. He turned as white as a man at the point of death, and sank into a chair with a deep groan. His chin dropped on his breast, and two great tears rolled slowly from his eyes and fell to the ground.

A disarrangement of the carpet attracted his eye. It had been turned back for the space of a yard or so, leaving the boards bare. On this bare patch was a tiny cone of white ash.

Ducie's suspicions were aroused in a moment. He stopped and took up a pinch of ash and smelt at it. It emitted a faint odor similar to that more powerful odor which had overcome him so strangely in the course of the night.

No recollection of his dream, or of that still more singular vision in which Cleon had acted so prominent a part, had touched his memory since waking. But now, by one of those peculiar mental processes with which all of us are familiar, although we may not be able to explain them, the faint perfume that still pervaded the ash he had taken up between his fingers brought vividly back to his recollection every scene, real and imaginary, in which he had acted a part during his sleeping hours.

The five of clubs and his game of cards with the Memphian statue—he remembered that, and he at once put it aside as nothing more than a dream of a somewhat bizarre character. After that, the strange odor that filled his room, precisely similar to that of the ash in his hand; the sudden apparition of Cleon; the dagger, and the rape of the Diamond; were those things dreams or realities? Dreams, nothing but idle dreams, he should have replied at any other time, but with the sense of his irreparable loss eating into his very soul, he could only acknowledged that for him they made up a bitter reality.

Cleon had been there in person, and had succeeded in stealing the Diamond.

With a terrible string of imprecations on the mulatto's head, Ducie flung open the casement, and let in the sweet morning air. There were two more tiny cones of white ash, similar to the first, on other parts of the floor.

"That fiend of a mulatto has obtained access to my room," muttered Ducie to himself. "The powerful odor which had such a strange effect upon me must have been emitted by the pastiles, the ashes of which are before me. The pastiles were doubtless compounded of some strong narcotics, probably of certain Oriental drugs with the qualities of which Cleon was acquainted. I have been the victim of an infernal plot."

That Cleon had been there could not be doubted; but where was he now? Ducie halted in his troubled walk, as this question put itself to him and turned to examine the door. It was unbolted, but otherwise shut. His custom was to bolt it every night before getting into bed; but did he really bolt it last night? He could not recollect. Considering the state in which he was when he came to bed, was not the probability in favor of his having left it unfastened? In any case, that was now a point of little consequence. The Diamond was gone, and Cleon was doubtless gone with it. The mulatto was not such a fool as to remain in the neighborhood of a man whom he had mortally offended, especially when his interests imperatively demanded that he should get safely away. Between him and Ducie the case was now one of life and death.

A fresh thought struck him, and he turned to look at his watch. It was a quarter past six. The Southampton boat did not sail till a quarter to seven. Was it not most probable that Cleon, calculating on his, Ducie's, not awaking till after that time, would attempt to leave the island by the early boat? It was most probable that he would do so. "But if he leaves Jersey, I leave it with him," murmured the captain. "I shall certainly kill him the first opportunity I have of doing so."

Captain Ducie's window commanded a view of that end of the pier from which the steamer started. He could see a lot of passengers and their luggage already assembled. It was hardly likely that the mulatto would be one of the lot, still Ducie thought that he might as well satisfy himself on that point. On his dressing-table was a very powerful field-glass. Ducie took it up and directed it full on the clump of people at the end of the pier. His eye ranged over the component parts one by one, but no Cleon was to be seen. He was hardly disappointed, because he had not expected to find the mulatto there. Before putting down the glass, with an instinct that to him was like second nature, he swept the horizon of sky and sea with it. Elizabeth Castle and the whole expanse of St. Aubin's Bay were visible to him. The morning was clear—deceitfully clear—and Ducie's experienced eye told him that a change of weather was at hand. Coming back from the horizon his eye took in the features nearer home. One or two pair-oar boats were paddling lazily about just outside the harbor. Beyond them were three or four sailing boats with their white wings outspread to catch the light and fickle breeze, which seemed this morning as if it could not make up its mind to blow steadily from one point for more than five minutes at a time. The outermost of the sailing boats was tacking out of the harbor with every inch of its tiny sails to catch the wind. In this boat were three men, two of them sailors the third evidently a passenger, probably some visitor to the island, going out on a fishing excursion. Such would have been Ducie's natural conclusion had he cared to think about the matter at all. The boat came for a moment within the range of his glass, and in that moment one of the three men turned his head to see what progress had been made from the land. He turned his head, and Ducie gave a start and a cry. The man who had looked back was none other than the mulatto.

One more steady look at the boat and its occupants, and Capt. Ducie went on dressing with all speed. He understood the case in a moment. Cleon would not venture to leave the island by the steamer, fearing, probably, that she might be boarded by Ducie before leaving. His plan had been to hire a smack to take him either to the French coast or to Guernsey, and had it not happened to be dead low water about the time he ought to have got away, and the boats to be all lying high and dry in the harbor, two facts which had probably never entered into his calculations, he would have been a dozen miles from St. Helier by this time, and might have set pursuit at defiance.

In five minutes Capt. Ducie was ready to start. His field glass was slung over his shoulder. In one pocket of his gray shooting jacket he carried a Colt's revolver; and in the other a flask containing brandy and a few biscuits.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," muttered Ducie to himself, as he made his way with rapid strides towards the basin, "my friend Martin's little *Demoiselle* will outsail yonder clumsy craft on a light wind, in which case Mr. Cleon and I may have an earlier reckoning than he dreams of."

Capt. Ducie was fortunate enough to find his friend Martin smoking an early pipe by the edge of the basin, and watching his tiny craft with a loving eye, as she curtsied lightly to the incoming tide. Martin was a handsome, stalwart young fellow, whose ancestors for 500 years back had followed the same occupation in the same place. Ducie had employed him several times on fishing excursions, and the two were sufficiently well known to each other. His boat, "La Demoiselle," was famed, in the hands of her master, as being one of the fleetest craft on the island.

A few words sufficed to let Martin understand what was required of him, and three minutes later the "Demoiselle" with outspread wings was skimming saucily over the crests of the tide in pursuit of the other boat, which Martin pronounced to be the "Belle Rose." Martin's assistant had been left behind in order that the "Demoiselle" might sail as lightly as possible, Ducie himself engaging to assist in working the little craft.

"La Belle Rose" had got a clear half hour's start, and was working out nearly due south, that being her best tack for sailing as the wind then was. She'll take a turn sou'east before another 10 minutes is over," said Martin. "You see, sir, if she don't; and then she'll make straight for the Normandy coast."

"Martin," said Captain Ducie impressively, "on board yonder boat is a man who has robbed me of that which was of more importance to me than all else in the world."

"Master!" exclaimed Martin, in surprise.

"What I say is true. Now, listen. I want my revenge—as you would want yours were you in my place—eh?"

Martin nodded his head gravely, and drew a knife in pantomime.

"Consequently," resumed Ducie, "I want you to catch "La Belle Rose." She has got a long start. Can you come up with her?"

"Master, I will try. The "Demoiselle" has never failed me yet when I've put her to the proof, and I don't think she will fail me to-day. We must steer more easterly, and not as if we were following the other boat; and then when she tacks, as she must do soon, we shall have gained a full half mile on her."

Ducie was steering, and he saw that by following the sailor's advice, the "Demoiselle" would cut off a large slice of the angle which must necessarily be made by the "Belle Rose" before she could touch the nearest part of the French coast. Besides which, such a course would divert suspicion from their real intentions, and in a stern chase that goes for something.

Ducie lighted a cigar, and passed his flask toward the young sailor. "We shall have rain and more wind, sir, before the day is three hours older," said the latter.

"So much the better," answered Ducie, quietly. "A gloomy deed should have a gloomy day. Martin! either the man in yonder boat or I will never see another sunrise. Perhaps neither of us may."

The young sailor gave his companion a look that was not unmixed with admiration. There was something that touched his wild notions of Justice in the idea of a man being his own Avenger.

Captain Ducie really meant what he said. He was thoroughly impressed with the belief that either for himself or Cleon that would be the last of earthly days. There was an element of gloom at the bottom of his nature—a dark abyss that had never been thoroughly sounded till a few hours ago. But the loss of his Diamond, preceded as it was by the unaccountable desertion of Mirpah Van Loal—Love and Fortune both gone in a few short hours—had served to raise a demon in his soul of which he had heretofore been thoroughly master. Now it mastered him, and he gave himself up to it without a struggle. But the grand calm of a thoroughbred Englishman did not desert him even now. The young sailor discerned no change in him from the Capt. Ducie who had gone out fishing but four days before, save, perhaps, that his eyebrows seemed to come down a shade lower, and that the eyes themselves were a shade darker, and that his voice was somewhat graver than common. Otherwise there was no outward sign to tell of the change within, and yet Jean Martin had an instictive sense that he had a desperate man aboard his tiny craft—one determined to carry out his own will to the end, however terrible that end might be.

Capt. Ducie sat in the stern and steered the "Demoiselle," taking the word occasionally from Jean Martin. His glass was beside him, and now and then he took a peep at the chase. The different tacks on which the two boats were steering would have seemed, in a landsman's eye, to be hopelessly widening the distance between them, but when the "Belle Rose" suddenly yawned round and began to steer nearly due east of her previous course, Ducie saw the wisdom of Martin's advice. The two boats had, so to speak, been sailing down the opposite side of a triangle. The "Belle Rose" had completed her side, and having turned the corner, was now sailing along the line of the base. But before she could reach the opposite end of the base she would be intercepted by the "Demoiselle."

Up to this time the progress of the "Demoiselle" seemed to have been unheeded by the people in the "Belle Rose." But as soon as it became evident to those in the latter that the two boats were rapidly nearing, and must in a few minutes cross each other's line within speaking distance, a slight commotion was visible on board the "Belle Rose." Suddenly Martin, who had Ducie's glass to his eye, cried out, "They are getting suspicious of us. They are taking stock of us through their glasses—and—no—yes, by the nightcap of St. Jacques, there's a black man on board the "Belle Rose!"

"He is the man of whom I am in pursuit," said Ducie, from the stern; then he added:

"Keep your eye on them, Martin. Watch every movement, and tell me all you see."

"They have not seen your face yet, Master, and they seem easier in their minds. But the black man keeps his glass to his eye. Ah, thief! scelerat! Jan Martin would like to have his fingers round your throat! Do you wish me to run close up to the "Belle Rose," master? In five minutes you may, if you like, have yon black hound in your grip."

"Come you to the tiller now, Martin, and steer to within 20 yards of the "Belle Rose," but no nearer unless I tell you."

So the two men changed places, and Ducie went forward with the glass in his hand. Cleon on his side was watching every movement on board the "Demoiselle." Up to the present time the person of Capt. Ducie had been in great part hidden by the sail, but now that he came forward he was plainly visible. The moment Cleon's glass showed him that stern pale face, he fell back on his seat with an exclamation of terror, and seemed for a moment or two like one utterly paralyzed. But the mulatto was by no means deficient in a sort of dogged animal courage, and the extremity of his peril left him no time for anything but immediate action. The two boats were now within 50 yards of each other, the "Demoiselle" bearing down like an arrow on the tack of the "Belle Rose." The mulatto took one more peep through his glass at Ducie. In the hand of the latter was an ugly-looking revolver.

Cleon could not doubt for what purpose it was intended, and he was too well acquainted with Ducie's undoubted skill with the weapon, having seen him practice with it several times at Bon Repos, not to know that his chance of life would hang on the merest thread if Ducie were once to pull the trigger. One look at the revolver was sufficient. Cleon spoke to the man at the tiller. The course of the boat was at once altered. The sail lost its wind, flapped for a moment or two against the mast like the broken wing of a bird, then caught the breeze on the opposite tack, and the "Belle Rose," coming sharply round through the hissing water, turned her nose nearly due west and began to retrace the way she had come. Capt. Ducie then smiled grimly. "If the cur thinks to escape me by going back to St. Helier and claiming the protection of the law, he will find himself mistaken. I will shoot him through the heart the moment his foot touches the pier."

Straight as a hawk after its quarry the "Demoiselle" at once followed up in the wake of the other boat. The "Demoiselle" had still canvass to spare, and had she spread it, could easily have come up with the "Belle Rose." But it was not Ducie's aim to do so.

Somewhat to Ducie's surprise, the "Belle Rose" instead of turning northward and so making for the harbor of St. Helier, kept on her westerly course, and shot clean past the entrance, and so kept on till Elizabeth Castle was passed on the right, and both the boats found themselves skirting the outer edge of St. Aubin's Bay and Normont Point could be seen stretching out a rocky hand as if to bar their way. Ducie was puzzled, but said nothing. Could it be the mulatto's intention to skirt the western side of the island and make for Guernsey? But he would be no better off there than at Jersey. He, Ducie, would follow him to the very gates of perdition.

Martin's prediction had been verified. By this time the morning had clouded over, the wind was freshening, and a light drizzling rain had begun to fall. It would be no pleasant voyage, truly, on such a day to cross the thirty miles of broken water between the two islands and in so frail a craft. But what the "Belle Rose" dared do, that also dared the "Demoiselle."

Normont Point was quickly passed, and soon St. Brelade's romantic bay opened into view. Martin still steered and Ducie still crouched like a wary sentinel in the fore part of the boat. The mulatto was no longer to be seen. He had probably stretched himself out at the bottom of the boat, dreading less Ducie might take it into his head to fire. Why Ducie had not already fired was probably a source of surprise to him.

La Moye Point which shuts in St. Brelade's Bay on the west, was neared and passed, and there, no great distance away, where the dread Corbiere rocks wading out into the sea to entrap unwary mariners, smitten by the great waves and shrouding themselves in clouds of snowy spray, as if she were about to make for the shore. Ducie saw that the mulatto was about to take one of two courses: either to run full on the beach and so try to lose his pursuer among the rocks and caves which abound on that part of the island; or else to run his boat through some of the narrow and dangerous passages between the Corbieres, on the chance of the *Demoiselle* not venturing to follow, and so gain sufficient headway by means of the short cut to render further pursuit hopeless. Ducie smiled to himself to think how futile the mulatto's efforts would be in either case.

It soon appeared that the hunted man had decided to take to the land as affording the best chance of escape. Close by was a small sandy nook that was sheltered between two protruding spurs of rock from the full swing of the tide. Into this tiny cove the "Belle Rose" shot with furled sail, and before her keel had fairly touched the sand, the mulatto was out of the boat and scrambling up the beach with the agility of a tiger cat. He just passed out of sight behind a broken fragment of rock as the "Demoiselle" shot round the spur and followed the "Belle Rose" into the little bay. Ducie pressed two sovereigns into the palm of Jean Martin and then leaped ashore. Cleon's footprints were plainly visible in the soft sand, and he followed them with the instinct of a bloodhound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Dog as a Newspaper Carrier.

Poughkeepsie Eagle, Dec. 31.

Every day, on the arrival of Conductor Elmore's train from Hartford, over the Connecticut Western Railroad at Lakeville, a small dog can be seen on the platform, who immediately runs up to Mr. Elmore, keeping up a furious barking until that official hands out to him a Hartford paper, which the brute takes in his mouth, and, after wagging his tail a number of times, as much as to say, "thank you," starts off with it to the residence of his owner, distant some half a mile from the depot, where he always safely delivers it. No matter what the state of the weather may be the animal is always found on the platform, and only for this particular train. He was formerly the property of Mr. Elmore, who gave him to some of his Lakeville friends, by whom he is highly prized.

UTAH TERITORY.

Notes on the Land of the Mormon.

From Information Furnished by Gov. Emery.

As to the resources of Utah, they are both agricultural and mineral. The agricultural lands of the Territory are now nearly all taken up and under cultivation where susceptible of being easily irrigated. There are yet vast tracts of land which would be valuable for agricultural purposes, providing water were available for irrigating them, but which can never be brought under cultivation unless at great expense in constructing irrigating canals for long distances. By far a larger portion of the lands of the Territory is of no value except for grazing purposes, and can never be disposed of by the government except in large tracts for that purpose.

MINERALS.

Utah is very rich in all the minerals and precious metals; gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, iron, coal, sulphur and salt being found in various parts of the Territory. Gold, silver, and lead mines are now being worked in the different mining districts at a profit of some seven millions or eight millions of dollars annually. But comparatively few of the mines now being worked in the Territory can be said to be developed. Utah is as yet in its infancy in mining enterprises, though it could well be said that profitable mining is no longer an experiment here. It may be proper in this connection to say that agricultural pursuits here are carried on almost exclusively by Mormons, and, on the other hand, the mining enterprises of the Territory are almost entirely conducted by the anti-Mormons.

THE SOIL, ETC.

The soil of the valley lands, where the latitude is not more than 4,500 feet above the sea, is rich, and when properly irrigated and tilled produces all the small grains, hay, vegetables, and fruits in great abundance. The farms in this Territory, as a rule, are small, owing more or less to the necessity of having water in order to make a crop. Land for agricultural purposes in this country means nothing, without water to irrigate it.

THE CLIMATE.

The climate varies from a semi-tropical to that of the New England States. In the Southern part of the Territory the Winters are as mild as in Florida, and the people there grow many of the tropical fruits, while at Salt Lake City the climate is temperate, the thermometer rarely rising above 96° in Summer or falling lower than 7° above zero in Winter, and in the Northern portion of the Territory and upon some of the plateaus in the central portion the rigor of a New England climate is found during the Winter months.

POPULATION.

Probably three fourths of the population is foreign born or of foreign born parentage, representing nearly all the European nations, the Sandwich Islands, and China. From the best information upon the subject nine-tenths of the people here are Mormons.

EDUCATIONAL, ETC.

The Legislature at the last session imposed a direct tax upon all taxable property of three mills on the dollar for school purposes throughout the Territory, but as the public schools are exclusively under the control of the Mormon people, who have none but Mormon teachers, the "Gentiles" decline to send their children to the public schools, but patronize private institutions conducted by the various religious denominations, all of whom in Salt Lake City have schools connected with their churches.

The only charitable institutions in Utah that I am aware of are the St. Mark's and St. Mary's Hospitals, under the auspices of the Episcopal and Catholic Churches. There is an insane asylum near Salt Lake City, in charge of the Salt Lake City government. There is but one penitentiary in the Territory, situated near Salt Lake City, and under the control and management of the United States Marshal. It is but a mere apology for such an institution, and convicts sentenced for United States offenses are generally sent to prisons located in the different States. The expense of maintaining the penitentiary is borne principally by the United States Government.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Territorial Legislature consists of 39 members—13 councilors and 26 representatives—apportioned by the Legislature to the several Counties upon a basis of population, and are selected once in two years, the session of the Legislature being biennial, meeting on the second Monday of January of the even years. Every person, male and female, native born or naturalized, having resided within the Territory six months and in the voting precinct one month next preceding the election, is a voter.

THE INDIANS.

There is but one Indian reservation, the Uintah, within this Territory, on which the Uintah Ute Indians are located. There are at this agency about 120 or 130 families in lodges, comprising some 400 or 500 Indians in all, who during the last few years have behaved remarkably well, and have given neither the people here nor the Government of the United States any trouble that I am aware of. Some of these Indians have adopted some of the habits of civilization, and are cultivating the land and raising horses and cattle, and some already built themselves small comfortable houses, own wagons, harnesses, cook stoves, and have harvested this year altogether some 1,500 bushels of wheat and other small grain. These Indians seem to be getting on remarkably well, and it seems to be only a question of a very few years when they will be able to sustain themselves. This agency is located some 250 miles or more from any white settlement or military post. There are other families of Indians scattered throughout the Territory, but they have mostly abandoned their tribal relations and have taken up land under the provisions of the United States laws. The present condition of the Uintah Indians is probably due to good management and to the fact that they have been isolated and under no influences other than those of the officers of the agency.

In conclusion, I have to report that, upon the whole, the affairs of Utah are in a prosperous and peaceful condition; that life and property are as safe and as much respected and protected here as in any of the Territories, and probably many of the States.

THE LAWS, ETC.

I am sorry to report the fact, that in certain classes of cases a conviction is almost, or quite, impossible. This grows out of the very imperfect jury law in force here, and should be modified. My idea is that jurors should be selected here, in criminal cases, in precisely the same manner as they are selected for the United States courts in the States. What Utah needs are just such laws as they have in the best-governed States, and the same means for enforcing them, and I believe that the trouble that has arisen here has grown out of the special and peculiar legislation enacted by Congress and the Territorial Legislature for Utah. I am not a woman-suffragist, and do not believe in it in Utah or anywhere else, and believe it should be abolished here. Bigamy, by law of Congress, should be made a continuous offense. The cohabitation and living together should be the offense in all the Territories rather than the marriage ceremony, as is now the law enacted by Congress. If the laws here could be modified in these three particulars which I have specified, and be properly administered, they would go a great way toward curing the defects of our present statutes.

OLD AMERICAN COINS.

The Numismatic Value of Rare Ones.

The Philadelphia Times.

With the resumption of specie payments numismatic people look for the production of many old coins of the coinage of the United States that have been held by their owners against the time greenbacks and Government scrip would cease to be of any value. That period has now passed out of the range of probability, although, so far as old coins are concerned, the expected result is here. Numismatists, generally, think that there is an immense amount of old coins in stockings or hidden in chimneys in this country—more, indeed, than the average man has any idea of—many of which will be put on sale. All of them say that the interest in old coins is growing every day, and although it is not likely that the market for rare pieces will be glutted, as a natural result of silver, gold and paper money meeting each other on equal terms, at the same time it is thought that not a few coins will be put on sale, and the buyers will be on the alert. Such is the opinion of S. K. Harzfeld, Chairman of the Committee of Numismatics of the Numismatics and Antiquarian Society of this City, of which the venerable Eli K. Price is President, and whose list of prominent active members includes the names of Wm. P. Chandler, Wm. S. Vaux, Henry M. Phillips Jr., Dr. Brinton and John R. Baker. Mr. Harzfeld's collection is perhaps as large and interesting as any in the city, and he hates a misstatement of facts about old coins as he does a counterfeit Papal medal. "For," as he says, "a correct record of coins, wherever it may be printed, is the only safeguard for numismatics, and I am afraid the press of the country is inclined to go a little wild. It was printed recently in this city that a coin five thousand years old is in the possession of an old farmer. Such statements make the judicious grieve, although they may be good news in a journalistic sense."

SOMETHING ABOUT VERY OLD COINS.

As near as numismatists can calculate it, silver and gold were in common use as a circulating media—money—in the earliest time, or certainly about 2,000 years before the Christian era. The Bible mentions it and the sculpture paintings of Egypt show it clearly. But this money passed by weight. The use of actual "coins" passing by tale (counting), the weight and purity of each piece being guaranteed by the issuing State, city, etc., by means of a public seal or stamp of a sacred character, was a later invention, probably about 900 or 800 B. C. The Lydians, Persians and Ionians are entitled to the credit of this important invention. They coined the first gold money—staters and darics; but the first silver was coined in the island of Ægina. The early history of coinage is exceedingly interesting and instructive. Nations disappeared, their works of art have been lost, the old records destroyed, but the coins after centuries are brought to light again and tell us in unmistakable language of nations gone long ago. But the coins give not only a record of history they are of equal use to further the study of geography, archæology, mythology, and they show the rise and decline of arts of the various nations and countries.

The coinage of the United States shows a remarkable want of art, or even of good taste. The coins have no historical interest, but nevertheless they are highly appreciated by American collectors. And as in certain years certain denominations were only coined in very limited number, the supply is not sufficient to meet the demand, and such pieces bring high prices, especially in beautiful preservation. The early coins of the colonies—New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, etc.—are abundant, and poor specimens (with exception of rare varieties) may be had at 10 cents. The Franklin cent of 1787 and similar pieces are quite common. [illegible] of the old Colonial and Continental paper money, which sell as low as 10 cents.

THE VALUE OF RARE UNITED STATES COINS.

Of the United States silver dollars, the dollar of 1794 is worth $50; of 1804, $750; 1836, $5; 1838, $20; 1839, $8; 1851, $40; 1852, $40; 1854, $5; 1855, $5; 1858, $20. All other dates bring only $1.25 to $3. Half dollars of 1796 and 1797 are very rare and worth $25 to $75 according to condition. The 1794, 1815, 1836, milled edge, and 1852 half-dollars are much in demand and if fine bring $5, and more. Of quarters the 1796 and 1804 are highly valued in fine preservation. The 1823 is very rare and worth $50. The dimes of 1800 and 1804 realize easily $5.00, and the half-dime of 1802 is considered a bargain at $100. Copper cents of 1793 may be had as low as 25 cents, but in sharp, uncirculated condition bring $50 and more. Mr. Harzfeld has just now a specimen, as fine as the day it was struck, which is valued at $100. Cents of 1794, 1795, 1798 and 1797 are common, but those of 1799 are worth $50 and more, if fine. A fine cent of 1804 is equally rare, and the issues of 1809, 1811 and 1823 are not rare, but very desirable in fine and sharp condition. Of half cents the 1796 is worth $25 to $50; while the other regular issues are very common. The small nickel cent of 1856, with the flying eagle, is worth, fine, $1.50.

There are, as a matter of course, counterfeits of the rare pieces in existence, and it is a strange fact that they were with very few exceptions, not issued by an unscrupulous coin dealer, but fraudulently restruck of the genuine dies by former employes of the Philadelphia Mint.

The dollars of 1801, 1802, 1803 and 1804, 1836 and 1851; the quarter dollars of 1823 and 1827, and valuable pattern coins, to the amount, it is said, of $20,000 have in this way been issued, cheating at the same time the United States Government and credulous coin collectors. Professional numismatists know these restrikes well, just as they can tell a genuine antique Greek or Roman coin from a modern forged one. And sensible collectors will purchase only from reliable dealers. Besides, at Philadelphia, New York and Boston there are numismatic societies, where valuable information is secured to the members.

"Is there any established standard for the value of old pieces?" Mr. Harzfeld was asked.

"Well, numismatists, knowing pretty well the history of the coinage of all countries, and the supply, as in all mercantile circles, regulating the price, a standard is reached such as obtains in any other business. You know, however, that in this business when we talk of values, intrinsic or numismatic, we bear in mind that

'The intrinsic value of a thing
Is just as much as it will buy.'"

Triumphant Love!

Fort Dodge (Iowa) Gazette.

A marriage which took place in Pocahontas County several weeks ago amid surroundings that might be expected to dampen even the ardor of young love, has just been reported to us. The swain, a stout young farmer of Pocahontas County, after the usual course of smooth sparking, had prevailed on the maiden freckled to name the day. She fixed an early one, and he obtained a license in Pocahontas County. The girl lived just over the line in Calhoun County. The evening set for the marriage was a rainy and dismal one, but the minister arrived at the bride's house to perform the ceremony. All the preparations were made, when preliminary to the ceremony the minister asked to see the license. When it was shown there was trouble, the minister refusing to proceed unless they went over into Pocahontas County. The house was only a few rods from the line, but it was as dark as Egypt and raining by the bucketful without. However, everybody was anxious, and nobody afraid, and out they went. The pig-pen was over the line, and toward it the party steered. The minister mounted the fence to get out of the mud, and wound his legs among the boards to brace himself up, the couple grabbed hands, and, while the bride's brother held a lantern to illuminate the job, the ceremony was performed.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1879

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

WEEKLIES.	Single Copy.	With Blade.
Christian at Work	$3 00	$4 25
Chimney Corner	4 00	5 00
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" Sunday Magazine	3 00	4 00
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Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME, one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

DELAWARE'S Legislature has not a single lawyer in it. This may be said to be fee-nomenal.

BOSTON *Transcript*: The gout confines Beaconsfield to his room. In other words, he can't gout.

NEW YORK towns that do not have more than eight feet of snow are considered lacking in enterprize.

AT last we are to have that National Museum. Get SAM TILDEN immediately to start the mummy department. Secure the substance ere the cipher fades.

NEAL DOW has placed himself in a painfully embarassing position by his ill-considered attack on SPURGEON. He should have learned earlier in life of the dangers of reckless slander.

SEC. SHERMAN still says to those who are questioning him as to the use of his name for the Ohio Governorship, that it is too early to agitate the question, that when the time comes he will think about it.

CREMATION has now a legal standing in Switzerland, and a corpse can be sent to that Berne whence no traveler returns through the furnace door, and at the tenth part of the cost of an ordinary funeral.

THE Greenbackers of Lynn, Mass., have started a practice which other parties ought to encourage. They hold weekly meetings, and in order to know what is what invite the hard money men to address them.

MYRA CLARK GAINES expects to live until she is 150 years old, and that is probably the reason why she is so anxious to get all the real estate of this country into her hands. The rise in property will insure her a good income.

JERSEY CITY *Journal*: "A man was found freezing to death on Montgomery street at an early hour by some citizens, but when their eyes fell upon a coil of lead-pipe and a solder-iron lying near him, they passed on and left him to die."

THE Alabamians propose a fearful revenge in the so-called interference in the elections. They will hereafter elect the Presidential Electors by the Legislature instead of by popular vote, until the laws that interfere with the bulldozing operations are repealed.

THE proportion of soldiers who can read and write in the several armies of Europe is as follows: Germany, 965 in 1,000; Sweden, 930; England, 800; Holland, 750; Belgium, 700; France, 635; Portugal, 495; Spain, 500; Austria, 460; Italy, 450; Russia, 115; Turkey, 75.

IT is believed that the President will appoint Gen. DEVENS to Justice HUNT'S place upon the Supreme Bench. The country would be better satisfied with either EDMUNDS or BLATCHFORD. DEVENS is hardly of the material to make a Justice of the Supreme Court of.

CHINA is adopting more and more of the customs of the rest of the civilized world. She has lately applied for admission to the Postal Union. Soon will the dragon stamped letters fly from clime to clime, wherever the moon-eyed Celestials have found an abiding place.

GOVERNMENT is about to put new $5,000 and $10,000 notes in circulation. A gleam of light appears in our horizon *Perhaps* one or two of them may be gently wafted around this way and alight in the BLADE sanctum. Stranger things—we were about to say—have happened but come to think, that remark will not apply here.

ANOTHER of the 60,000 unmarried white women of Massachusetts has deserted the ranks of the maiden sisterhood for the arms of naturalized Chinaman. There is probably this advantage about marrying a Chinaman, that the bride will never have to take in washing to support him.

THE year opens with the usual number of prosy lectures on "The Hygienics of Dress." The dear ladies, for whose sole benefit the lecturers go to the trouble of preparing these lectures, and the audiences of hearing them, care as little for them as they do for the grammar of the inscriptions upon the pyramids.

NEVADA is a strongly Republican State. This accounts for their being $500,000 in the State Treasury, and for the popular desire to use this fund to establish a college for the teaching of practical science. Had a Democratic administration found itself with so much money on hand it would have immediately instituted a job to use for party purposes under the guise of some pretended public improvement.

REAL ESTATE IN DIFFERENT CITIES.

It is the general opinion of the best informed business men in Toledo that real estate reached hard pan some time since, and its prospects for the future are beginning to brighten. The good effects of resumption are already felt in the increased inquiry for good investments, and the greater confidence exhibited by buyers. It is certain that there was never a better time than the present for the making of good bargains. While the prices of City property to-day is not only less than its prospective, but far below its real value when the growth, importance and prosperity of the place are considered, it cannot fail to gain, if not with the old extravagant inflation, by a steady rise that shall pay the present purchaser with ample profits.

Last Saturday's *Chicago Tribune* gave a summary of the real estate business in that City for the past week. It says:

"The agents report a good demand for dwelling-houses, in part from persons outside who are moving into the city. There are several large Eastern houses negotiating for business places here. One of them is a well-known firm of New York, the largest dealers in the country in photographic materials, and there are other concerns negotiating for "standing-room" in Chicago whose advent will be a business sensation."

While the sales have not been large they were satisfactory. The tranfers reported were 68 for a total consideration of $215,305.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* reports real estate inquiries there as "reviving." "Capitalists see that further depression is impossible, unless we are to be ruined speedily and altogether. The equalization of our currency with coin furnishes a solid basis of operations. Enterprise ceases to be gambling. One who invests no longer bets on the future. He deals not with paper and vapor, but with solids. The ancient standard precious metals are his securities. There is a very fair promise that our condition may be materially bettered within a year. Hence again an interest in real estate."

During the past year in New York, 1,672 buildings were erected at a cost of $15,219,686. In the past 11 years $284,328,495 have been spent on buildings in that City. At present the New York *Times* reports real estate to be not only lower, but in a more healthy condition than for 15 years.

"Real property is probably lower today than it will be during the next 10 or 15 years. It is very firmly held, and, except in the case of weak holders, not pressed for sale at current rates. Speculative builders are again in the market as buyers. In this City after periods of prolonged depression, the resumption of building, and more especially the appearance of the speculative builder, have always been indicative of a revival in real estate interests. The whole area from Sixty-fifth to Eighty-sixth streets, between First and Fifth avenues, is being rapidly covered with bricks and mortar, and presents even at this season of the year—in midwinter—a scene of great activity. From present indications the building movement for the present year will be greater than at any time during the past 10 years."

In Boston, the building for 1878 was not very active. The following is the summary:

"There were 175 brick buildings completed at a cost estimated at $2,500,000, exclusive of the land. These buildings include many valued at from $20,000 to $30,000, erected on the Back Bay. In the same time about 400 wooden buildings have been erected, at a cost approaching $750,000. By far the larger part of the buildings were in the suburbs. In Roxbury and Dorchester 141 were built; in East Boston 67, in Jamaica Plains 47, in Charleston 44, and in the city proper 37."

The *Real Estate Circular* of San Francisco this year gives the condition of real estate thus:

"There were 3,854 sales made in 1874, value, $23,903,903; 4,508 sales were made in 1875, value, $35,889,374; that was the culminating year of real estate activity; 3,840 sales were made in 1876, value, $24,058,006; 3,085 sales were made in 1877, value, $18,549,991; last year but 2,610 sales were made, value, $15,583,967. The reduction in number of sales made in 1878, as compared with 1877, was not so great as the reduction in value. The comparative sustaining of the number of sales made last year was due, as we have frequently stated, to the presence of large numbers of buyers of vacant homestead lots at $1,000 to $2,500, and of houses and lots at $3,000 to $6,000. Buyers of such properties constituted the bulk of the purchasers in the market last year."

HOME EDUCATION THE BEST.

An exaggerated idea of the value of the education obtainable in Europe for Americans prevails in this country. Parents, imagining that they are doing the best thing possible for their children, send them across the ocean at an early age, place them among strangers speaking a different language, and leave them there for years—or else break up their homes here in order to accompany them, and live often as exiles away from friends until such time as they can return with their families.

The benefits of such a course are, to say the least, extremely doubtful. Just as good schools are in operation now in this country as those abroad. Children are taught here in consonance with republican ideas, while they receive impressions there entirely incompatible with institutions upon which the very existence of our Government depends, and this when the imagination is most lively, the mind most pliable and ready to receive what shall be most permanent. After these years of absence during childhood, they are likely to return without love for their native lands, but with a strong predilection for foreign manners, customs, and modes of living.

An education such as can be acquired in many of our best institutions supplemented by two or three years of travel in other countries, is the best preparation for a practical, earnest life in the United States. Every young man in order to "act well his part" should, at the outset be thoroughly impressed with the value of a Republican form of Government, and the institutions which it fosters. One of the present great evils among us is the absolute indifference of a large portion of the cultivated part of the people in the Cities to the exercise of the right of suffrage and the duties which its possession entails, and anything that tends to the spread of this sort of apathy is to be opposed by every influence that can be exerted.

AT the mention of the investigation of the cipher dispatches C. W. WOOLEY starts off ostentatiously to inaccessible wilds of Florida on a hunting excursion. This makes many people imagine that he is so full of knowledge concerning the subject matter of the investigation, that it is positively dangerous for the Democratic party to have him within summoning distance. This is one of Mr. WOOLEY'S charming little deceits that he wears as gracefully as a dizzy blonde does her illusive skirts. It is doubtful if a spectrum analysis could find a trace of valuable information in the gentleman's make up. MANTON MARBLE is the mine of information the Committee should work.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The United States is not alone in its opposition to Chinese immigration. The people of British Columbia, New Zealand, Australia, and the Hawaian Islands are equally hostile to the influx of the "moon eyed lepers." The complaint is everywhere the same: They come to these countries without wives or families, live, closely packed together, on the cheapest food that will sustain life, save all the money they can with a view to returning to China with their earnings as soon as they can, and, being thus enabled to work at lower prices than the native workman possibly can, soon obtains a monopoly of one department of labor after the other. In New Zealand they had been set to work upon the railroads, but have been driven away by the white laborers. In New South Wales the cabinet making trade has passed entirely into their hands, and they are taking the place of white cooks and servants in the hotels. It would seem certainly, that in all this wide expanse of fertile lands there should be room enough to accommodate even as many people as there are in China without disturbing the balance of society. For instance, Australia has within 200,000 miles as much area as the whole United States. On this immense stretch of territory are but 4½ million people. A few million laborers ought to be very acceptable to those people, since European immigration is not likely to supply all that they need. New Zealand is about three times the size of Ohio, and could accommodate but very few. British Columbia, and the territory adjoining, has hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory, that might, with Chinese labor, be rendered productive. In South America, where they are still welcome, there is room for the whole population of China, without making the country at all densely peopled. Among all these countries there should be room enough for the comparatively few who are willing to leave the Flowery Kingdom.

IMPROVING THE MISSISSIPPI.

Capt. COWDON is evidently making a strong impression upon the House Committee on Commerce by his argument against the levee and jetty systems of improving the Mississippi. Indeed, it is hard to see how it could be otherwise, so convincing is it in statement and its truth so thoroughly proved. It does not seem possible that these can be so entirely disregarded, as the passage of a Levee bill now would show them to be, by those to whom the best interests of the country are committed.

As the BLADE has before stated, Capt. COWDON only asks $250,000 to demonstrate the entire feasibility of his plan of letting the surplus waters off through outlets, and but $10,000 to make the great river easily navigable the whole year by broadening and deepening its channel; to prevent overflows and thus turn the 40,000,000 of acres of swampy lowlands along its borders into blooming and fruitful garden lands.

Besides the millions of dollars already expended which have placed the valley in no better condition to-day than when the levees were begun, engineers estimate that to close the existing crevasses will cost $3,450,000. Add to this the $300,000 expense for surveying the river, and the $46,000,000 necessary to raise the existing levees high enough to hold the water and there is a total of $50,000,000 simply to make a beginning of the stupendous work, while the completion is in the dim future. In regard to this Captain COWDON says:

"They would, at this enormous expense, raise the water in the river fully six feet from Lake Providence to Vicksburg, Natchez and the mouth of the Red River, when the fact is the present outlets have lowered the high-water mark from three to four feet at Lake Providence, eight feet at Vicksburg, seven feet at Natchez and four and a half feet at the mouth of Red River. In order to protect the river from Red River down to Donaldsonville, 90 miles above New Orleans, the engineers would likewise raise the water in the river fully five feet above its present high-water mark, at a cost of over $30,000,000. All this when the outlets have, without cost, lowered the high-water mark fully as many feet as they would raise it, and with the same result down to New Orleans and below. By the speedy and comparatively inexpensive plan I propose, the water can be lowered at Cairo from eight to 10 feet, and from 10 to 15 feet all the way down the river, and at the same time deepen its channel and afford permanent relief, which their plan does not."

His arguments are simply unanswerable, and are supported by the highest engineering authority.

THE STUDY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The question of bringing into our public schools, in place of the study of ancient and modern foreign languages, something of political economy, and the philosophy of history is attracting more and more the earnest attention of educators. In this country, where every one has a greater or less influence in legislation, it is especially desirable that the youth shall thoroughly understand the laws that have governed the civilization and prosperity of nations. They should know the financial story of the past of all great nations, and particularly that of their own land. The Constitution of the United States and the guiding principles of those who framed it ought to be as familiar to every scholar as the fundamental rules of arithmetic. This knowledge is of infinitely greater importance to the majority than the Latin conjugations or the ability to read German or French.

The BLADE does not desire to find fault with the study of languages in the public schools. It simply means to say that too much attention has been given to them, and to other branches comparatively useless to the hard working laborer or business man, at the expense of what would add greatly to his general intelligence and usefulness as a citizen. Hardly an election passes but that matters of vital moment to be settled by the vote of the people comes up, and the broader knowledge each individual possesses of the principles of political economy, the more likely that vexed questions will be wisely decided.

NEW YORK is quite jubilant over the year's report of marriages in that City, which shows a gain of 500 over those of 1877. "It indicates," says *The Sun*, "a hopeful improvement in the material condition of the people." Some of the statistics given are rather interesting. More marriages occur during the last quarter of the year than at any other time. Of the whole number that took place last year, 2,204 came in the last quarter; 1,984 in the second; 1,744 in first; and 1,697 in the third. The ages of some of the couples are shown by the following:

	MALES.	FEMALES.
Under 20 years of age	189	1,959
Between 50 and 55	119	35
Between 55 and 60	66	14
Between 60 and 65	24	1
Between 65 and 70	17	2
Between 70 and 80	10	1
Between 80 and 90	1	—

A PLANETARY CRISIS.

The Rag Baby prophets of disaster can now hide their diminished heads. Mightier than they have arisen to fright the souls of fearful old ladies and weak-hearted men. They could only predict a country submerged beneath a rolling tide of woes; these later speak confidently of

The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

It is the astronomers and astrologers who are the JEREMIAHS now. They say that next year the four principal operators in our planetary system—the VANDERBILT, GARRETT, JAY GOULD, and TOM SCOTT of that celestial section in which our earth is situated—will pool their issues and unite to corner sunstock. It comes about in this way: Jupiter, who goes about the sun once in every 12 of our years, will then reach the nearest point in his orbit to that luminary—in other words he will be in perhelion, and 46 million miles nearer the sun than at ordinary times. As he is about 1,300 times larger than the ball upon which we do business, this neighborhood brings a pressure to bear upon the sun that stirs the staid old heat- and light-giver up vigorously, and is said to disturb things on our globe. The last time Jupiter was in perhelion was in 1869. That was the year that THURMAN was first elected to the Senate, and we had other grave misfortunes.

But to Jupiter's malign influence we are to have a heap of others added. Saturn, whose year is equal to 30 of ours, Uranus, who makes a leisurely journey around the sun in 84 years, and Neptune, whose trip occupies 160 years, will all be in perhelion, too, a thing which has not occurred before for thousands of years. What will happen then only a man with a bad nightmare can conceive of. These discouraging vaticinators say that 300 years ago, and again 1,600 years Jupiter and two other planets came into perhelion together, and those years were marked by terrible pestilence.

There is no need of special alarm, we apprehend. If we take a bath regularly, don't lay off our Winter flannels too soon in the Spring, and vote the straight Republican ticket, we will probably come out all right in the end.

BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

The people of the United States await with great anxiety the effect of BISMARCK'S bill to take away freedom of discussion from the Reichstag. It is a bold move upon the part even of one of the boldest of living men. That the representatives of Germany should be thus muzzled in their legislative body, under the pain of certain penalties, shows that the Chancellor will stop at nothing which stands in the way of the successful carrying out of his plans. It is a blow aimed against the freedom of the country, and should the bill pass, universal suffrage becomes a mere farce, and the power of the Government entirely arbitrary.

It is probable, however, that with so determined and intelligent a people as the Germans to form their opinions and act, that BISMARCK has overreached himself. Should they acquiesce for awhile, that freedom of thought, the desire for which is too strongly implanted to be easily obliterated, would cause the shackles imposed to be thrown off, and a blow be struck for liberty, whose strength can be estimated from the past history of these people.

The determination of the German statesman to carry out his repressive policy to the bitter end, is evident from the efforts he has made to induce the Governments of Spain and Italy to inaugurate the same course; in the attempted intimidation of Switzerland; and in the complaints made by the German Ambassador at Vienna concerning the comments of the Austrian press upon the Reichstag bill. He is keen, shrewd and far seeing, and has shown his wonderful power by combining into one strong Empire an Association of States hitherto feebly united, and making the foreign policy such as to command the fear and admiration of all the civilized nations of the world. But when he attempts to permanently wrest away the liberty of his people, to prevent free speech, and to curtail freedom of legislation, he may find even his power inadequate to the task.

DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.

The stories that come to us from England regarding its present condition are distressing in the extreme. There has been nothing approaching it in this country even in its darkest hours, and the growlers over the hard times and compelled economy would do well to note the contrast. Even the magnificent city of London is threatened with a famine, and the citizens are rousing themselves to the consciousness that strong measures must be taken immediately for the relief of the suffering already begun.

Through the Charity Organization Society much good has been accomplished in the past in the way of charity giving without successful impostures. In connection with this organization it is now proposed to appoint an executive committee whose duty shall be to go through the whole City, raise the required funds, and administer necessary relief. The latter purpose is to be effected by finding employment that shall be partially remunerative for the able bodied, and to supply the sick, aged, crippled, and the little children with food.

Various objections have been made to this plan, but all seem to agree that emigration to other and more fortunate countries should be encouraged. If the money which will be used for supplying the wants of these starving people from day to day for an indefinite time without brightening their prospects for the future, could be expended, or a portion of it, at least, in sending them where there is land to till which will richly repay their efforts, the nearest way out of the difficulty would be found. Meanwhile, from present appearance, there must be much suffering, no matter what steps are taken, and it is not improbable that the United States may be called upon to assist its starving friends across the water, out of its comparative abundance.

CHICAGO is growing excited over Western mining speculations and everybody is expecting to get rich from them. In fact, the papers report that a large number of the leading citizens have already reaped a harvest out of small investments, and the consequence is a decidedly growing interest in the treasures of the Great West. The stories of big profits may be true, but the experience of the past teaches that only a very few out of the many ever made sudden fortunes in this way. A great amount of money is swallowed up and whither it goes the majority of those who lose know not.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

The President of the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso recently read a paper before the State Teachers' Association in which he strongly recommended the reading of newspapers by scholars in the school room as a means of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the important events constantly transpiring in the different parts of the world. He would exclude that class which are highly sensational, or which make a specialty of criminal news, but by judicious selection the objectionable part might be entirely avoided.

To prove the soundness of his position, he described an experiment which he lately made with the students under his care. Each week he placed in the reading room 50 copies of a good daily, and other papers and magazines. At first only a few seemed to care for them, but a gradual change came, and in a short time the greatest interest was aroused in the leading topics of the day. This was shown by the conversation at the table and elsewhere, when the usual subjects of discussion had been the little occurrences of the passing hour. He strongly recommends the use of newspapers in general exercises and in reading classes, as it would render the present history of the world familiar to the students, and give them practical ideas to carry with them into active life.

MISSOURI TROUBLES.

State matters in Missouri seem to be conducted rather loosely. According to the St. Louis papers the Warden of the Penitentiary has been for two years past handling large sums of money, reaching an aggregate in that time of $318,601, for which he has given no bonds, and no account of stewardship. Although he has not done so, he might have stolen every cent of that amount, and the State would have no remedy. They must have a remarkably trustful disposition out there to conduct their public business in that way. Even here in Ohio, the State of all others for honest and honorable public service, that sort of confidence would not be ventured upon.

Another screw which seems to be loose there is in the State Treasury, which, it was discovered during the past year, has been robbed of nearly $400,000. It is charged that there has been in the past a "Treasury Ring," through whose operation this sum was lost, and a Committee was appointed examine into the matter. The report has lately been made and does not prove satisfactory to the people generally. It seems to simply skim over the surface of matters and does not give the definite information which the magnitude of the subject demands. Evidently Missouri needs a different kind of administration in her State matters.

FOR several decades the imports of the United States exceeded its exports, until at the end of the year 1875, the balance of debt against us was equal to the enormous sum of $1,726,637,547. Since that time the current has turned, and in three years the balance in our favor has run up to $588,582,639. Some figures taken from the official reports in regard to this matter may be interesting. The total exports last year, both foreign and domestic, were $694,838,896. Of this amount three fourths were sent to Great Britain and her dependencies. Two-thirds of all the raw cotton consumed in Europe goes from this country. Over three-fourths of all the wheat and two-thirds of all the flour exported goes to England. Two-thirds of the corn used in England is sent from the United States. Bacon, ham and lard to the value of over $50,000,000 were received from us last year by this country alone. These few items show that the principal market at present is Great Britain, leaving the trade of the rest of the world to be worked for by our people.

THERE is a little Georgia Town so new in its municipal dignity that though it has a Mayor, it lacks a jail. This illustrates, by the way, how much more ready men are to provide themselves with officers than places of punishment. The Mayor had a chance to air his official robes, recently. A couple of petty thieves were caught *in flagrante delicto*, and brought before his bucolic honor. This functionary sentenced them to imprisonment according to the statutes, but the difficulty arose to the place. Southern houses and buildings generally are little adapted to the purposes of forcible confinement. The genius of the Mayor was equal to the emergency. The experience of keeping chickens under a tub in readiness for the morrow's killing, suggested a plan. A wagon bed was reversed upon the ground, and the prisoners made to crawl under it. Then a couple of bales of cotton were piled on top of this, and the prisoners were as securely caged as if locked up in a $100,000 jail, with duplicate bars and doors.

"I HAVE at this moment," writes Mr. THOMAS FLETCHER, in the *English Mechanic*, "at least three-fourths of my tools of American manufacture, many of which have been bought at a very fancy price. If it were not an absolute necessary I should be exceedingly foolish to buy American tools at a high price if English tools were to be bought which would do the work equally well. From my own practical experience the difference between the two is, that an English workman does not, in the first instance, learn what a tool is for, and adapt the tool to the requirements; an American workman will, as a rule, use his brains and make what you want without spoiling the whole by ridiculous blunders. If I needed a thing, making which required judgment on the part of the workman, and I could not give my personal and constant supervision, I should, as the simplest way to get the thing right, send the instructions to America."

THERE are now 44 American firms doing business in Japan, of which number 33 are located in Yokohama, one in Tokio, seven in Hiogo and three in Nagasaki. The total number of American residents is only 367, of whom 189 are in Yokohama, 87 in Tokio, 51 in Hiogo and Osaka, 31 in Nagasaki and two in Hakodati. The British population outnumbers the American by three to one, and there are 88 British firms against 44 American houses engaged in commercial pursuits in the Empire. Of the 88 British firms, 57 are located in Yokohama.

"I STATE plainly," says an American writing in the London *Daily News*, "that operatives here have nothing to gain, but everything to lose, in strikes at present. American operatives work longer in a week, and, I believe, do more in the same number of hours than is accomplished here. As long as they do only as much, and work only as long, they will outstrip the manufacturer here, because they have the raw materials at hand, and work at an advantage."

SOUTHERN SWASHBUCKLERS

South Carolina "Wealth, Education and Intelligence."

S. A. Swails, who has been mad prominent in South Carolina politics by the brutal attempts of the South Carolina bulldozers to silence him and drive him from the leadership of the Republicans of his section of the State, is an old comrade of Maj. E. L. Jones, of Toledo. Swails was a Sergeant in the 54th Massachusetts (colored), and a very superior soldier. His intelligence and gallantry were so conspicuous that the officers of his regiment among whom was Major Jones, then a Captain—united in an effort to secure a commission for him. This was at last successful, though the policy of the Government was then opposed to commissioning colored men. Swails is believed to have been the first one of his race that ever received a United States commission. His conduct as an officer was unexceptionable, and at the close of the war he was retained as an officer of the Freedman's Bureau, the duties of which he discharged very acceptably. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and entered upon a very fair practice. He went into politics, and became State Senator. In all these long services his personal honor is unquestioned. When the Democrats resolved to make South Carolina solid, they found it necessary to get rid of Swails and his influence. The methods they adopted are well described in the following reports made by him to Wade Hampton, the acting Governor of South Carolina, and to President Hayes. He has forwarded copies of these reports to Major Jones, who gives us permission to use them. They are neatly written, couched, as will be seen, in excellent language, and are altogether much more presentable documents than could be expected from a white South Carolinian. This is the communication to Wade Hampton:

COMMUNICATION TO WADE HAMPTON.

KINGSTREE, S. C., Oct. 7, 1878.

His Excellency Wade Hampton, of South Carolina:

SIR:—In behalf of the Republicans of Williamsburg County, I ask leave to report to you the perpetration of a gross outrage in this County, on Saturday, the 5th inst., by a party of men led on by sworn officers of the State. The facts are these: Some two weeks ago myself and others were invited to address the Republican Club at White Oak, some seven miles from this place. Accordingly, on the morning of the 5th, together with Mr. A J. M. Montgomery, I proceeded to the place, arriving there about 12 o'clock. Shortly after our arrival, several persons belonging to the Democratic party also arrived from Kingstree, with the intention as was afterward shown, to disturb and break up the meeting. The Club was called to order, and I proceeded to address them. About the time that the Club was called to order G. P. Nelson, of Kingstree, came into the church. The President informed him that he could not remain, as none were allowed to be present but Republicans. Nelson then went out, and after being absent about half an hour, came back into the church. Mr. Montgomery was then speaking. Nelson was again told that he could not remain. He seemed to be somewhat in liquor, and commenced speaking about having fair play, and dividing time. Finding that Nelson intended to make a disturbance I advised the President of the Club to adjourn. which he did and the members left for their homes. There was at the close of the meeting some six or seven Republicans from Kingstree and vicinity on horseback and buggy in which was Representative Peterson, who, upon the adjournment started for home, no words of any kind having passed between the parties. When about six miles from Kingstree my party was overtaken by a party of some 50 or 100 men, mounted, and armed with State guns. The men seemed to be in detachments from Capt. Gilland's company, Capt. Cooper's company and Capt. Fitch's company, Capt. Fitch being in command of one detachment. The whole seemed to be under the command and direction of Dr. S. D. M. Byrd, one of the Commissioners of Election for this County. After following for some time, their command was broken into two columns, one of which passed us and filed immediately in front of my party. No words were spoken until within two miles of Kingstree, when the detachment in front formed in column across the road and halted. Dr. Byrd came back to me and said that they proposed that I should ride in front in their ranks. This I declined doing, stating to him that I was then on my way to my house peaceably, that I had gone peaceably, and attended to my business, and was now returning. He then made the remark that I was the cause of all the trouble in the County. I answered that I was not aware of any trouble. He then said it made no difference, they wanted me to ride in their front rank, and if all present were of his thinking I should be make to do so. I then said: "Gentlemen, I am not for making trouble, but intend going to my house peaceably." After some consultation he said that I must go with them to the village. I then asked if I was to consider myself and party under arrest. He answered, "Yes." I told him to go ahead. The whole party then started for the Village. While holding the conversation with Dr. Byrd the Kingstree men came out of their wagon and came up to where my party were. They seemed to be about to draw their pistols. G. P. Nelson walked up between myself and Boson Hanna, who was riding on my left) with his hand upon his pistol; about that time the column started. Nothing occurred then until we reached Academy street, when the head of the column turned up that street, with the intention I supposed of marching around the village. When I reached the corner, instead of following, I went straight on to the Court House. These parties then surrounded me with all kinds of threats, and attempting to take me by force into their ranks. The Rev. E. M. Pinkney told me to get off my horse and come into the Court House. Upon trying to do so, I was seized by Dr. Byrd and another of his men. I was also seized by Mr. Pinkney and Boson Hanna, who finally succeeded in dragging me from Byrd's crowd. At this moment two shots were fired, one said to be fired by Dr. Byrd and the other by a man named Davis. At the same time, my men succeeded in getting me into the Court House passage. Shortly afterwards Boson Hanna came up to me and said they had hit him twice which, upon examining him was found to be so, one shot having hit him in the right breast, the other in the left thigh. Shortly after Sheriff Jacobs came into the passage. I then proclaimed the protection of the law, and he finally succeeded in dispersing the crowd. I will state that at the time of the commencement of the row, Trial Justice Steele was present, but refused to command the peace. Now, Your Excellency, will these things be allowed? Has it come to this point that a man because he is a Republican, shall be assailed in open broad day under the very portals of the temple of justice, and under the eyes of the sworn peace officers of the State? Sir, I am confident that you would not so far forget your high office, and your solemn oath as Chief Magistrate of the State as to sympathise in such outrages, or allow them to go unpunished. I will state that there has been no trouble among the colored people of this County, but they have hitherto borne insult and jibes without resenting them and peaceably and quietly have attended to their own business and vocations, and in their name and behalf I ask that this affair be fully investigated. I am, Governor, Yours, Very Respectfully,

S. A. SWAILS,

Chairman U. R. Party, Williamsburg County.

REPORT TO PRES. HAYES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15, 1878.

His Excellency, R. B. Hayes, President of the United States.

SIR:—In obedience to the request that I should give a statement in writing as to matters that occurred in Williamsburg County, S. C., after that which has already been stated in my letter to Gov. Hampton, dated Kingstree, 7th inst., (a copy of which is now in your possession) I ask leave to say that on the 8th inst., at Kingstree there was perpetrated a greater outrage than that of the 5th.

On this day, while no excitement was in the Village and while the Circuit Court (at which Judge W. H. Wallace President) was in session and I was engaged in my business as an attorney, three companies of militia marched into the village with no other purpose than to create a disturbance, I called the attention of Judge Wallace to this, and asked that they should be dispersed, fearing that there would be a collision between them and the colored men. He promised to disperse them, but did not do so for some time after. I left the village after getting my mail (2 P. M.) A short time after my arrival at home the Executive Committee of the Democratic party of the County came to my house and read to me certain resolutions (copy of synopsis of which I enclose) denouncing me as a robber, and ordering me to leave the country within ten days under pain of death. The gentlemen composing that Committee were J. R. Lambson, Jno. A. Kelley, W. J. Lee, William M. Kinder and T. M. Sessions. I sent copy of resolutions to Judge Wallace, and in the evening called upon him. He informed me that he could not protect nor could any one protect me unless I renounced my Republican principles, and stated that even Gov. Hampton could not control the men who were under arms that day. On that night I proceeded to Charleston, in obedience to a telegram from District Attorney Northrop. On the night of the 9th I left Charleston for home, but on reaching Kingstree was met at the Depot by some of my friends, who advised me not to stop, stating that the village was full of the Red Shirts, who were threatening me, and I concluded to keep on. At Graham's X Roads, 15 miles north of Kingstree, the Red Shirts again gave me a salute and warned me not to come back. The conductor of the sleeping coach gave me to understand, the next morning, that some of them wished to come into the car and shake hands with me, but were refused by him. Nothing more occurred, and I reached here on the morning of the 11th.

I am, sir, very respectfully, yours,

S. A. SWAILS.

RESOLUTIONS

adopted by Demacrats of Williamsburg County, October 8th, 1878:

First—*Resolved*, That S. A. Swails is a highharded robber.

Second—*Resolved*, That for all incendiarisms which may occur, S. A. Swails will be held responsible.

Third—*Resolved*, That S. A. Swails be required to leave Williamsburg County in 10 days.

Fourth—*Resolved*, That if the above is not complied with, S. A. Swails must forfeit his life.

The above were presented to Mr. Swails in his parlor by the Democratic Executive Committee and read by John A. Kelly, in my presence.

E. M. PINCKNEY.

THE OTHER SIDE.

J. S. Haywood, the editor of the *Keystone Star*, was one of those who participated in the assault upon Swails, and this is the story of the affair, told in the issue of the paper for October 9:

"A FIELD DAY IN WILLIAMSBURG POLITICS.

"A COLORED REPUBLICAN MAKES THE FIRST ASSAULT, AND DRAWS THE FIRST BLOOD, WITH ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"About 10:30 o'clock last Friday the County Executive Committee were informed that Swails was to hold a Radical meeting at a church some seven miles from the Court House. It was determined that Democratic speakers, if possible, should put in appearance, and be heard, if allowed to speak. Unfortunately for us the Swails meeting was to come off on Saturday, and conflicted with our meeting at Joy's store, about the same distance in an opposite direction.

"However, arrangements were made, and hearing that Capt. S. M. Gilland was going from Kingstree as a speaker, we jumped in the buggy with an ardent Democrat, and arrived in company with five others at the appointed place a few moments after Swails. Some parties in advance of us were induced by the quiet appearance of the 'colored' Church to pass on and await the arrival of the Rads at a 'white' Church about a mile further on.

"Our spirited companion, after demanding and being refused time, and being without an orator if we had obtained it, again got into his buggy and went in pursuit of Mr. Gilland, who had gone to the farther Church. By the time he had returned, say a half hour, Swails had made his speech, which we heard somewhat indistinctly at about 60 yards' distance, being refused admission into the building or permission to stand at the door, and being told not to stand any nearer than we then were. Not having any purpose to be in any way offensive, we came as near as the police, whom they had stationed outside the building, would permit us. One of the two we saw was armed with a walking stick, the other with a portion of a stick of sugar cane. We thought of Cainhoy, over the left, and listened.

"There was nothing incendiary in Swails' speech—a fact to be accounted for, probably, by the apprehension that he expressed that the Democrats intended to demand a hearing. This, too, may account for the brevity of his speech, as it was only a half hour long, and we understand that his usual harangues occupy some two hours. He said that the only arguments of Democrats was abuse of Republicanism, as if it were to their salvation; it was useless, therefore, for Democrats to address Republican meetings, and he, for one, would not consent to allow it. He advised rigid adhesion to party, a deaf ear to Democrats, and a 'plump' voting of the Radical ticket on the day of election. He said that Joseph H. Rainey had been in Congress nine years, had been an unswerving Republican, and should be voted for. That the other nominees would be put before the people by the convention which would meet on next Tuesday, the 15th. He said it was not a question of whether this or that man was a good man, but they should vote for the convention nominees. If he said anything more we have forgotten it or it escaped our ears at that distance. Certainly he was not drunk, nor is he the Swails he 'used to was' as, for instance, when reading how Col. Dargan knocked Lee down for approaching him in an insulting manner on a public stand, he said on the public street of Kingstree 'that if the Democrats of this County were to try that experiment it would mire hell.' This and similar remarks of Swails made not infrequently heretofore are the seeds of hell planted by this malignant demagogue, the fruits of which he, with others of both colors, are reaping. He has got to stop, or instead of seeds of hell he'll catch hell itself. Men are not going to sit down and have labor set against them, bad blood aroused, blood spilt, and the ringleaders escape by assuming in the time of personal danger the voice of the dove. The day is at hand, and he will not be permitted to quench his customary torch in incendiarism and hold out the olive branch. We speak plainly because it is the better plan. He has got to step back and down.

"Next after Swails came his friend 'to the gallows' A. J. M. Montgomery, now canvassing for the Radical nomination for the lower House. His introductory remarks were made in so low a tone of voice that we could not hear them, but, as he thought of his hopes for nomination, the saliva of his chops greased the springs of his false teeth, of which he has a full set, if we mistake not, and he rattled his china pegs regardless of damage for the few moments he was allowed to speak. He has been accused of being a Democrat, but he was a Republican then, and the next time, whenever it was, and he did not seem to care how soon it came if it brought his nominaton. It was impossible that any colored man on the face of God's green earth could be anything but a Republican. For the next few minutes he rung the changes of this sentiment, until just as we expected him to have every green faced man on a colored God's earth radical, our departed friend returned with Mr. Gilland. There was no harm in anything Montgomery said, and he seems to be a great searcher after peace, who, if he does not find it where he happens to want it, will speedily hunt for it elsewhere, particularly if he is horseback and there is powder burnt anywhere near.

"Mr. Gilland walked immediately to the door and was mildly informed by the sugar cane police that he could not go in, and replied that the S. C. P. must stop that nonsense, as he most certainly proposed to go in. Just then our returned friend, who had hitched his horse, quietly walked by both, and entering the church repeated his request for a hearing of his orator. It was promptly refused by Swails, who immediately adjourned the meeting and the aspirations of the earth faced green man with his radical God.

"At this juncture, Drs. Boyd and Fulmore rode up from the outer church, where they had been stopping by mistake for two hours, with 25 or 30 men armed and equipped. After waiting to see if any of the colored men would wait and give our cause a hearing, and finding none would stay, they were about to return home, when they were invited to come by Kingstree, and we would all go over to Marion Pond, where it was reported that H. H. Mowzon, our present School Commissioner, was holding another Radical pow-wow. The suggestion was accepted, and off everything turned in the road to Kingstree and Marion Pond, to reach which they would come within one and a half miles of the Court House. Swails was overtaken on the route and escorted along. After a while he was put in the middle of the column, and proceeded thus, amid cheers and dust, until, we suppose, they had come within one and a half miles of the Court House, between which and the cavalcade stands Swails's house. Here a halt was called, and Swails was told that he was expected to ride through the town before he would go home. He said he did not wish to do so, but if told that he must, he would have to do it. He was told that while he would be made to ride through the town, there should no harm be done him, that he was the cause of all the turmoil, and must parade through Kingstree. With this understanding the procession renewed its march with Swails in the middle, and next to him seven or eight colored men who had been at his meeting and had been overtaken with him, and had remained with him. Nothing occurred to mar the peaceful current of the parade until Swails got opposite the Court House, which fronts upon the main street of the Town. Here, having a natural distaste for the proceeding, and a fleeting remembrance of his promise, Swails nimbly alights from his horse and dashes for the arched doorway under the porch. He took everybody so much by surprise that he was half way there before he was caught by one of his red-shirted escort.

"We understand that this gentleman was a Mr. Graham, who thought it was nothing but fair that Swails should be held to his promise. No sooner, however, had he caught Swails than one of the colored men who had been riding with Swails assaulted him with a large piece of scantling, and came very near breaking his arm and hand. Pistols proved more handy in the crowd than scantling. As the colored man struck his blows two pistol shots were heard, and he was caught as he fell, shot in two places, and Swails dashed into the basement of the Court House. In a moment of time the archway was covered by as many carbines as could be brought to bear. Swails' life hung on the tick of a watch, and Capt. J. J. Steele saved him by stepping into the archway. While it may serve as a lesson for Swails, it is very fortunate that Hampton's appointment of a Trial Justice fell upon the shoulders of so true and trusted a Democrat as Capt. Steele. A scalawag appointee would have run and left Swails to his luck. He may thank Hampton for his life, as well as his being out of the penitentiary. The men behind would have shot Swails, for they did not know that he had offered no violence. In half an hour everything had subsided, as well as the pulse of the colored man, who brought his own blood upon his head by an uncalled for interference in a matter into which he had thrust himself.

"During the melee Henry (H. H.) Mowzon put in an appearance and the attention which was proposed to be paid to him was deferred to another occasion. We have been told that Mowzon is on occasions a bitter and malignant talker against the whites, but we have always found him courteously polite. Be this as it may, in this canvass the Democrats do not want blood. But we want open discussion, and we do not intend to have a repetition of Cainhoy."

ULSTERS.

George Francis Set the Fashion.

N. Y. World, Jan. 6.

MADISON SQUARE, P. E. 49.

Citizen Editor World:

SIR—No. 32—Q. Who first set the fashion of wearing Ulsters, and why are they so called?

A. Ulsters are so called because they were first made from rough cloth that is manufactured in the County of Ulster, in Ireland. George Francis Train was having one made in Dublin, and some celebrity walked into the shop and admired the new garment very much, ordered one for himself and set the fashion thereby. The honor of setting this fashion is also claimed for Sothern, the actor, and the Prince of Wales.—*N. Y. World.*

Correct, with this explanation: An Irish committee wished to make me a Fenian present on my eighth month in the Dublin Jail in 1868.

Having noticed that all Russian officers and privates wore a long gray coat to their heels when I was in the Crimea in 1856, and seeing the Emperor wearing the same when I was the guest of the Grand Duke Constantine in St. Petersburg the next year (and never having noticed it in other parts of Europe), I gave Rogers, the Sackville street tailor, the pattern from memory, to be made out of Irish frieze from Ulster County.

Prince Teck saw it hanging in the window with my name on it, and Mr. Rogers sold it to him for £6 and made me another.

The Prince of Wales, one rainy evening in London, seeing it in Prince Teck's room, put it on and wore it at Brook's. The next morning Ulsters were the fashion all over Europe and Lord Dundreary bought one.

G. F. T.

Standing by His Friend.

Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday morning some boys found a man lying in a snow drift on Chene street, and so near frozen to death that he could not speak. There was a terrible odor of whisky about him, and beside him in the snow was an empty bottle. He was removed to a house and a doctor sent for. After half an hour's hard work the man was so far restored that he could speak, and his first words were:

"Doc—doctor, have I been froze?"

"Yes, and pretty badly," was the reply.

"Will I die, doctor?" continued the man.

"Well, there's a chance of it."

The patient made an effort to sit up, but fell back after a struggle and gasped out:

"Doctor, if I die I want it understood that the durned thermometer's killed me! Don't let 'em abuse whisky, doctor!"

A Pleasant Ride.

New Haven Register.

"Somehow or other, I don't seem to enjoy sleighing as I used to," said Mr. Smiley as he picked the accumulated ice from his beard. "My blood don't circulate as it used to, and my feet nearly freeze. The invigorating air does me a bit of good, though. But when I appeared in my first plug hat, and took your mother out for a sleigh ride, I just enjoyed it. We went spinning along over a country road at a fine rate, for a while but we stopped suddenly—your mother and I. The horse and sleigh went right along, though, and when we had picked ourselves up and walked about two miles in the snow, we felt so well acquainted that we concluded to keep right along together, and we have, haven't we?" And the old gentleman chucked his companion under the chin so vigorously that her false teeth were nearly knocked out of her head.

It never rains in Peru, and a man in that rainless climate never knows what it is to get up Sunday morning and spend five hours pumping out his cellar, when he is just wild to go to church. But to atone for the loss of this pleasant pastime, he has to stand up about four times a week and let a raging earthquake kick him clear across the county line in one time and two motions.—*Hawkeye.*

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the Blade. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The Blade's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in distant parts of the country.

D. A. S., Everett, Pa: No name, no answers. We refer you to rules D. A. S., though it is S. A. D.

L. M. C., Lyndonville, Va.—Sorry you did not make your question more explicit. Of what does the "manual" treat?

W. B. M., St. Cloud, Minn.—You are wrong: the cast iron cylinders of the ordinary steam engine are not made of brass, as your letter assumes.

John R. Day, Joy, Ill., asks: "Can any of the Blade readers give any information of James R. Key, who was Sergeant of the 124th Illinois Volunteers? Also, of W. Home, who was Colonel of the 124th Illinois Volunteers?"

M. A. P., Romeo, Mich., writes: "I subscribed for the Blade through an agent. Will I be entitled to the same privilege in getting books as though I had sent my subscription to the Blade office? Please answer through Correspondents' Column."—Yes.

Freeman Brady, Mill Hall, Pa., writes: I wish to obtain the address of Daniel Locke. His friends have written a number of times and received no answer. He is somewhere in Oregon or California. Will some reader please answer through correspondents' column?

J. C. Wares, Hollon, Kans., writes to say in reply to a recent inquiry in the Blade that a man named Schultz, a member of the 31st Illinois Volunteers and a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, is now working for him. Parties interested will make a note accordingly.

D. W. Young, Federalsburg, Md., says: "Tell H. C. H. of Scottsburg, R. Y., that he is far from being correct in his solution of the $90 problem. I will send an answer, though not correct, is the nearest and as near as can be got: A.'s share is $10.55⅓; B.'s share is $12.63 1-5; C.'s share is $15.78; D.'s share, $21.03,—equals $60.00 1-5.

J. S., Sandy L., Pa.—Mr. Greeley doubtless had some excellent ideas on farming, and most of the fun poked at his book was written by newspaper paragraphers, who, having once hit upon the subject, kept it going till it was exhausted. 2. Mr. Greeley was married in July, 1836, to Miss Mary Y. Cheney, a young lady whose acquaintance he had made in New York City.

W. S. M., Bloomington, Ills., asks: "How long after the date of sealed instruments does the statute of limitations take effect upon them?"—according to the revised statutes of 1877 the statute begins to run on sealed instruments generally from the due date, or that of a payment or new promise, and bars an action after ten years from such period, except in the case of judgments recovered within the State, which may be kept alive 20 years.

J. D., Albion, Ind., asks: "Can you tell me why the following theorem, viz: the square described on the hypotenuse of any rightangled triangle is equal to the sum of the sum of the squares described on the other two sides, is called the 'Pons Assinorum?'"—The only reason we can give for calling the problem you name "the bridge of Asses," is that owing to the difficulty of the problem it is exceedingly hard for human donkeys to get over it.

E. Foster, Sparta, Ill., asks: "Where can I get the best book on steam engines, and price of book? 2. Also, book on detective work, and price? 3. Can any of the readers of the Blade give me the address of Rev. John E. Taylor, a Methodist preacher? When last heard of was in Donough Co., Ill. Any information of his whereabouts will be gladly received."—1. Write to Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia, Pa., stating about how much you want to pay. 1. Allen Pinkerton, Chicago, Ill., can probably supply you.

C. A. Schrey, Fostoria, O., asks: "Can any one give me any information as to the whereabouts of one George Maier, formerly a member of the 18th Ohio Infantry, having enlisted at or near Sandusky City, O. Where he went after he was discharged I do not know; although he is a relative of mine by marriage. He was born in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany; dark complexion, medium height and somewhere about forty years old. Information thankfully received, addressed as above."

B. W. W., Dundee, Ills., asks: "What is the origin of the term 'olla podrida?'"—It is Spanish, and originally signified an accumulation of flesh, vegetables, etc., thrown together in a pot, forming a favorite national dish in Spain. In our time it has come to be applied to literary productions of a mixed character. The French had a word which expresses about the same idea, namely, *pot-pourri*; and again we have the Scotch, *hotch-potch*, all of which terms are figuratively employed.

F. F. S., Mannsville, N. Y., writes: "I would like to ask "Moses," New Franklin, O., if he knows of any rule in arithmetic for solving the following problem: Required, the distance from the stump that a tree 120 feet high must break off that the top may touch the ground 50 feet from the stump."—Moses will doubtless tell you that any good school arithmetic will give you such a rule. However, we leave him to make his own reply.

J. A. M., Sedan, Ind.: "Please give in your valuable paper a number of questions to debate in a literary society that has just organized."—We have on hand a book called "The American Debater," (212 pages, price $2.00) which contains not only a large selection of questions, but also a full treatise on the principles and practice of public debate. We will send it to you by mail, postpaid, if ordered at once, for 75c. It is a perfect copy, but has been on hand some little time, and is consequently slightly worn.

J. S. V., North Madison, Ind., asks: "What is the difference between a college and University?"—Properly speaking, a university is an association or collection of colleges. This distinction, which prevails in England, is very much blurred in this country, where any small college may set up as a university. The institutions at Cambridge, Mass., and Ann Arbor, Mich., are universities in the proper sense of the term, that is, they are schools in which pupils are graduated in law, medicine and the sciences and arts.

H. S. Rockford, Ills., asks: "Is the marriage of first cousins ever considered admissable?"—In several of the States the marriage of first cousins is prohibited by law. The advisability of such marriage has long been a subject of debate with the medical profession. The weight of evidence is to the effect that if the parties are perfectly sound and healthy, there is no reason why the offspring should not be so; but that when the practice continues through two or three generations, the progeny deteriorate mentally and physically, and also become scrofulous and liable to deformities, and even to idiocy.

G. B., Barnstable, Mass., asks: "What is the origin of the character of 'Blue Beard,' and had the story any real foundation in fact?"—It is stated by good authority that the historic original of this familiar character was one Giles de Laval, Lord of Rais, who was made Marshal of France in 1429, and fought valiantly; but his cruelty and wickedness appear to have eclipsed his bravery. Among his other atrocities, he was in the habit of corrupting young persons and murdering them for the sake of their blood, which he used in his diabolical incantations. He was finally burned alive near Nantes, in 1440, on account of some State crime in Brittany.

B. P. S., Blissfield, Mich., asks: "What was the origin of the term 'Mother Goose,' as applied to the supposed author of the volume of nursery rhymes which bears her name?"—The generally accepted statement is that Elizabeth Goose, born in Charlestown in 1665, was a veritable matron of Boston, the second wife of Isaac Goose, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was admitted to the Old South Church in Boston in 1698. Her daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Fleet, the printer. To her children Mother Goose sang these songs, and the printer collected them and gave them to the world. The author became a widow in 1710, and died in 1757, aged 92 years.

B. W., Millersburg, Pa., asks: "Can the holder of Northern Pacific bonds purchase the lands of the Company with such bonds if they desire? 2. How much land have the Company which has been surveyed and subject to entry for bonds?"—The assenting holders of bonds of the Northern Pacific have agreed to convert their bonds into stock at the rate of $1,400 preferred stock for each $1,000 bond, including interest to July, 1868. This preferred stock is receivable for lands of the Company at par. It is generally understood that the Company's title to the land is unquestioned. Poor's Manual says that 47,000,000 acres of land were given the Company, of which only 713,493 acres had been certified to up to June 30, 1877. Of the land granted, 7,955,200 acres are in Minnesota and Dakota, and 2,515,917 in Washington Territory. There had been sold up to August 31, 1877, 1,192,381 acres. These sold for $5,787,299.

H. D., Summit Hill, O., asks: "1. What is sound? 2. Can the sensation of sound exist where there is no ear to hear? 3. Did Vallandigham shoot himself at Dayton, O? I have always understood that it was at Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio."—1. By sound primarily is meant the effect produced upon the air by the vibrations of anybody, and secondarily the sensation imported to the ear by such vibrations. 2. Sound, according to the first meaning, can exist independently of any human agency, but there can be no sensation of sound where there is no ear to receive the influence which creates the sensation. All the disputes over this matter arise from the fact that parties do not make their definitions clear in the outset. 3. We may have named Dayton, O., as the place of Vallandigham's death, as we wrote from memory only. If we did, however we meant to write Lebanon, as that was the place where his death actually occurred.

G. B., Goshen, Ind., asks: "Was the old silver dollar, (now known as the "standard dollar") at a premium in gold previous to its demonetization?"—It was. Under the mint law of February 12, 1873, no provision was made in it for the coinage of any other than the trade dollar, because there was no demand from any quarter, and had not been for a long time, for use in this country, of the dollar weighing 412½ grains. It would have cost a fraction more than a dollar in gold during most of the time the law was under discussion. The dropping of the coin had nothing to do with the cost of making it, but because it had been virtually out of circulation and ordinary use for over 20 years. It was not until silver, which had been gradually declining for several years, fell so far below the nominal value of the piece that there was a large profit in it (if 412½ grains, nine-tenths fine, could be made a legal tender for one dollar), that there was any clamor for the coinage of it.

E. M. G., Cynthiana, Ky., asks: "Will you please state the amount expended annually for alcoholic liquors in the United States and England?"—A recent writer in an English paper, a Mr. Saunders, gives some statistics bearing on this subject. On the authority of Mr. Nimmo, of the American Bureau of Statistics, the people of the United States consume liquor costing them, at retail prices, $585,784,784 a year, whisky and such like spirits and wine being estimated at $5 a gallon, brandy at $10, and ale, beer, &c., at $20 a barrel; while the English excise returns show a consumption of liquor of the value of $710,041,155. Taking American quantities at English prices, Mr. Saunders declares that if Englishmen only drank as much as Americans they would expend annually only $340,000,000; the fact of the excess of $370,000,000, he thinks, has "an important bearing upon the severe international competition which is now taking place, and may with advantage be considered in connection with the necessitous conditions of a large proportion of the population of England."

W. H. M., Williamsburg, Pa., writes to the Blade, enclosing a specimen of his poetry, and offering to write poems on any subject which may be furnished, and of any desired length. We have carefully examined the specimen sent us. It shows strength, decided strength. No one but a very strong man could have bent the rugged lines of English prose into a poetic form. Our friend has a good hold on the poetic element in the serious side of life, as well as of the minor phases of our sublunary existence, but we warn him that the world is cold and heartless, and that he is likely to eat his heart out in yearnings and longings after that sympathy and appreciation which comes to only a few of us on this side of the hereafter. Poetry is a good thing, a sensible thing; it ought to find a ready market at big prices from eager publishers, but alas they too are cold and sordid. The only way that we can suggest to you whereby you may be properly revenged on an unfeeling world is to bridle your muse, or rather hobble her, and turn her out to grass, and perhaps after a time the public having missed the melodious strains of her voice, may clamor again for the sweet strains that have been withheld from them. Perhaps they may not clamor at all, but it will be safe to try the experiment.

G. S. W., Cairo, Ill., asks: "Will you please give me a sketch of the earlier railroads in England and this country?"—The first railroad of which we have any mention was constructed by Mr. Beaumont at the collieries near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, in 1672. Wooden rails were used, and the cars were drawn by horses. Iron rails were first used in Whitehaven, England, in 1738. In 1802, Trevethick and Vivian patented a high-pressure locomotive, and in 1804 built one for the Merthor-Tydfil Railway in South Wales. In 1814 George Stephenson constructed his first locomotive, which traveled at the rate of six miles an hour. Various improvements were made until 1827, when Stephenson built an engine which traveled at the rate of 35 miles an hour. The first railroad for carrying passengers was the Stockton & Darlington Road, built by Edward Pease and George Stephenson, and opened September 27, 1825. The first railroad constructed in America was built from the quarries in Quincy, Mass., to the nearest tide water. It was four miles long. The next was built by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, in 1828, from their mines to the Lehigh River, and, with turn-outs and branches, was 13 miles long. The first railroad for carrying passengers in operation in this country was the Baltimore & Ohio Road, from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills—13 miles. The locomotive was built by Peter Cooper, and was placed upon the road in 1830. The Mohawk & Hudson Road, between Albany & Schenectady, commenced carrying passengers about the same time.

F. V. B., Oak, Neb., asks: "1. Was the battle of Bunker Hill fought on Bunker Hill or on Breed's Hill? 2. If fought on Breed's Hill why is it called the battle of Bunker Hill? 3. Please tell us where the Bunker Hill Monument is built, and give us a little of its history?"—1. On Breed's Hill. Gen. Prescott who was in command intended to take position on Bunker Hill, but instead moved to a hill nearer to the city, which was afterwards known as Breed's Hill. 2. Probably the fact that the latter had then no distinct name apart from Bunker Hill, (with which it was connected by a ridge about 700 yards long) determined the naming of the battlefield. 3. The Bunker Hill monument stands on Breed's Hill, within the redoubt thrown up by the American troops. It is a square shaft built of Quincy granite, 221 feet high, 31 feet square at the base and 15 feet at the top. Its foundations are enclosed 12 feet under ground. Inside of the shaft is a round, hollow cone, seven feet wide at the bottom and four feet two inches at the top, encircled by a winding staircase of 294 stone steps, which leads to a chamber immediately under the apex 11 feet in diameter. The corner stone of the monument was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, June 17th, 1825, by Gen. Lafayette, and an oration pronounced by Daniel Webster. The monument itself was completed in 1842, its entire expense having been over $150,000, and on June 17, 1843, it was formally dedicated, Daniel Webster again being the orator. 4. We have no present intention of publishing such a book as you name.

S. S. M., Waterloo, Ind., asks: "Will you please give a short sketch of the origin and history of masonry?"—Masonic writers claim that the Masonic order was founded in Solomon's time, deriving its origin from the "Dionysiac fraternity" of architects and builders engaged in the construction of temples and theatres, a band of whom worked upon the temple. Of this there is no historical proof. The commonly accepted origin is found in the associations of masons and builders during the Middle Ages. These associations had a regular government and ranged from country to country wherever they found churches to build. They enjoyed the especial favor of the Popes and were exempted from taxes and other burdens, from which comes the name "free" masons. Men of eminence, both kings and prelates, joined the order, and finally the practical feature fell into abeyance. Masonry now is speculative. Some writers claim that it had its origin in 1646, being founded by an Englishman named Ashmole from signs and symbols borrowed from the Knights Templars and Rosicrucians. In 1666 Sir Christopher Wren was appointed Grand Master of England, so that it must have had several lodges. In 1702 St. Paul's Lodge of London was the only one, or about the only one in England, and this lodge threw open the doors to other professions. In 1717 there were four lodges, and these formed the Grand Lodge. As thus organized it was transplanted to the Continent. The first lodge in America was organized in Boston in 1733. Many attempts have been made in Europe to suppress the order. It now numbers about 10,000 lodges and 1,000,000 members. Over 4,000 books relating to it have been published.

Mrs. Bruce's New Year's.

Washington Special to Boston Journal.

Many called upon Mrs. Senator Bruce, the colored bride of the colored Senator from Mississippi. She made her *debut* into Washington society on this occasion, and nowhere were callers more gracefully welcomed or more hospitably entertained. Mrs. Bruce is a lady of great personal beauty, of the Andalusian type, and wore a magnificent black velvet dress made for her by Worth during her recent visit to Paris, and handsome diamonds. She was assisted in entertaining by her sisters, the Misses Wilson, of Cleveland, both of them handsome and accomplished ladies. Senator Bruce is living temporarily at the house of John M. Langston, Minister to Hayti, near Howard University, but he is fitting up a house into which he will soon move. The house is on M street, formerly occupied by Secretary Delano. He will have as his neighbors Representative Blair, of New Hampshire, and District Attorney Wells.

A Brilliant Old Age.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The venerable Lucretia Mott, who sounded the first blast for woman's rights forty years ago at Rochester, N. Y., is eighty six years old to-day, and she is still an active worker in her favorite cause. On the fifth day of last month the old lady delivered an address before the Pennsylvania Peace Society, and was unanimously elected President of the society for the ensuing year. She offered a resolution indorsing Minister Welsh for "his labors in behalf of conciliation of difficulties as evinced in his successful efforts to liberate prisoners whose incarceration was political and tending to estrange nationalities." Lucretia Mott is a conspicuous instance of the vitality imparted by a life of judicious but unremitting mental activity.

Paddy Ahead.

Reno (Nev.) Gazette.

A gentleman of the Hibernian nation was making himself disagreeable in a Virginia street saloon last night by insisting upon the superiority of Ireland over every other country on earth in any and all respects. The beer was better there than here—the beef, the bread, the houses, the land, the schools, the people and so on through the list.

"I suppose," said an old-miner, with a frightful sneer, "I suppose you'll say next that they have found more gold and silver in Ireland than they have in Nevada!"

"No, sor," replied Paddy, "but fwhat they've found there be of a damsight better quality."

Worse Than Carpet-Baggers.

Philadelphia Press.

The treasury of Louisiana is empty, and $900,000 are required to pay the January coupons of interest, and current expenses. When the Republicans surrendered the Government two years ago there were $300,000 in the treasury, with a rate of taxation of 14 mills. In these two years the Democrats have spent the surplus and increased the debt $2,000,000. This is a bad showing for the "wealth and intelligence of the State." An infusion of "carpet-baggery" would be an improvement which the creditors of the State would relish.

Abolish the Gold Dollar.

Washington Sentinel.

When gold becomes plenty, so that the sight of a gold dollar is no longer a popular wonder, measures should be taken to withdraw this coin from circulation. Could all the cases be catalogued in which gold dollars have been paid away by mistake for cents, and all those in which they have been lost from their diminutive size, where the same money in larger shape would have been saved, the list would be enormous. Gold coins of so small a denomination are not needed, and often prove a nuisance by taking the place of more convenient money.

Something for South Carolina to Reflect On.

Chicago Tribune.

That man is either a fool or a knave who contends that the people of Ohio are under greater obligations to obey the laws, respect the rights of others, and to conduct themselves generally as good citizens, than the people of South Carolina or any other State. The laws of a country, like the laws of God, are applicable everywhere, and the culprit that pleads immunity from the penalty that follows, or ought to follow, the violation of either, cannot have his claim allowed.

Why Should It?

Cincinnati Commercial.

As there is not a very loud and long call for gold, we do not see any reason why the silver men at Washington should be troubled about the circulation of the standard silver dollar. If one of the precious metals does not float, why should the other gambol on the surface.

Want Our Tobacco.

Boston Exchange.

Spanish smokers seem to want American tobacco, as well as Americans want Spanish. The Minister of Spain has telegraphed to Capt.-Gen' Campos that the Madrid Government will, in March next, contract for 5,500,000 kilogrammes of Virginia and Kentucky tobacco.

Of Course It Will.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Now that resumption is successful, will not the Democratic organs and candidates gradually discover that the Democratic party was always in favor of hard money on constitutional grounds?

Real Comforting.

New York Star.

Mr. Hayes has a way of placing his hand upon the shoulder of a disappointed office seeker, and saying, "My dear friend, God knows best," that is extremely affecting.

Even Now.

Chicago Times.

When the House rose the other day to receive the President, Tom Hendricks was on the floor and budged not. And now he's even with the fraudulent administration.

Incomplete.

Danbury News.

Mr. Joaquin Miller announces through the press that the young lady to whom he is attached, entitled Merinda, is standing forever under a fir tree, but fails to say how fir the tree is.

When It Will Open.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The New York Gold Room has been closed, and will not be opened again until the Democratic party plunges the country into another scrape.

A Well Grounded Fear.

Cincinnati *Enquirer*. "Ohio did wrong in not putting a bell around Milton Sayler's neck. We fear we have lost him."

The Sunday School.

The Reading of the Law.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT: The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.—Psa. 119:130.

LESSON TEXT.

[Neh. 8:1 8.]

(1.) And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that *was* before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel. (2.) And Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation both of men and women, and all that could hear with understanding, upon the first day of the seventh month. (3.) And he read therein before the street that *was* before the water gate from morning until mid-day, before the men and the women, and those that could understand; and the ears of all the people *were attentive* unto the book of the law. 3. And Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, when they had made for the purpose; and beside him stood Mattithiah, and Shemr, and Anaiah, and Urijob, and Hilkiah, and Maaseiah, on his right hand, and on his left hand, Pedaiah, and Mishael, and Malchiah, and Hashum, and Hashbadana, Zechariah, and Meshullam. 5. And Ezra opened the book in the sight of the people; (for he was above all the people) and when he opened it all the people stood up. 6. And Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with lifting up their hands, and they bowed their heads, and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground. 7. Also Jeshua, and Bani, and Sherebiah, Jamin, Akkub, Shabbethai, Hodijah, Maaseieh, Kelita, Azariah, Jozabad, Hanan, Pelaiah, and the Levites, caused the people to understand the law; and the people *stood* in their place. 8. So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused *them* to understand the reading.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The people gathered.........into the street (v. 1). There is no need of waiting for a fine building to start a Bible school in. If the splendid structure of Akron or Bethany is not available, a plain chapel, a log school house, a sail loft, a railway station, or a tent, will answer a very good purpose. At a pinch the people can gather in a grove, or in the street, for a service of this sort. Let no one say that there is not a place in his neighborhood for a good Sunday School. Out of doors is open to anybody, and it is good enough for anybody—in lack of a better place—for a Sunday School gathering. And street schools—Sunday Schools and week-day schools—are a very common affair. There are school gatherings at the street corner, in City and country, seven days in the week, and seven nights also. Every boy or girl who goes out into the street is sure to learn a lesson there. And every man or woman who walks the street is teaching all the time, by example, if not by precept. Do you know what lessons your children are learning in the street schools? What lessons are you teaching as you pass along the street?

Bring the book of the law. The Bible school is for Bible study. For such a school there is but one text book. Not the question-book, not the lesson-leaf, not the catechism, but the Bible, is the centre of interest in a well ordered Sunday-school. Helps to Bible study are well enough, so long as they are helps; but whatever is put as a substitute for the Bible is a hindrance to Bible study. The standard of truth is the Bible. Every teacher, teacher, every scholar, ought to have free access to this standard—during the time of its study. The Bible itself, the whole Bible, should be in the hands of all. Whatever else is brought to the Sunday school, the Bible ought not to be left behind. "Bring the book of the law."

Men and Women, and all that could hear with understanding (v. 2). The Sunday School platform is a broad one. It has a place for all who are old enough—and not too old—to understand what they hear, when it is made as plain as possible. There are children too young to be looked for in the Sunday school; and there are men and women too stupid or too lazy to get much good by going there. Two classes of persons, however, ought to attend Sunday school whenever they can do so; they include all who can learn anything from the Bible, and all, who can teach its truths to those who need to learn them. They only persons who would fairly seem to have no place in the Sunday school are those who are unable to learn or teach. Intelligent men and women, and all children who can hear with understanding, belong in the Sunday school. Has your school a fair share of these?

He read,......from the morning until mid-day (v. 3). It is not often that one reads the Bible for half a day at a sitting. A single chapter—and a short one at that—is about all that the average Christian attempts of a morning. There are those who do not find time—or take it—to read even a dozen verses regularly before beginning their work for the day. It would not be hard to find persons who had read novels for half a day, who had played base ball or croquet, who had sauntered the streets, or lounged in a sitting-room, who had written letters of friendship, or chatted socially, or driven in the park, or looked through an exhibition, or who had done a great many other things, for a full half day, when there was no absolute pressure of duty upon them; but it would not be so easy to find one who had given a half day at a time to close Bible reading. There doubtless is such a thing as giving too much time to the reading of the Bible; but, after all, do you think that your danger lies in that direction?

The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book of the law. Good hearing is an important part of good teaching. Stopped ears are a barrier to the best instruction. Those who would must listen—listen as for their lives. Those who would teach must first command attention—command it as indispensable to success. There is a responsibility on both sides, in this matter. He who has ears of his own ought to use them. He who wants the ears of others ought to secure them. The ears of the people in attention to the book of law are essential to both teachers and scholars. Are your ears attentive unto the book of the law whenever it is read where you can hear it? Do you always have the attentive ears of those whom you would teach before you essay your teachings?

On his right hand, and on his left hand (v. 4). This idea of only one teacher to an entire Bible school was exploded more than 23 centuries ago. It antedates the captivity in Babylon. The class system, with special teachers on the right hand and on the left of the Superintendent's desk, has prevailed successfully from that day to this. It is an essential to a good Sunday-school to have a fair number of teachers. No teacher ought to have more under his charge than he can hold the attention of, and can instruct individually. The size of his class ought to be limited to his teaching capacity. As Mr. Jacobs has put it, the same rule should apply to a Sunday school class as to a brood of chickens; the hen ought not to have any more than she can scratch for and feed.

He was above all the people (v. 5.) A Bible school Superintendent ought to be above his teachers and scholars in position, but not in feeling—higher than they in his standing-place, but on a level with them in sympathy and purpose. He ought to be above them in learning, but not above learning with them; higher than they in his standard of attainment, but alongside of them in a loving desire for the welfare of the school and the honor of its great Teacher. It is a good thing for a Superintendent to be above all the people; it is a very bad thing for him to act if he thought himself above them.

When he opened it, all the people stood up. Opening the Bible is a good way of opening a Sunday School. A Bible is better than a bell in commanding the attention of those who are ready to hear God's word. It ought to be so in every Sunday School, that quiet and order are secured before the exercises begin. Then the first movement of the Superintendent will be recognized and heeded instantly, by teachers and scholars alike. It is so in many a Sunday School. Is it so in yours?

Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God (v. 6). Prayer is as needful as it is timely in preparation for Bible study. God ought to be thanked for his word, and for the privilege of studying it. God ought also to be asked for wisdom to the understanding of his word. Gratitude for its teachings should fill the heart of those who take the Bible in hand for its searching. A sense of inability to fathom its more precious truths should turn the student to God for that teaching of the Holy Spirit which alone can give a comprehension of these spiritual things in the Bible which are spiritually discerned.

All the people answered, Amen, amen with lifting up their hands; and they bowed their heads. Responsive exercises have the sanction of antiquity in the opening of a Sunday School session. All the people had a share in the worship which accompanied Bible study in the olden time. There is as much propriety now as formerly in this order of Sunday School service. Away with the new-fangled notion of one man doing all the worship in a congregation! Restore the old Bible plan of all the people taking part in the exercises.

They read......distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading (v. 8). Normal methods were well understood two or three thousand years ago. How to teach is not a discovery of recent centuries. The practical question among "leading Sunday school men" of the present day is not, Who originated the best methods of teaching? but, Who is best using wise methods of teaching? Reading distinctly—understanding what is to be taught, and stating it plainly—is an essential to begin with. Giving the sense—explaining and illustrating the statements of the text—must next be attended to. Then the scholars must be caused to understanding the reading. This is an essential of all teaching. There may be preaching, but there cannot be teaching without an understanding hearer. No man has taught a truth until somebody has learned it. The process of teaching is incomplete, while the scholar is yet untaught. If you did not cause any scholar to understand the lesson last Sunday, you did not teach that lesson. Are you sure that you did teach? Are you sure that you can teach? Are you yet up to the standard of Ezra's Sunday School teachers? If not, you are at least 23 centuries behind the times, in spite of Sunday School Institutes, and assemblies, and normal classes, and International lessons, and varied helps to study and teaching. This thing is worth considering.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

YOUNG CORNEEL.

An Alleged Interview With Commodore Vanderbilt's Youngest Son.

New York Letter to Indianapolis Journal.

The Vanderbilt trial drags and drags, and infinite indecency is the result.

I met Cornelius J. yesterday—the Commodore's younger son—and we walked to a restaurant and lunched together. He is a man of 40, about five feet eleven inches in height, slightly stooping, with a thin, worried, anxious face, bony, and with stray furrows in it, blue eyes, an amiable expression, a flaccid grasp of hand, a gentleman's apparel. He has not the strong, coarse face that marks William H., his luckier brother.

Before proceeding with our conversation, I may say right here that it is understood that Surrogate Calvin will certainly decide for "Bill" and Lawyer Clinton. Perhaps the justice of the case would be deemed to lie there; but it is assumed that Calvin will decide that way because he usually leans toward the heaviest interest. (He is the Surrogate, you remember, who "allowed" several hundreds of thousands of dollars as fees to a man whom he appointed to serve as a referee).

"Well, I said to Cornelius, "you are making it lively for Bill."

"You wait," said he; "the trouble hasn't begun yet. I hate to drag these family affairs to light, but I've got to do it or be branded as an outcast."

"Why, you have some by the will as probated."

"Only a pittance!" he exclaimed, with a shrug of contempt: "only $10,000 a year! Who could live on that?"

"How much do you sue for?" I inquired.

"I shall sue Bill next Monday," said he, "for $1,200,000, which he contracted to allow me after father's death, if I would allow the will to go to probate."

"Is that contract in writing?"

"No," he answered, "it is oral; but I have five as good and unimpeachable witnesses as there are in the State of New York. Bill promised to give me $1,000,000 if I would let the will go to probate, and the other $200,000 is for accumulated interest."

Mr. Vanderbilt ate heartily of solid meats and vegetables, but declined wines; he said he had not drank for several years, and his appearance certainly justifies his words.

"What's that behind you?" I asked him, alluding to a man whom I had seen follow us in, and who now sat watching and listening.

"That's my double," said he, turning and smiling at him. "My man. Why, they've bedeviled this question so, and haunted me so with detectives and internal spies that I've had to hire a spy myself, who goes with me all the time to protect me from them."

"Do you mean to say that he is always with you?"

"Always—Summer and Winter, night and day."

I asked the double to order something, but he glanced over the bill of fare listlessly, and asked to be excused, saying he had recently lunched.

"What line of attack shall you adopt in your suit for the $1,000,000?" I asked.

"We shall prove a contract," he said, "and a consideration. I have letters from several of the best business experts in this country, that if Bill goes on in the present reckless manner, he will be a bankrupt in five years!"

Then Cornelius read to me a letter which he wrote to the Commodore five years ago, and which was read to him at the time by the writer's lawyer. "In leaving me thus portionless and giving all your immense possessions to my brother William," said this curious manuscript, "you cast a terrible reproach upon my sainted mother's memory, and virtually declare to the world that I am an illegitimate son!" Strange language this from a son to his father.

We shortly separated, Cornelius assuring me with a cordial shake that he would "not be a pauper forever," and the spy put his ulster up around his ears and respectfully followed him up street, two paces behind.

I hear privately that among new matter to be produced in the new trial of Cornelius against William, is certain testimony proving that the latter was discharged from a New York dry goods store, when 15 years old, for stealing money from the till. This corresponds with what Cornelius said. "Did not they call him 'lying Bill' all over Staten Island?" he inquired of me with fraternal anxiety.

Public opinion here is badly mixed. The real law of the case does not excite much interest. If all New York were a jury to try the case to-morrow, they would give "Corneel" $5,000,000, on the principle that one man is as good as another, if not better. The moral sense of this day is against great capitalists and monopolies of every kind—against them without giving a reason, and without taking the trouble to formulate a reason. So I think Cornelius will get a heap of William's money in the end. He is, I may add, a man of considerable literary training, with more of what we call "culture" than his big brother; while the public is inclined to say: "Well, it's a shame to drag the old Commodore's corpse around through the mud as if it was a dog's carcass, and William H. is responsible for it. If he had been a decent son, he would have divided the property in the middle rather than submit to the family disgrace." But folks will talk.

Humor of the Snow Blockade.

Some of the passengers on a railroad train during the recent snow blockade in Northern New York were detained at Sandy Creek for eight days. One young man from California was on his way to Gouverneur, St. Lawrence County, where he was to married. "What shall I do?" was the young man's agonized query. "Do," repeated they; "why, telegraph your situation!" And he telegraphed; and the answer came back: "We are all ready and waiting for you." Then the agonized young man remarked: "Well, they ain't waiting any worse than I am!"

The young man who shovels a broad and generous path in front of the house will be spared the mortification of going "Indian file" with his best girl when next he prominades that way.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

PITH AND POINT.

A clock keeps its hands before its face, probably because it is ashamed of the cowardly manner in which Time flies.—*Oakland (Cal.) Mirror.*

If Schurz doesn't stop talking back, his physician is of the opinion that the lockjaw will overtake him.—*N. Y. Express.*

Vanity Fair asks why women marry. We don't know, unless it be because men ask them to. [Explantory maps will be published next week.]—*N. Y. Express.*

It must have been peculiarly touching to see the paragrapher of the early revolutionary period wag his tail with approval when he read or wrote something more than ordinarily funny.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

One of the enigmas in this life is why a big red pimple will insist on covering a man's nose, when there's plenty of room on other parts of his body.—*N. Y. Express.*

There is believed to be only one thing slower than molasses in January, and that is a lady making room for another lady in a street car.—*Chicago Herald.*

Col. Mapleson, poor man, has three sick prime donne on his hands. He wishes he was in Sing Sing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Happy thought! The reason why a gale is so destructive is because the wind is blowing in the same direction with it.—*Boston Transcript.*

The affections of the year-old baby for its maternal ancestor is second only to its ecstatic admiration for the fathomless depths of the kitchen coal hod.—*New Haven Register.*

The difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee is illustrated by the fact that the rich man with a great appetite is called an epicure, and the tramp with a great appetite is called a glutton.—*Rome Sentinel.*

When Shakespeare wrote the line "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," he had cast his prophetic eye in the future and saw how they were going to bang away at kings in the nineteenth century.—*Oil City Derrick.*

If there is any time in a man's life when he wishes that he had been born of the hairpin-wearing sex, it is that morning when he awakes in a strange hotel and remembers that he has no button hook to fasten his gaiters with. —*Syracuse Times.*

A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them." —*Detroit Free Press.*

We once knew a young man too lazy to raise a moustache, color a meerschaum or draw his pay. But that was many years ago; he is probably dead now.—*Boston Transcript.*

"This sidewalk's handy, but not as sandy as I wish it was," said the man who reached his length on the icy pavement.—*New Haven Register.*

When you think of the utter abhorrence with which the average boy looks upon a weed it is surprising how kindly he takes to it when presented in the form of a cigar.

Among other recipes, an exchange gives one to change red hair yellow. Well, yellow hair has its advantages. Among others, it is an excellent match for butter, and that's something, surely. —*B. Transcript.*

Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Paris, which is in the State of Kentucky, preaches the doctrine that the angels are or were wingless. Perhaps the reverend gentleman will next inform us that the devil does not wear horns or sport a tail. We cannot, will not believe it. Who would want to be an angel without wings?—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

"Get up, Harry dear! There's ice in the water bucket and what shall I do?" said a cheerful wife on a recent frosty morning. "Ice—is there?" returned Harry, who had been at the club the night previous. "Well, Marie, you had better crack up some, and make me a pitcher of ice water."—*Boston Courier.*

The mother who is a true artist, in using her hand to spank with, never delivers a perfectly vertical whack. She aims at the exposed part obliquely, thereby imparting a keen, stinging sensation that doubles the child up into a dozen or 18 more knots than the perpendicular style could produce.—*Andrews' Bazaar.*

"See how I ride o'er the raging mane!" exclaimed the man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.—*Hackensack Republican.*

There is a trackless waste of difference to a man between the request, "Will you lend me a quarter?" and the invitation, "Will you take a drink?"—*Newark Call.*

It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year-old who buries her head under the clothes and sings, "Now I lay me down to sleep. Pop goes the weazel."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The word "nobby" appeared in the New York *Evening Post* fashion notes the other night. If Mr. Bryant were not dead, the manager of that department would be by this time.—*Boston Transcript.*

The heels of Hon. Mr. O'Leary have been so enlarged that his shoemaker has been instructed to build on a large addition to his boots—something in the nature of a piazza at the gable end.—*Buffalo Express.*

The compositor who knew more than the writer and ruled out the phrase, "The boy is father to the man," as nonsense, changing it into "The man is father of the boy," is in search of a new situation.—*B. Transcript.*

The Terrible: 'Ma, is ladies ducks? Ma: "Why no, Willy; what in the world put that into your head?" Pa (at the window): "Whoopee! Willy come 'ere quick, and see these dogs a-fightin'. Jus' look at 'em, though!"—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Boston egotism can no further go, since a Bostonese claims as prophetic of the fishball of the Hub, Addison's lines:

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round the great terrestrial ball."
—*Phila. Bul.*

"I'd like you to help me a little," said a vagrant, poking his head into a country store. "Why don't you help yourself?" asked the proprietor. "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, picking up a bottle of pickles and two loaves of bread, and then vanishing.

Boston girls say to the men who offer themselves, "Bean's it's you, yes."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* New York girls reply, "Cents it's you, yes."—*Boston Adv.* Doubtless the Hartford girls answer, "Assets you, yes."—*Boston Transcript.* The Paris girls say, "Seine it's you, yes."—*New York Graphic.*

The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, a pirate, or a song and dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.—*St. Louis Spirit.*

"Mother wants you to let her take your polonaise pattern, and be so kind as to fill this cup with yeast, and is your clock right, and what time is it, and a little meal in this pan, and won't you write down your receipt for rye muffins, and please not let your turkeys roost on our fence any more, 'cause dad says he'll shoot them."

"Don't tell me that times are getting better, growled an old lady at the Post-office yesterday. "Here they are asking just as much for stamps to send a letter to my son in Virginia as they did during the war." The clerk explained that the price was not raised when everything else went up, which seemed to soothe her.—*Nor. Her.*

A Kansas man makes known through the medium of the press that one of his hens recently laid an egg containing the legend, "War, 1880," Some persons out there think the man lies—but he doesn't. Hens often lay such prophetic eggs; hence it will be believed when we state that a Norristown hen last week laid an egg 10 inches around the waist, which not only prophesied a "general war in 1880," but contained on one side a very elaborate and artistic war map, a thrilling battle scene on the other, and a picture of a newspaper correspondent writing up the battle for the *Herald* on the tapering end. The hen is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances and—and so are we. Persons who doubt this story can see a feather of the hen by calling at this office after business hours. Business hours from 6 A. M. to 11 P. M.—*Norristown Herald.*

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9 Prizes 200 each, " " 1,800
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THE Cobb poisoning case was phenomenal, in that none of the lawyers made any allusions to the Bible, ancient history or the poets in their speeches.

THE new Colorado Senator is a professional chemist. The sciences are slowly crawling up to their legitimate prominence in the affairs of this country.

IT is queer that a lynching party always has a competent hanging artist with them, while it seems impossible for the legal authorities ever to secure one.

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THE Government of Rhode Island only costs its people $1.83 a head, and last year a half million dollars were saved for investment in the Sinking Fund. Of course Rhode Island is a strong Republican State.

A COMPARISON of WILLIAM TELL'S performance with recent regicidal attempts does not redound to the credit of improved fire-arms. It would seem that when one has a king to kill it is better to lay for him with a cross-bow.

THIS is a revolutionary age. The Philadelphia *Times* wants the thing reversed so that the women will pop the question. Even if this should succeed it will come too late to help any of us of the present generation to get our revenge upon the fair ones who have rejected us.

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ACCORDING to their own stories the New York legislators made heroic efforts to reach their posts of duty. One member walked 13 miles through the snow drifts to reach the train, while another employed a score of men for three days shoveling snow to make a path for his egress to the train. We will venture to say that the first one added into his mileage account the distance around every drift, and that the other charged into his the distance walked by every man he employed.

BEFORE you order books from any other dealer, be sure and look on the BLADE Catalogue and see if what you want is not to be found there.

THE raid upon the Treasury for millions of dollars to carry out the proposed leveeing of the Mississippi seems likely to be defeated. After a whole day spent in debate upon the question, there appears to be a general feeling that the bill will not pass. The first appropriation called for, $5,000,000, is believed to be only the entering wedge for an indefinite number of millions more, and since the best engineering talent in the United States has pronounced against levees as being the best or even a possible method of reaching the desired end, it does not appear probable that Congress will deliberately saddle such a gigantic and entirely useless debt upon the country. It is, however, a pet scheme with the Southern men, and they will make a hard fight to carry it through. They are depending to some extent for success upon log rolling with several of the Northern States.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Probably the most interesting political event of the week at Washington has been the renewal of the contest over the New York Custom House nominations. On the 15th Secretary SHERMAN sent to the Senate a lengthy communication alleging that the removals of Messrs ARTHUR and CORNELL were for cause and that the confirmation of the present nominees should not be resisted on the grounds of injustice to their predecessors. Against this position Senator CONKLING made an earnest speech, defending the ability and competency of the Collector and the Naval Officer. The communication was referred to the Committee on Commerce. It is claimed by the friends of the administration that the alleging of cause for these removals will place the matter in an entirely new light, and that if the charges can be sustained it will compel the Democrats to array themselves on the side of the administration, and result in the confirmation of the new appointments. The contest promises to be decidedly interesting.

The call for $20,000,000 of United States bonds, made on the 14th inst., is the largest call ever issued at any one time. Some solicitude has been felt as to the effect of such a large call on the gold market, in view of the fact that if a large number of the bonds were held abroad, a large amount of gold would be required for their payment. It is demonstrated, however, that the greater of these bonds are held by bankers and others, at home, and that the holders are simply exchanging their six per cent. bonds for the new four per cents. The banks are buying largely of four per cent. bonds and selling to private citizens, who can buy of the latter to better advantage than of the Government.

Persons who have been canvassing the outlook in Ohio politics, express the belief that THURMAN is virtually out of the contest for the Democratic nomination, and that BISHOP will, undoubtedly, be the candidate. Added to the latter's evident desire for a renomination, the fact that he controls the machinery of the office is decidedly in his favor. Should THURMAN persist in his refusal to be a candidate it will probably divest the Ohio campaign of a much of its national significance, inasmuch as it will have less bearing on the Presidential outlook, and leave the Republicans little difficulty in selecting winning candidate among the great mass of excellent material which is ready at hand.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives listened on Thursday to an appeal from a delegation of Mormon women against the enforcement of the anti-polygamy law of 1872, recently declared by the United States Supreme Court to be constitutional. Their claims were somewhat vague, but as explained by Mrs. WILLIAMS, they desire "a better law," and one which will give protection to the Mormon women and children. Just what can be done that does not legalize polygamy they do not make very clear. The most zealous advocates of Mormonism could hardly ask more than that Mormon families already in existence should be allowed to remain undisturbed, and that no more polygamous marriages should be contracted.

A proposition comes from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs which looks to making the Indians amenable to the civil laws in case of the commission of the grosser crimes, such as murder, robbery, etc. A bill which contemplates a step of this kind will probably be drafted.

As already noticed in our Congressional reports, the bill providing for arrears of pensions passed the Senate on the 16th inst. It had passed the House on the 19th of June last. As the law now stands, it gives to all pensioners back pension from date of their discharge, and to widows from the date of their husband's death. Also where a pensioner has died, the back pension is to be paid to his widow or minor children—if any was due him—from date of his discharge till the date his pension began. Section third of this bill also repeals section 4,717, Revised Statutes, which section barred the adjudication of pensions by the Pension Office when not prosecuted to a successful issue within five years from date of filing the application. We give elsewhere the full text of the bill as finally passed.

One of the important pieces of legislation in the House during the past week was the passage of a bill providing that on and after date, greenbacks should be receivable for customs duties. It will be noticed that this does not change the present status of the greenback, which is now received for customs duties. But it cuts off the Government from any relief in case any subsequent advance in gold should again drive the gold from circulation. Such an advance is not probable, but the possibility is mentioned as going to show how willing are certain politicians to impose a possible embarrassment on the Government for the sake of making party capital.

At Albany, New York, on Monday the joint Republican Legislative Caucus unanimously nominated ROSCOE CONKLING as candidate for United States Senator. The vote is an indication of the united and harmonious aspect of the New York Republicans on general political questions, and is only a continuation of the harmony evinced at the last State convention. The Democratic caucus, held on the same day, resulted in the nomination of WILLIAM DORSCHEIMER. CONKLING's nomination is equivalent to an election.

Worth Street, New York, was visited by a most destructive fire on Friday night, and property destroyed amounting to more than $4,000,000. The insurance will probably reach half this amount, and the loss bears heavily on the New York and Boston companies; one or two of the former are said to be seriously embarrassed in consequence.

At Springfield, Ills., on the 18th inst., the Republican legislative caucus nominated Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN for United States Senate. The full Republican vote was present.—On the 20th the Democrats nominated Gen. J. C. BLACK to the same office, and the Nationals nominated Hon. ALEX. CAMPBELL.—At Jefferson City, the 16th inst., the Democratic Legislative caucus nominated GEO. G. VEST as candidate for United States Senate.

A ballot for U. S. Senator was taken in each House of the Legislature at Jefferson City, Mo.. Tuesday which reresulted in the election of the Democratic caucus nominees—Gen. Jas. Shields for the short term, and Col. G G. Vest for the long term.

At Indianapolis, January 20th, the Democratic Legislative caucus nominated D. W. VOORHEES for U S. Senator for both long and short terms.

The testimony of respectable and reliable colored men before the Teller Committee at New Orleans, shows that for some time prior to the fall elections the most violent abuse and intimidation was practiced towards the negros to keep them from voting the Republican ticket. A colored member of the Legislature testified that in Tensas Parish it was made so hot for them that they were obliged to take the colored men off their ticket. Others testified to abuse and imprisonment, and to being obliged to leave the State to preserve their lives.

TAXATION.

If the Democrats and Greenbackers are wise—if the Republicans are wise—they will turn the energy which has heretofore been devoted to financial questions to the consideration of the matter of taxation. Finance has ceased to be a living issue. Everybody accepts the present monetary status as the one which will be maintained for an indefinite period in the future. The occasional howls that still go up from Fiatists are merely after birth shrieks. But taxation is a matter that not only intimately concerns every one of us now, but will continue to do so as long as we linger on this troubled sphere. We can not—unless we are very rich—escape its oppressiveness. To employer or employee—to owner or renter—to farmer or citizen it comes alike, to empty their pockets, increase their burdens, and diminish the comforts which they and their families should enjoy. It is small comfort to say that we are now paying the price of our extravagance—that having eaten sour grapes we must expect our teeth to be on edge. Even though this is so, it does not help to make our burdens lighter. Nor can it hide from us the fact that as communities grow older their municipal wants increase, and the aggregate of taxation must be enlarged.

What calls for the exercise of the highest economic ability in the City, County, State or Nation is the contrivance of a system of taxation which will make every man bear his due share of the public burden. This is the most enormous task that presents itself to the Government of any country or section. The way our legislators have acquitted themselves of this part of their duty is sad to contemplate. There is not a State in the Republic with a decent scheme of taxation. A millionaire or a shrewd lawyer can drive a coach and four through any tax statute upon any of their books. There is no need of telling any man in Ohio how lax and inefficient our laws are. The fearfully long delinquent lists which fill the columns of the papers in every County in the State, are not the enumeration of men who *can not* pay their taxes, so much as of those who *will not* pay them—men who find it "cheaper to borrow money of the County than of any one else." But this evil, great as it is, is only a dwarf alongside of the gigantic one of the irregularities, which leaves one man holding great quantities of one species of property almost free from taxation, and saddles the expense of government upon others owning smaller amounts of other species of property. This is is the crying evil of the times. There is not a taxable District where is not found as the principal source of complaint. We know how it is in our own City of Toledo. We know that if every man here paid his proper share the rates of taxation would be from 25 to 50 per cent. less than at present.

It is certain that in older cities, where there is more accumulated wealth, the evil is much greater. A large portion of the wealth of Toledo is in lands, houses, and stocks of goods, where the Assessor has some opportunity of getting at it. It is otherwise in the East. There we see the wealthiest man on the continent—who owns in fee simple four or five times the valuation upon the grand duplicate of Toledo,—we see this man making an affidavit that he has not a dollar of personal property subject to taxation. This, too, when the very horses in his stables cost more than the fortunes of many wealthy men in the Nation. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT—worth 100 millions—does not pay a dollar of taxes on personal property. JOHN JENKS, who carries a cheap silver watch, whose wife wears a thinly gilt apology for a pocket timepiece as an ornament—and whose daughter strums on a "cottage organ," pays much more to the support of the City government than does the man who can find no house in New York fine enough to live in, and must build him a palace, whose walls are covered with the costliest paintings, and the horses in whose stables are valued at more than a whole township of improved farms.

This is something for Legislators to take hold of. It is of infinitely more importance than setting up the pins for 1880.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

About the opening of the holiday week, we mailed to our New York correspondent orders for a large number of "foreign subscriptions." The list included all the orders for Harper's and other publications which had reached us for some two or three weeks preceding, and under the ordinary course of events they would have reached all the subscribers in a week or ten days at farthest. But owing to the heavy storms of that week which delayed and disarranged the mails, or for some other reason, the letter containing the orders miscarried, and after wandering about for nearly three weeks, finally returned to this office, only a day or two since. The list was promptly returned to our New York correspondent, and almost as soon as this paper reaches our readers, the missing publications will make their appearance. We make this explanation for the benefit of a few subscribers who have complained, and trust they will understand that the delay was quite accidental, and that all parties interested will receive their full year's subscriptions, precisely as though it had never occurred.

IMAGINATION is sometimes a good thing, a *very* good thing. It often gilds over the unpleasant happenings of life, and makes them lose part of their depressing effects upon the constitution. Sometimes, however, it gets upon a high horse, and brings poor humanity to grief. When the last cold wave swept over this continent an old man down in Florida was frozen to death under peculiar circumstances. He imagined himself the owner of a certain piece of land, and had his trunk set down upon it, while he settled himself upon that article, and announced his inflexible determination to stay there, compelling his grandson to leave him to dream himself "monarch of all he surveyed." Day and night he wore his imaginary crown of possession, until one morning he was found stiff, with life entirely departed. Moral: Don't imagine yourself the owner of a corner lot until you have the deed in your possession.

A STALWART VICTORY.

The astonishing success of Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN in the Republican caucus last evening is explainable on no other grounds than a victory for the stalwart element in the party. Personally LOGAN is the least popular of the gentlemen who were candidates for the position. He is not the equal of any of his competitors in any form of ability except the arts of the politician. In this he is superior to them all, and his keen sense of which is the winning side, led him to throw himself into the arms of the stalwarts. OGLESBY and the others allied themselves with the conservative, do-nothing wing, and although their ability and personal character and the personal character of many of their supporters were superior to those of LOGAN, they were beaten nearly four to one.

There is no other meaning to this than that the great majority of Republicans are thoroughly tired of the Executive inaction in regard to the Southern outrages, and are disgusted at the tameness with which these monstrous crimes are treated by those high in place. Nobody expects any great amount of statecraft in LOGAN: no one thinks that he is as creditable a representative on the floor of the Senate as the great State of Illinois should have. But everybody does believe that he will raise his voice against the infamous deprivation of the Republicans of the South of their rights, and make himself conspicuous by efforts to ameliorate that condition of affairs. This is all there is of it. LOGAN is simply cresting the wave of popular anger at Southern wrongs.

A NOVEL PROJECT.

J. HOLMES GROVER is enthusiastic over a plan which he has conceived and proposes to carry out. This is to build a floating theater, whith all the accessories of stage and scenery complete and a seating capacity for 1,000 persons. In the Spring with a full dramatic company, he will start from Buffalo and visit all of the cities and towns that lie upon the shores of the great lakes, mooring his steamboat at the most convenient dock in each place. After the performances, upon pleasant, moonlight nights an excursion upon the lake or river will be given, enlivened by music and dancing, with refreshments at command.

The projector of this novel undertaking is not to "fame unknown." He has been rather given to trying experiments which have been, so far as money is concerned, dead failures; but his motto seems to be "never despair." He has been by turns author, actor, soldier, United States Consul, showman, commission merchant, teacher of Elocution and Languages under the name of Prof. MARK DOW, political stump orator, editor of a dramatic newspaper, and lastly the manager of a line of pleasure steamers in Philadelphia. He is simply irrepressible, and will never die for want of excitement. His eccentric ventures have earned for him the title of The Poor Millionaire.

RAISIN GRAPES IN CALIFORNIA.

The people of the United States are very fond of raisins, and it is stated that statistics show this to be the greatest raisin-consuming country in the world. The market is principally supplied from Spain, which grows the far famed Malagas. A narrow strip of land in the South is particularly adapted for their culture, and produces annually about 5,000,000 pounds of grapes, of which this people take fully one-half. Upon this enormous quantity a duty is paid of 2½ cents per pound. As may be readily seen, the aggregate is a large sum yearly to be expended for what has come to be considered a necessity.

Within the last few years an experiment has been made in California of making raisins from the variety of white grapes known as the "Muscat of Alexandria," and it has resulted in a success. The raisins are as well liked as the Malaga, and the vines are quite prolific. They begin to bear in the second year, and continue to yield for half a century. The cultivation is well understood, but much will have to be learned in this country concerning the curing and packing, as the value of the dried fruit largely depends upon the correct conduct of these processes.

The principal difficulty with which the raisin grower in California will have to contend is the cost of labor. In Spain laborers can be obtained for 15 or 20 cents a day, while here $1,00 and upwards must be paid. This will, of course, make a great difference in the price at which the product can be sold, unless it can be offset by the greater amount produced to the acre, which is considered to be highly probable. At any rate, it is a new industry which is attracting much attention upon the Pacific Coast.

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE!

It is rather singular that in every instance where there is trouble with the Indians it is found that they are well supplied with fire arms of the most approved pattern and the best make. The savages who escaped from Fort Robinson were first represented to have no weapons, but the sharp fight which they have kept up with the pursuers show to the contrary. They have proved themselves ready and able to cope with the soldiery and to sell their lives or liberty as dearly as possible.

Some one is responsible for the arming of these Indians during the time that they have been in captivity, thus giving them both the means and the courage to make the attempt to escape. It shows the terrible looseness that prevails in all matters connected with the Indian Department. Where the fault lies it is hard to tell, but little seems to be done in any direction to profit by the experiences of the past. The most terrific blundering appears to be allowable and easy to excuse in this branch of public affairs. Investigations are ordered, but with no appreciable results, for still the same things occur again and yet again. The people are tired of this sort of botch work in the conduct of the Indian Department, and demand a change of some kind, and that speedily.

THE Burnside Army Bill is probably doomed. It pinches too many men where it hurts worst to be pinched—in the pocket. No movement looking to a reduction of sinecures ever fails to encounter the most strenuous opposition from those whose snug places are endangered. As those who get into these places are almost invariably successful intriguers, they know how to make their influence effective. The chief merit—and nearly the only one in the Burnside Bill is that it makes no reduction in the effective force of the Army, but endeavors to lop off some of the excrescential idlers about the War Department.

PLEASE note that the BLADE contains more matter prepared especially for its columns than any other weekly published.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Indulges in a Prolonged Growl—Nothing Goes to Suit Him.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
Jan. 18, 1879.

This world is one of disappointments, and woe, and troubles, and sich. Et Adam when he et the apple and brot sin into the world intended to make his descendants mizable, he did a cleen job, sure. He coodent hev improved upon it, so fur ez the Corners is concerned.

Resumpshun is a fixed fact, and before the Corners recovered from the prostrashen that event caused, there comes to us the terrible nooze that Conklin hez bin re-nominated for Senator in Noo York, and Butcher Logan, in Illinoy. That finishes it. These men are both haters uv the Sunny South, are both upholders uv the heresy that a man wich beleeved in secession and sich aint precisely the man to be trusted with reorganizing the country, and they are indelibly fixed agin payin the Southern war debt and penshunin the Southern soljers.

Why coodent the Republikins uv Illinoy and Noo York consiliated us? Why coodent they hev nominatid men wich wood hev considered the condishn uv the South, and bin willin to do suthin toward extingishin the flame that is smoldering all over the South, and is liable at any minit to bust out into a conflagrashen the consekences uv wich no one kin foresee.

Wat chance hez the South for restorin her desprit forchoons by leveein the Missisip, and the tribootary streems, with sich men in the Senit?

Wat chance hez the South for gittin back the cost uv the property destroyed by the Fedrel soljers, with Logan, a Fedrel Genral, and Conklin, a persekooter, in the upper House!

Wat chance hez our Southern braves wich served under Johnson and Hood, for penshuns out uv the Fedrel Treasury with sich men ez these in high position?

These two men are irritants. They are to the Suthern heart wat a mustard plaster is the Suthern body. I hev red Conklin's speeches, and I never did like em. He wuz a Ablishnist, a war man and a persekooter.

I hev seed Logan. I saw him on a hoss when I wuz a member uv the Looisiana Pelikins. I saw him every time I looked back, and I don't want no more uv him. Et the North wants us to be satisfied to remane quiet under our oppresshuns, they don't want to send sich men to the Senit. It's a insult to the South, and will prolong the bitternis wich is not yit eradicatid.

Do the Republikins uv Illinoy and Noo York comprehend how this affex the Corners?

Do they know that Deekin Pogram hed 12 hosses taken by John Morgan, which wuz in consekence uv the Corners being invadid by Federel troops, while he (Deekun) was sutlerizin in a Confedrit regiment, and could not be at home to pertect his property?

Do they know that Col. M'Pelter, while riskin his lis life with Forrest at Fort Piller, lost his distillery, with its contents, by its occupancy by a Fedrel regiment.

Do they know that the advance uv the Federels upon the country about the Corners concentratid a large force uv confedrits here, which cleened out every hen-coop and pig-pen for miles around?

Do they know that after the Confedrits force wuz here a week there wuzn't a ralo within ten miles uv the Corners?

Can't they understand that ef the Fedrels hedn't threatened this seckshun thgt the Confedrits wooden't hev bin sent up to pertect us, and that our poultry, and mules, and rales, wood hev remained with us?

Who is to pay us for all this property? The Confederits? Alas, there ain't no sich. Then who? Clearly, the Fedrel Government whose unjustifiable movements brought destruckshun upon us.

The rales went, and ez our laber wuz taken from us by the emancipashun proclamashen they hev never bin replaced, and our once smilin fields are grown up to underbrush, except wher a niger hez bought the land and works it.

The hens wuz all killed and there hez never bin a chicken raised here sence. Whenever a chicken pot-pie graces the board uv an old citizen it is a dead sure thing that that citizen wuz out huntin the nite afore, in the nigger settlement at Libertyville.

Nothin but the inoggershun uv a system uv improvements by the Federe Government, and the ishooin uv fiat money to pay for em, will ever restore the Corners to her original prosperity. Our people are paralyzed, and hev no hope.

Hed Noo York and Illinoy electid Republikins uv the consiliatory style we shood hev plucked up courage and tried to git through, till they cood hev hed a chance to give us releef. But with Conklin and Logan we feel that all is lost, and we shel try to do nothin. A sadder congregashun than that we hed in Bascom's last nite I never seed. We wuz all speechlis, and the few drinks that wuz ordered was done by signs.

I wood turn Republikin myself, but it won't do. I tried it once and neerly famished. The Republikins don't drink and the Dimocrisy wich does drink ain't got no money to pay for anything more than they want theirselves. And so, between the two, I go about ez dry as a lime-kill, and spittin cotton all the time.

And on the top uv this the Radikels dash our risin hopes by electin Conklin and Logan, knowin that them men is not consiliatory, but quite the reverse.

I am willin to welcome death now, at any time. The grim destroyer can't come any too soon, for life hez nothin left for me.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Disgustid.)

A GOOD BARGAIN.

Read what a BLADE subscriber says:

I received the map and book ("Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"), and find them just about O. K. Of course I am well pleased; but the problem still remains, How can you furnish the BLADE at club price and still send books at half price? Tell your readers, if you wish, that I got the BLADE at $1 65, and a three-dollar map at 60 cents; and to cap all, a regular $1.50 book for 75 cents—$6.50 worth of goods for $3 00, and every one of them worth full price!

We have thousands of such bargains waiting for whomever chooses to send and get them.

COCKRELL, of Missouri, who, in the three years he has been in the Senate, has never appeared in the *Record*, except when moving to adjourn, now breaks out with an antiquated financial bill, that represents the Democratic ideas of a year ago. It is as much out of fashion as last year's almanacs.

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner-of-War in Richmond, Andersonville, Millen, Savannah, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[Copyright secured, 1878.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

"TO HASTENING ILLS A PREY."

The rations diminished perceptibly day by day. When we first entered, we each received something over a quart of tolerably good meal, a sweet potato, a piece of meat, about the size of one's two fingers, and occasionally a spoonful of salt. First the salt disappeared. Then the sweet potato took unto itself wings and flew away, never to return. An attempt was ostensibly made to issue us cowpeas instead, and the first issue was only a quart to a detachment of 270 men. This was two-thirds of a pint to each squad of 90, and made but a few spoonfuls for each of the four messes in the squad. When it came to dividing among the men, the beans had to be counted. Nobody received enough to pay for cooking, and we were at a loss what to do until somebody suggested that we play poker for them. This met general acceptance, and after that, as long as beans were drawn a large portion of the day was spent in absorbing games of "bluff" and "draw," at a bean "ante," and no "limit."

After a number of hours' diligent playing, some lucky or skillful player would be in possession of all the beans in a mess, a squad, and sometimes a detachment, and have enough for a good meal.

Next the meal began to diminish in quantity and deteriorate in quality. It became so exceedingly coarse that the common remark was that the next step would be to bring us the corn in the shock, and feed it to us like stock. Then meat followed suit with the rest. The rations decreased in size, and the number of days that we did not get any, kept constantly increasing in proportion to the days that we did, until eventually the meat bade us a final adieu, and joined the sweet potato in that undiscovered country from whose bourne no ration ever returned.

The fuel and building material in the stockade were speedily exhausted. The later-comers had nothing whatever to build shelter with.

But, after the Spring rains had fairly set in, it seemed that we had not tasted misery until then. About the middle of March the windows of heaven opened, and it began a rain like that of the time of Noah. It was tropical in quantity and persistency, and arctic in temperature. For dreary hours that lengthened into weary days and nights, and these again into never ending weeks, the driving, drenching flood poured down upon the sodden earth, searching the very marrow of the 5,000 hapless men against whose chilled frames it beat with pitiless monotony, and soaking the sand bank upon which we lay until it was like a sponge filled with ice-water. It seems to me now that it must have been two or three weeks that the sun was wholly hidden behind the dripping clouds, not shining out once in all that time. The intervals when it did not rain were rare and short. An hour's respite would be followed by a day of steady, regular pelting of the great rain drops.

I find that the report of the Smithsonian Institute gives the average annual rainfall in the section around Andersonville, at 56 inches—nearly five feet—while that of foggy England is only 32. Our experience would lead me to think that we got the five feet all at once.

We first comers, who had huts, were measurably better off than the later arrivals. It was much drier in our leaf-thatched tents, and we were spared much of the annoyance that comes from the steady dash of rain against the body for hours.

The condition of those who had no tents was truly pitiable. They sat or lay on the hill-side the live-long day and night, and took the washing flow with such gloomy composure as they could muster.

All soldiers will agree with me that there is no campaigning hardship comparable to a cold rain. One can brace up against the extremes of heat and cold, and mitigate their inclemency in various ways. But there is no escaping a long-continued, chilling rain. It seems to penetrate to the heart, and leach away the very vital force.

The only relief attainable was found in huddling over little fires kept alive by small groups with their slender stocks of wood. As this wood was all pitch-pine, that burned with a very sooty flame, the effect upon the appearance of the hoverers was startling. Face, neck and hands became covered with a mixture of lampblack and turpentine, forming a coating as thick as heavy brown paper, and absolutely irremovable by water alone. The hair also became of midnight blackness and gummed up into elf-locks of fantastic shape and effect. Any one of us could have gone on the negro minstrel stage, without changing a hair, and put to blush the most elaborate make up of the grotesque burnt-cork artists.

No wood was issued to us. The only way of getting it was to stand around the gate for hours until a guard off duty could be coaxed or hired to accompany a small party to the woods, to bring back a load of such knots and limbs as could be picked up. Our chief persuaders to the guards to do us this favor, were rings, pencils, knives, combs, and such trifles as we might have in our pockets, and more especially, the brass buttons on our uniforms. Rebel soldiers, like Indians, negros, and other imperfectly civilized people, were passionately fond of bright and gaudy things. A handful of brass button would catch every one of them as swiftly and as surely as a piece of red flannel will a gudgeon. Our regular fee for an escort for three of us to the woods was six overcoat or dress coat buttons, or 10 or 12 jacket buttons. All in the mess contributed to this fund, and the fuel obtained was carefully guarded and husbanded.

This manner of conducting the wood business is a fair sample of the management, or rather the lack of it, of every other detail of prison administration. All the hardships we suffered from lack of fuel and shelter could have been prevented without the slightest expense or trouble to the Confederacy. Two hundred men allowed to go out on parole, and supplied with axes, would have brought in from the adjacent woods, in a week's time, enough material to make everybody comfortable tents, and to supply all the fuel needed.

The mortality caused by the storm was, of course, very great. The official report says the total number in the prison in March was 4,603, of whom 282 died.

Among the first to die was the one whom we expected to live longest. He was by much the largest man in prison, and was called, because of this, "BIG JOE." He was a Sergeant in the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and seemed the picture of health. One morning the news ran through the prison that "Big Joe is dead," and a visit to his squad showed his stiff, lifeless form occupying as much ground as Goliath's, after his encounter with David.

His early demise was an example of a general law, the workings of which, few in the army failed to notice. It was always the large and strong who succumbed to hardship first. The stalwart, huge-limbed, toil-inured men sank down earliest on the march, yielded soonest to malarial influences, and fell first under the combined effects of home-sickness, exposure and the privations of army life. The slender, withy boys, as supple and weak as cats, had apparently the nine lives of those animals. There were few exceptions to this rule in the army—there were none in Andersonville. I can recall few or no instances where a large, strong, "hearty" man lived through a few months of imprisonment. The survivors were invariably youths, at the verge of manhood,—slender, quick, active, medium-statured fellows of a cheerful temperament, in whom one would have expected comparatively little powers of endurance.

The theory which I constructed for my own private use in accounting for this phenomenon I offer with proper diffidence to others who may be in search of a hypothesis to explain facts that they have observed. It is this:

a. The circulation of the blood maintains health and consequently life by carrying away from the various parts of the body the particles of worn-out and poisonous tissue, and replacing them with fresh, structure-building material.

b. The man is healthiest in whom this process goes on most freely and continuously.

c. Men of considerable muscular power are disposed to be sluggish; the exertion of great strength does not favor circulation. It rather retards it, and disturbs its equilibrium, by congesting the blood in quantities in the sets of muscles called into action.

d. In light, active men, on the other hand, the circulation goes on perfectly and evenly, because all the parts are put in motion, and kept so, in such a manner as to promote the movement of the blood to every extremity. They do not strain one set of muscles by long-continued effort, as a strong man does, but call one into play after another.

There is no compulsion on the reader to accept this speculation at any valuation whatever. There is not even any charge for it. I will lay down this simple axiom:

No strong man is a healthy man—from the athlete in the circus who lifts pieces of artillery, and catches cannon balls, to the exhibition swell in a country gymnasium. If my theory is not a sufficient explanation of this, there is nothing to prevent the reader from building up one to suit him better.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALABAMIANS AND GEORGIANS.

There were two regiments guarding us—the 26th Alabama and the 55th Georgia. Never were two regiments of the same army more different. The Alabamians were the superiors of the Georgians in every way that one set of men could be superior to another. They were manly, soldierly, and honorable, where the Georgians were treacherous and brutal. We had nothing to complain of at the hands of the Alabamians; we suffered from the Georgians every thing that mean spirited cruelty could devise. The Georgians were always on the look out for something that they could torture into such apparent violation of orders, as would justify them in shooting men down; the Alabamians never fired until they were satisfied that a deliberate offense was intended. I can recall of my own seeing at least a dozen instances where men of the 55th Georgia killed prisoners under the pretense that they were across the dead line, when the victims were a yard or more from the dead line, and had not the remotest idea of going any nearer.

The only man I ever knew to be killed by one of the 26th Alabama was named Hubbard, from Chicago, Ills, and a member of the 38th Illinois. He had lost one leg, and went hobbling about the camp on crutches, chattering continually in a loud, discordant voice, saying all manner of hateful and annoying things, wherever he saw an opportunity. This, and his beak-like nose gained for him the name of "Poll Parrot." His misfortune caused him to be tolerated where another man would have been suppressed. By-and-by he gave still greater cause for offense by his obsequious attempts to curry favor with Capt. Wirz, who took him outside several times for purposes that were not well explained. Finally, some hours after one of Poll Parrot's visits outside, a Rebel officer came in with a guard, and, proceeding with suspicious directness to a tent which was the mouth of a large tunnel that a hundred men or more had been quietly pushing forward, broke the tunnel in, and took the occupants of the tent outside for punishment. The question that demanded immediate solution then was, "Who is the traitor who has informed the Rebels?" Suspicion pointed very strongly to Poll Parrot. By the next morning the evidence collected seemed to amount to a certainty, and a crowd caught the Parrot with the intention of lynching him. He succeeded in breaking away from them and ran under the dead line, near where I was sitting in my tent. At first it looked as if he had done this to secure the protection of the guard. The latter—a 26th Alabamian—ordered him out. Poll Parrot rose up on his one leg, put his back against the dead line, faced the guard, and said in his harsh, cackling voice:

"No: I won't go out. If I've lost the confidence of my comrades I want to die."

Part of the crowd were taken back by this move, and felt disposed to accept it as a demonstration of the Parrot's innocence. The rest thought it was a piece of bravado, because of his belief that the Rebels would not injure him after he had served them. They renewed their yells, the guard again ordered the Parrot out, but the latter tearing open his blouse, cackled out:

"No: I won't go; fire at me, guard; there's my heart: shoot me right there."

There was no help for it. The Rebel leveled his gun and fired. The charge struck the Parrot's lower jaw, and carried it completely away, leaving his tongue and the roof of his mouth exposed. As he was carried back to die, he wagged his tongue vigorously, in attempting to speak, but it was of no use.

The guard set his gun down and buried his face in his hands. It was the only time that I saw a sentinel show anything but exultation at killing a Yankee.

A ludicrous contrast to this took place a few nights later. The rains had ceased, the weather had become warmer, and our spirits rising with this increase in the comfort of our surroundings, a number of us were sitting around, "Nosey"—a boy with a superb tenor voice, who was singing patriotic songs. We were coming in strong on the chorus, in a way that spoke vastly more for our enthusiasm for the Union, than our musical knowledge. "Nosey" sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Brave Boys are They," capitally, and we threw our whole lungs into the chorus. It was quite dark, and while our noise was going on the guards changed, new men coming on duty. Suddenly, bang! went the gun of the guard in the box about 50 feet away from us. We knew it was a 55th Georgian, and supposed that, irritated at our singing, he was trying to kill some of us for spite. At the sound of the gun we jumped up and scattered. As no one gave the usual agonized yell of a prisoner when shot, we supposed the ball had not taken effect. We could hear the sentinel ramming down another cartridge, hear him "return rammer,' and cock his rifle. Again the gun cracked, and again there was no sound of anybody being hit. Again we could hear the sentry churning down another cartridge. The drums began beating the long roll in the camps, and officers could be heard turning the men out. The thing was becoming exciting, and one of us sang out to the guard:

"Say! What the —— are you shooting at, any how?"

"I'm a shootin' at that —— —— Yank thar, by the dead line, and by —— if you'uns don't take him in I'll blow the whole —— head off'n him."

"What Yank? Where's any Yank?"

"Why thar—right thar—a-standin' agin the ded line."

"Why, you —— —— Rebel fool, that's a chunk of wood. You can't get any furlough for shooting that."

At this there was a general roar from the rest of the camp, which the other guards took up, and as the reserves came double-quicking up and learned the occasion of the alarm, they gave the rascal who had been so anxious to kill somebody, a torrent of abuse for having disturbed them.

A part of our crowd had been out after wood during the day, had secured a piece of a log as large as two of them could carry, and bringing it in, stood it up near the dead line. When the guard mounted to his post he was sure he saw a temerarious Yankee in front of him and hastened to slay him.

It was unusual good fortune that nobody was struck. It was very rare that the guards fired into the prison without hitting at least one person. The Georgia Reserves, who formed our guards later in the season, were armed with an old gun called a Queen Anne musket, altered to percussion. It carried a bullet as big as a large marble, and three or four buckshot. When fired into a group of men it was sure to bring several down.

I was standing one day in the line at the gate, waiting for a chance to go out after wood. A 55th Georgian was the gate guard, and he drew a line in the sand with his bayonet which we should not cross. The crowd behind pushed one man till he put his foot a few inches over the line, to save himself from falling. The guard sunk a bayonet through the foot as quick as a flash.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

So far only old prisoners—those taken at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and Mine Run had been brought in. The armies had been very quiet during the Winter preparing for the death grapple in the Spring. There had been nothing done, save a few cavalry raids, such as our own, and Averill's attempt to gain and break up the Rebel saltworks at Wytheville and Saltville. Consequently none but a few cavalry prisoners were added to the number already in the hands of the Rebels.

The first lot of new ones came in about the middle of March. There were about 700 of them, who had been captured at the battle of Olustee, Fla., on the 20th of February. About 500 of them were white, and belonged to the 7th Connecticut, the 7th New Hampshire, 47th, 48th and 115th New York, and Sherman's regular battery. The rest were colored, and belonged to the 8th United States, and 54th Massachusetts.

The story they told of the battle was one which had many shameful reiterations during the war. It was the story told whenever Banks, Sturgis, Butler or one of a host of similar smaller failures, were intrusted with commands. It was a senseless waste of the lives of private soldiers, and the property of the United States by pretentious blunderers, who, in some inscrutable manner, had attained to responsible commands. In this instance, a bungling Brigadier named Seymore had marched his forces across the State of Florida, to do he hardly knew what, and in the neighborhood of an enemy of whose numbers, disposition, location, and intentions he was profoundly ignorant. The Rebels, under Gen. Finnegan, waited till he had strung his command along through swamps and cane brakes, scores of miles from his supports, and then fell unexpectedly upon his advance. The regiment was overpowered, and another regiment that hurried up to its support, suffered the same fate. The balance of the regiments were sent in in the same manner—each arriving on the field just after its predecessor had been thoroughly whipped by the concentrated forces of the Rebels. The men fought gallantly, but the stupidity of a Commanding General is a thing that the gods themselves strive against in vain. We suffered a humiliating defeat, with a loss of 2,000 men and a fine rifled battery, which was brought to Andersonville and placed in position to command the prison.

The majority of the 7th New Hampshire were an unwelcome addition to our numbers. They were N'Yaarkers—old time colleagues of those already in with us. Veteran bounty jumpers, they had been drawn to New Hampshire by the size of the bounty offered there, and had been assigned to fill up the wasted ranks of the veteran 7th regiment. They had tried to desert as soon as they received their bounty, but the Government clung to them literally with hooks of steel, sending many of them to the regiment in irons. Thus foiled, they deserted to the Rebels during the retreat from the battlefield. They were quite an accession to the force of our N'Yaarkers, and helped much to establish the hoodlum reign which was shortly inaugurated over the whole prison.

The 48th New Yorkers who came in were a set of chaps so odd in every way, as to be a source of never-failing interest. The name of their regiment was *L'Enfants Perdu* (the Lost Children), which we anglicized into "The Lost Ducks." It was believed that every nation in Europe was represented in their ranks, and it used to be said jocularly, that no two of them spoke the same language. As near as I could find out they were all or nearly all South Europeans, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Levantines, with a predomination of the French element. They wore a little cap with an upturned brim, and a strap resting on the chin, a coat with funny little tails about two inches long, and a brass chain across the breast; and for pantaloons they had a sort of a petticoat reaching to the knees, and sewed together down the middle. They were just as singular otherwise as in their looks, speech and uniform. On one occasion the whole mob of us went over in a mass to their squad to see them cook and eat a large water snake, which two of them had succeeded in capturing in the swamp and carried off to their mess, jabbering in high glee over their treasure trove. Any of us were ready to eat a piece of dog, cat, horse or mule, if we could get it, but, it was generally agreed, as Dawson, of my company expressed it, that "Nobody but one of them darned queer Lost Ducks would eat a varmint like a water snake."

Maj. Albert Bogle, of the 8th United States (colored) had fallen into the hands of the Rebels by reason of a severe wound in the leg, which left him helpless upon the field at Olustee. The Rebels treated him with studied indignity. They utterly refused to recognize him as an officer or even as a man. Instead of being sent to Macon or Columbia, where the other officers were, he was sent to Andersonville, the same as an enlisted man. No care was given his wound, no surgeon would examine it or dress it. He was thrown into a stock car, without a bed or blanket, and hauled over the rough jolting road to Andersonville. Once a Rebel officer rode up and fired several shots at him, as he lay helpless on the car floor. Fortunately the Rebel's marksmanship was as bad as his intentions, and none of the shots took effect. He was placed in a squad near me, and compelled to get up and hobble into line when the rest were mustered for roll-call. No opportunity to insult "the nigger officer,' was neglected, and the N'Yaarkers vied with the Rebels in heaping abuse upon him. He was a fine intelligent young man, and bore it all with dignified self-possession, until after a lapse of some weeks the Rebels changed their policy and took him from the prison to send to where the other officers were.

The negro soldiers were also treated as badly as possible. The wounded were turned into the stockade without having their hurts attended to. One stalwart, soldierly Sergeant had received a bullet which had forced its way under the scalp for some distance, and partially imbedded itself in the skull, where it still remained. He suffered intense agony, and would pass the whole night walking up and down the street in front of our tent, moaning distressingly. The bullet could be felt plainly with the fingers, and we were sure that it would not be a minute's work, with a sharp knife, to remove it and give the man relief. But we could not prevail upon the Rebel surgeons even to see the man. Finally inflammation set in, and he died.

The negros were made into a squad by themselves, and taken out every day to work around the prison. A white Sergeant was placed over them, who was the object of the contumely of the guards and other Rebels. One day as he was standing near the gate waiting his orders to come out, the gate guard, without any provocation whatever, dropped his gun until the muzzle rested against the Sergeant's stomach, and fired, killing him instantly.

The Sergeantcy was then offered to me, but as I had no accident policy, I was constrained to decline the honor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Toledo Blade.

MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

FOOD AND FLESH.

In trying to write anything about the business of living well and soundly, one is convinced of the weakness of words in conveying ideas. The sentence which means one thing to the author or the physician, used to exact thought and expression, is taken for something utterly different by those for whom it was intended, and he finds himself called to account for advice the contrary of what he really gave. People take ideas by opposite ends; moderation and distinctions are not in their way, and they apparently have never heard of "the falsehood of extremes."

What mischief has been done by the advice of sage writers on health. "Always rise from the table before you have made a full meal." It is paraphrased, "Always rise from the table before you have eaten enough," "Always stop eating before the appetite is satisfied," "Always get up from the table hungry," and nobody sees the difference between this and the original reading. The idea really condemns eating which brings a sense of fullness or heaviness, not the comfort of satisfied hunger. But conscientious students, and overtasked teachers and housemothers have wasted their strength by habitually denying the appetite, which called for support under extra burdens. Those who mean to work well should see that they eat well, and in variety pleasing to the appetite. Dr. Chambers says, and all physicians and people of experience agree with him, that "there is no saving in using that against which the stomach is set," and again, "the pleasurable sensation from a plentiful supply of food, or the accumulation of reserve force in the gastric region much promotes digestion, so that the whole of the food taken is made the best use of." A condition of low health without activity, requires over half a pound of meat a day, and one-fourth of the largest sized loaves of bread, with salt and other condiments, and experiments in prison dietaries, convalescents' diet at hospitals, among the poorest needle-women of the cities, and in the cotton famine of England show that without this amount of food a man's life will be burdened with disease, or he will die of actual starvation. Yet the average amount of food on which hard working teachers, housekeepers and students expect to keep up incessant activity of body and mind is often less than this starvation diet. Suppose you get out family steelyards and try whether you are eating all that you are entitled to. They do their bodies and brains a cruel wrong who misread the rule, and making no distinction between the comforts of a full meal, and the overfull, which leaves them stupid and unfit for work, confine themselves to a rare sufficiency. "A person reduced to a bare subsistence" says the best work on food yet published, "can undertake no habitual labor under penalty of breaking down," and this is the secret of a thousand breaking downs that happen every year. A bare sufficiency of food is not enough to put mind and body into the best working order, and if any one wishes a clear and tranquil mind, keen insight and quick senses, the very last rule for him to adopt is to get up from the table hungry or stint his supply of food.

Is this laying great stress upon eating? It is, for indolent souls, living without care or effort, or whose business at best is a mere routine. But not for women, engaged in that trying ordeal of family cares, which is a literal grinding-up of soul and body daily, or for keen, young, growing creatures of both sexes, and it is for these I am writing. Precisely what the thin, nervous, sensitive race of women and young people need, and what the doctors are trying to persuade them into by every device of medicine and precept, is to eat more and supply themselves with blood and brains enough to live on. In the higher range of art why do women artists and sculptors fail of doing anything really admirable or impressive, not to say immortal? And why does the performance fall short of what is so plainly the intention? Because the brain wants power to carry out its conceptions, the ill-fed nerves of eye and hand lack the susceptibility to lines and color, and the ability to bear the strain of intense application necessary to bring out the image of the fancy, a susceptibility and a rapt application which some beef-eating man artist will develop more acutely than the thinnest women supposed to be all nerves and spirit. What do the obscurities and affectations and the mannerisms which vex clear-headed readers in ambitious feminine authors betray but brains which would not work smoothly, for want of red blood and of food to make the blood? Coming nearer home, why are there so many weary, faded mothers, whose babes never know the warmth of a mother's bosom, who carry a gnawing at the heart for the love they are losing with bloom and liveliness, who find the care of their households a burden bearing them to the ground and whose tortured nerves cannot bear the high spirits of their own children. These are the women who can "go all day on a baked apple and a cup of bread and milk," women who haven't any appetite for breakfast, and are too tired to eat at dinner, and make it up with a cup of tea and a bit of cold meat after the rest are done, and who rather pride themselves upon "living on their nerves." Their families ought to have the right of looking immediately for a new wife and mother, when this suicidal habit is developed for there are but two issues from it, either a living purgatory of neuralgia, or dyspepsia, or a wasting to the tomb. When they get fairly down to the invalid's chair, everybody begins to build them up with broth and sago and egg and port wine, and beef extract, that would have saved them from wearing out, and kept them in strength, if they had taken pains to keep it up when they had it. And the young wife writes to know how she shall gain plumpness, and freshness again, and the tired woman who has had a touch of paralysis, wants to know how to avert the threatened stroke.

The doctor prescribes rest and change as if he might not just as well prescribe a dozen shares in a Bonanza for most of the women to whom he recites it. The teacher cannot leave her school, or the mother her family. They cannot lay the burden down, but they can gain a strength equal to it, by eating more food. And they must, under whatever penalty, take time to get hungry and to allow food to nourish them.

They are not hungry at meals, not because the system does not imperatively need food, but because the nerve force has been drawn upon so that the stomach is unfit for its proper work for the time. A half hour's or a ten minutes' rest before dinner would bring back the natural appetite, and nothing should interfere with the quiet half hour after it, sacred to cheerful talk, the easy stroll about the garden, or the very lightest and easiest of housework. These little rests keep the balance, and are surely not too much to pay for steady energies and spirits. The workmen on the farm or the street have it, why not the mother, the teacher and the scholar? If hearty meals three times a day are too much for overwrought nerves, here is a piece of advice for all those whose cares tell upon them in any way: for care, whether it is of business, school or family, is brain work of the most wasting sort: "The most perfect regimen for the healthy exercise of thought is such as would be advised for a growing boy—namely, frequent supplies of easily dissolved mixed food, so as to furnish the greatest quantity of nutriment without overloading the stomach, or running the risk of absorbing morbid, half-digested food into the system." I have taken the liberty of turning philosopher's terms into commoner English, but the meaning is exact. Now if these women who are busy every hour of the day had some liquid or half-liquid food ready to take in small quantities, at regular intervals of two or three hours, such as a cup of clear broth, an egg beaten with wine, a half cup of strong beef extract, with an oatmeal cracker in it, or some spiced wheaten gruel or barley water, it would preserve strength, flesh and spirits, and make dyspepsia unknown. It is next to impossible for delicate people to eat the large quantity of solid food needed to keep up hard work, at three meals a day, without overtaxing the stomach, whose energies are partly used up in other work. But frequent small supplies of light, highly nourishing food, such as it can absorb easily, with moderate meals at the regular times, keep the body in vigor and comeliness, and this is the secret of growing plump.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, follows the same principle in his treatment of diseases of the nerves, with whose plan many readers are familiar, and which has gained almost miraculous success. His prescription is the same as that of all doctors: rest, sleep, nourishing food; but he does not leave it to the patients to carry out, or half carry out, as most of them do. The thin, paralytic, or hysteric woman, who has become a burden to herself if not to her family, enters on a course of perfect rest of mind and body. Away from home cares and distractions, in the care of a good nurse, she goes to bed in a warm, cheerful room, and stays there. She has air, she has sunlight, and exercise of every muscle, by rubbing and kneading from the hand of the nurse, but for weeks and months as the cure requires, she is not allowed to lift a hand for herself. Occupation, books, sewing, conversation are denied her and her business is simply to lie still and rest. Dull as this prospect seems to those who are not subjects for it, what a paradise it opens to those women tired in mind and body, who know no craving so strong as that to crawl away from the world somewhere, and lie down and rest. I remember a young mother, whose love of music had been cultivated to a passion, when worn out with the care of her first baby, saying that she would give all the concerts of the winter, if she could go off somewhere and lie down to rest an hour free from care. I have learned since for myself what strain and confusion of faculties can come upon a woman, to blot out every sense except that of physical weariness, till no song or poem, no promise, no ambition or voice of child or friends has any charm beside that of the white pillow that means forgetfulness and rest. In blessed torpor the patient lies till the sense of appetite dawns upon her clouded sense, when choicest, richest food is brought to her bed, soups, eggs, beefsteaks, wine jellies, farinas, in tempting style, and for the next six weeks her business is to eat, and grow fat. Not to use up her new strength as fast as she gets it, in the wear and tear of work or thinking; healthy fat is reserve force, food for the nerves. Plumpness is not merely prettiness, it means soundness and physical well-being which can be drawn upon for any extra outlay of nerve or muscle, without going bankrupt. When the woman leaves her retreat, she finds her good looks back again, and with them serenity of temper, and endurance for the duties belonging to her. The cure appears very simple, but it requires the nurse and the cook to aid, as well as the apothecary, and it is easier to order "Nichols Bark and Iron" by the dozen than it is to command these two. By and by, perhaps, gifted single women may find it is as much a duty and a charity to the world to visit families where worn out mothers need somebody to take the care off them long enough to gather strength and breath for the effort of life, as to set sail for the heathen, or teach in mission schools.

The young wife wants to know what food will make her plump, but I presume it will scandalize all readers of the good and regular way of thinking, to find what science and experience show are the most nourishing and supporting foods. Milk needs to be used with caution, as it is a dangerously quick absorbent of unhealthy particles and the readiest means of communicating disease. The peasantry in some parts of Ireland will not drink "raw milk," as they call it, which has not been boiled, knowing the danger of its conveying contagion or breeding taint from unclean vessels or bad water. Milk or butter that has stood a single hour in a sick-room is unfit for human use, and how much fever poison is carried about in cities by it is a matter which Boards of Health are beginning to inquire into. To be safe in its use one should know the health of the cow from which it is brought and whether she has clean, pure water and food, and dairies should be under the closest inspection. The indelicate practice of working butter with the hand, which prevails in some dairies, is enough to convey diseases existing in the system of which the butter-worker herself is unconscious. Cleanliness and nicety cannot be carried to excess in the care of milk and butter.

There is nothing more relishing and at the same time more nourishing and stimulating than the mayonnaise salad dressing, the smooth, yellow cream, compounded of the yolks of raw eggs, mustard, oil and vinegar, the recipe for which, from the unrivalled steward of Young's Hotel, in Boston, I give without more ado, knowing all readers will thank me for it. With the yolk of one raw, fresh egg, unbeaten, mix one saltspoonful of dry mustard, half as much salt, and stir together with a fork. To this add the purest salad oil, perfectly sweet and fresh, drop by drop, at first, stirring with the fork all the while gently, till if properly mixed, the mass will not fall from the plate held upside down. The more oil is added, the thicker the mass seems to become, one egg will absorb half a bottle of oil if skillfully mixed, but half a cupful is enough for a small quantity. Add the best cider vinegar, spoonful by spoonful till the mayonnaise is as thin as rich cream. Half a teaspoonful of white sugar dissolved in the vinegar improves it, and I add a discovery of my own, that a pinch of cinnamon gives it delicacy. When well made, the dressing has no taste of oil, mustard or vinegar, but an exquisite blending of smooth flavors, the piquancy of the spices and refreshing acid softened by the blandness of the oil, to a flavor purposely made attractive, I believe, so that men might take to this inviting food, for it is not a mere condiment, but a strengthening, stimulating food, and one will rarely find in any form so much grateful nourishment as in two spoonfuls of a fine mayonnaise. The oil and egg are concentrated nourishment, in most delicate and easily assimilated form. The acid is corrective without being corrosive as when taken clear, and there is just enough of the mustard and spice to form a slight stimulant without the heating effects sometimes complained of, but which are mostly imaginary. I have seen plenty of people who did not like oil, or mustard, but never one who was not fond of mayonnaise, and at tables where it is common, it is often taken with bread instead of butter. It is used as a dressing for anything in the shape of vegetables or meats; cold potatoes, beets and turnips cut into dice with it, form a relishing dish. Cold veal, chicken or beef, and many kinds of fish are fine with it, and I will only mention, in conclusion, that it makes another thing of cold baked beans. At least it is a very agreeable way of getting at the virtues of cod liver oil, without taking medicine, for the salad oil is quite as good for the strength and not so detestable, and often figures in doctors' prescriptions. The dressing can be made in quantity and bottled to keep a long time.

Another highly nourishing food, which has the advantage of being prepared in bulk for keeping, is mince meat as used for pies. I can see the hands held up in wrath and doubting, but I have good authority which leads me, at the risk of all respect for my judgement, to say that, made without an excessive amount of fat, and thoroughly cooked, it is highly nutritious and has all the qualities desirable for a special winter food. Look at the ingredients: tenderest beef and apples, raisins, seeded and chopped, nature's choicest nourishment—sharp cider, with its healthy acid, and the best of spices and wine, in such small quantities as yield their benefits without any deleterious qualities. It is odd where people get the notion that mince pie is unwholesome. There is no reason why mince of beef and apples should be worse than hash of beef and potatoes. Being finely divided both are easier to digest. The hurtfulness has usually been laid to the spices, but why spices are not as bad in *à la mode* beef, and spiced pickles as in mince pie, is a problem nobody has yet answered. It can't be the suet, commonly held as a harmless factor of domestic cookery. I have heard the evil of mince meat laid to its mixture of so many things, and this by people who enjoyed nothing so much as a Saturday dinner of salt fish and pork scraps, cut up on the plate with potatoes and boiled beets, and carrots, and onions, and horse radish, and mustard; and if that wasn't a mixture, I should like to know what was. Mince meat with a good deal more suet is almost identical with the pemmican put up as the most nutritious food for arctic voyages, and toilsome explorations in the Northwest, and though neither would be advised as just the thing for a Fourth of July dinner, no intelligent person will on second thought deny its fitness for midwinter food. Mince should however form one of the principal parts of the meal where used, and the country luncheon of mince pie and coffee alone is right in theory. Taking pie to top off with is like finishing dinner with a slice of corned beef or a plateful of cabbage. Pie is concentrated, nourishing food, not a mere relish and it has gained its bad repute by being forced upon a stomach well filled with hearty food already. It isn't precisely the right thing to eat before going to bed, anything more than a delicate lunch of cold ham and potatoes would be, but in its place, as one of the substantials of a meal, it deserves respect for its nutritive qualities, which are quite as excellent as its savor. Ask your family doctor about this, and see what he says. I have written about mince meat, without special reference to it in pie. In the list of flesh-forming food, modern science has resolved some ancient errors as to pastry, which are interesting; but I think this is heresy enough for one letter.

THE AUTHOR OF 'UGLY GIRL PAPERS.'

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Winter Homes Near the City—A Country Interior—Madame Anderson's Walk—House Caps—Fashions.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

NEAR NEW YORK Jan 18th.

The winter quiet of the up-river country lies about the place where this is written, the low-sheltered parlor of the old Dutch farm-house, warm with its glancing wood fire as dusk gathers, the east window looking on the blue-dark palisades and the bay window west on the lonesome Knickerbocker road, used by the old settlers nearly 200 years ago. Its travel seems to be ended, for days go by and not a creature appears on its track, save the school-mistress and her flock, morning and evening. It would be hard to find more loneliness on a Northwestern prairie, with no neighbor in sight on three sides of the house, and the still, white fields with pencilled border of elm and cedar, cherry and bramble, skirted with woodland for the view. The luxurious solitude has an irresistible charm like everything perfect of its kind. The "cut-rack" from our neighbors poultry yard is sociability itself, and the snow buntings who come to breakfast in the paved court are irresistibly winning visitors. Our complex and increasing civilization forces itself upon us, in the calls of the butcher's cart Wednesday's and Saturday's, for the rest, the old cherry-lined road is left to nature and itself. Not even tramps go along this road, the solitary adventurer who came six weeks ago, asking for a piece of pie, won the admiration due his frankness, but learning that it was baking day and the pies not out of the oven, his pious soul misgave him and he never came back. We sleep in peace, in primitive security from vagrants and chicken burglars. There is an unspeakable charm in being shut up to such quiet, with long days undisturbed for study and dear occupations. One lives more in a week here than in a month of New York. And this simple, natural seclusion is within reach of the City any hour for reference or amusement. Under the hill is the picturesque station of undressed stone, with its high weather vane, its peaked roofs and the carved granite flowers of its arches, its stained glass windows and oak fittings in all the coquetry modern art and a rich and liberal railway company can give, and the trains pass through a lovely country in the 50-minute ride to New York. We are not without good example in staying in the Country through the winter. Sewer gas and scarlet fever make town a hazard in winter as well as summer, and I, for one, find slush lined streets and crowded sidewalks less attractive than the snowy slopes and a landscape which looks like a drawing on porcelain, where brown stone farmhouses, remodeled after English granges wide-roofed and low-walled, with deep, latticed windows glance through the evergreens, clustering in wintry cheer about their comfortable walls, and the towers of Italian country houses look out from corners of the woods, on the hills. There is a highly artistic and cultivated colony up on the cliff, which Mr. Calvert Vaux, the architect, to whom Central Park owes so much of its beauty, first drew together, where families of taste have spread their verandas and planted their cedars and find their wide halls and wood fires too charming to leave even in midwinter. Mr. Nordhoff, whose vigorous letters from California give the best idea yet attained of that practical paradise, walks down two miles or so to the station daily on his way to the *Herald* office, probably thinking too much of his profitable mind and strong frame to risk them in the forcing process of city life. As literary men waste themselves all day in business, which engrosses every thought every evening at the club or in society, till midnight, always under the stimulus of money-making or of keen wits, till you hear of them laid up with paralysis or rheumatism of the heart from out-worn nerves, the shrewder and abler men are taking up their abodes out of town, and their influence is seen in the thorough taste which brings to the region the grace of modern ornament and convenience, while sacredly preserving its traditional simplicity and quiet. You must go out on the other roads to find the big chateau roofs built by the Tweed gang and their brother speculators. As far as Suffern, on the Erie, you will find the hills turned into a background for shingle mansard palaces, much in want of fresh paint by this time and at the rough board stations collect showy carriages with drivers and grooms in livery, women in Paris toilets, and men in London manners, as near as they can carry them, who turn the heads of the country folk till they will hardly sell a pound of butter to anything less than a landau and pair. Long Island must spoil its lovely nooks with boulevards for fast horsemen, and observatories and dancing pavilions to draw all the riff-raff of New York; but rather than see this valley so desecrated, its inhabitants are prepared to affirm that its roads are alternate quicksand and impassable clay, that musquitos and malaria had it their own way from May to December, that the Upas tree grew in every yard, and adders coiled on the doorsteps.

I should like to paint the cheery, old-fashioned, peculiar charm of the quaint little salon, where its age has been carefully considered in its additions, and everything is in delicate, homely keeping. The diaper wainscot in Indian red, the walls in dull buff picked out with the same color, the carpet in India colors with dark red border and the woodwork of oiled pine growing dark with years, give a mellow, sober tone to the room, into which a low sideboard, clawfooted and carved, of polished cherry, flings rich lights from its mirror-like panels, little shelves each side the chimney projection to the ceiling are stored with pretty conveniences and are the comfort of the whole family, a pot of violets in blossom on one shelf, a drawing box and frame on another, work basket and box of carved applewood below, a nankin pot of dead rose leaves lending the air a faint sweetness, the books, the papers that one is reading find a place there. The round table five feet across allows field for every one's occupation and every one's seat nearest the lamp, and its dark mahogany adds to the dark rich tones of the apartment, into which the red brick hearth painted in Venetian red after the old Dutch fashion, the tiled chimney and bright brass fire irons, the red framed Shaker easy chair, the modern rocker cushioned with blood-red Turkish toweling, and Valentia flower-pots of Vermilion clay high on the shelves make superb in color. The door opens into a small entry about 9x11 feet, without stairs and this, the mistress has chosen for her modest collection of old china which decorates the walls, the plates suspended from hooks, and the pitchers and bowls on small corner shelves, making a pretty display. Wherever the eye turns it meets something pleasing, and home like, though the whole decoration hardly cost $25 the papering, painting and polishing all done by the hands of the family but every touch carefully studied in reference to the whole. Its warm subtly blended coloring is such rest and refreshment to the glance, that one is loth to leave its pleasant images for the gossip of the outer world.

MADAME ANDERSON'S WALK.

The plucky Englishwoman finished her walk of 2,700 quarter miles in as many quarter hours last Monday night, and this wonderful feat of endurance drew the interest of every class of society. The feat was not to walk so many miles in such a time, but to walk a quarter of a mile in every quarter hour of the time, with such rest only as she could take in the intervals of her task. The quarter mile—seven times round the ring—was usually walked in five minutes; if she felt well, in three, or at most in nine minutes; after which she went to her room, a few feet from the ring, and rested. The starter's bell tapped three minutes before the beginning of the next quarter when she was to be on the track, walking again. Her food was taken in by snatches, little and often, and generous, in quality—wine, porter, oysters, beef, plum pudding and whatever she fancied. Her sleep was caught in the few moments between the walks, and this constant breaking of sleep, which could not be tried on an ordinary person without sending him crazy, was the painful test of the performance.

ON THE TRACK.

Fashionable Brooklyn and half New York went to see her. Ladies of the best station and men of every class found fascinating interest in watching the task from day to day. Of course the gentlemen were closely questioned before the ladies of the family would care to go.

"Was she good looking?"

"Well, I should say not; intelligent, certainly; muscular and stocky build, very dark healthy face, black hair and eyes small and full."

"How did she dress?" was of course the next thing.

"Her hair hung down in one long braid, the easiest way to wear it. She had on a wine-colored velvet sacque, such as ladies wear in the street trimmed with white fur. It looked as if it was made to be thrown on as quickly as possible."

"And what sort of a skirt did she have with it?" seeing that information stopped with masculine indifference to completeness on this important topic.

"She didn't wear any."

"Impossible. How long was the sacque; It was a polonaise wasn't it?"

"No it wasn't a polonaise, it came down to her knees, maybe two inches below, but I wont admit an inch more. It looked like the short dresses little girls used to wear some years ago."

Imagine this costume, completed by a pair of dark striped stockings, much the worse for wear, and number six shoes, with soles four inches broad, as all professional walkers wear them, worn by a dark Englishwoman about 35, walking her track, seven rounds, with clean heel and toe movement, smiling at the spectators, smelling her bouquet, sometimes resting herself with a song in a good, mellow voice, instead of going to her room, and carrying herself through all this strange attempt with a good humor and self-respect which pronounced her *bonne femme*, if not great lady. Her explanation of the matter is simple enough. She and her husband, several years younger, had tried to do something to get their living without success, and knowing her wonderful endurance, she resolved to put it to the test for the diversion of a New York audience. Everyone must feel that she has well earned her $10,000. The performance is of interest to physicians and observers as showing how much a human frame can endure, and repeating the fact, of which we are all only half aware, that we are far from developing the resources of common physiques. It was of interest to women, as showing that the female frame is not meant to be a thing of aches and weaknesses, but evenly strung and stronger than steel. The sporting fraternity would find interest in anything that would do to hang a bet on, if it were the setting of an egg-hatcher, and everybody else went because the rest did.

It was pitiful, sometimes, in the dull hours of early evening, to see the weary woman, led out by her maid and trainer, with eyes sightless with sleep, and feet that turned to her couch again when left to themselves, and had to be guided to the track, which she paced mechanically in sleep, sometimes stopping as she stood, till the trainer's arm set the automatic body in motion again. The dull, quenched eyes, naturally bright and sparkling, alone betrayed the strain on her vigor, but that awful dead look was enough to make one wish such trials might be as few as possible.

HOUSE CAPS.

The changes of fashion are not often striking enough, or of a character to be conveyed in the brief mention of a general letter, and details are best confined to regular fashion papers. The coquettish house caps worn in England and appearing here this winter, revive a fashion which might sensibly be followed in every household. They are not the puffs of tulle and lace with stiff frills sacred to age, and only becoming to it. Handkerchiefs of lawn with colored foulard borders, have been made into high round caps for more than a season, and this year the figured silk kerchief, twisted into a coquettish turban by the deft fingers of French milliners leads the mode. A circle of bonnet wire bound with ribbon to fit the head with another crossing it to keep the puff of the crown from falling forms, all the frame necessary, and over this the kerchief of cream color, brocaded with rose sprigs, of tinted brocade with blue and maroon border, or gay Madras plaid falls with two corners tied in Alsace bow over the face, or the loose corner laid in three soft even folds and the tip tucked under, while a long corner falls behind over the hair, held by a bow of bright satin, and a pale rose, for these are worn with dressy negligee. In crepe de chine or gauze they form as outshining head dresses for parties. Yes the turban of the time of Madame de Stael and the Countess of Blessington has won its way back, by a fashionable caprice, and we may look for the calash and leg of mutton sleeve any moment.

But the modest, pretty lawn kerchief, caught by four pleats and two bows into a cap which can be kept fresh as easily as a collar, which protects sensitive heads from neuralgia and lends a charm to housekeeping dress, which allows neat and early appearance at breakfast, when a busy woman hardly has time to give hair dressing the time it demands, is a convenience which deserves to be thought well of. Young ladies and old wear them, with a choice of colors, and a 25 cent kerchief with blue or pink silk border makes a cap bewitching enough to meet the ideas of sixteen.

SPRING PERCALES.

Prudent fashionables have their summer sewing done during Lent, and devote the weeks immediately before it to shopping in the intervals of society. To favor this common arrangement, merchants show their light goods early, and the fresh organdies and percales are enough to make one forswear silk. Finer and softer than India silk, without a particle of dressing and easy to the needle, they regain with fastidious dressers the favor esteem in which they were held, ladies trimmed their chintz and brocades with each other, indifferently. The new patterns are plain grounds with modest dots in dark color, indigo blue percal and a border of small stripes. Indigo blue with dark red dots and stripes of blue and red may be worn for house dresses immediately. The buff, with small brown dots, is an old favorite, and the blue and white has a quaint suggestion of the old-fashioned pinafore material that is much fancied. The chintz figured percales are most delicate and delightful, with fine grounds of hair like twig-work, dropped with tiny rosebud sprigs, the sort of dress children remember one by forever, and that a lady never wishes to lose from her warddrobe for its suggestion of refinement and gentle taste.

SHIRLEY DARE.

A resident of Cuttingsville, Vt., saw what he took to be a burglar in his room at night, and jumped out of bed, throttled with an iron grasp the big bass viol which stood in the corner, and a violent struggle did not ensue.—*Free Press.*

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Doings of Whisky—The Potter Committee—St. Martin Ready to Back Up His Statement—Important Action of the House—The New Pension Bill—The Mormon Troubles—Mr. Stephens, South Carolina Senator

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1879.

In my last, I referred very briefly to the extraordinary mortality among Democratic Congressmen. There have been four deaths within a few days of each other, and the Springfield *Republican* intimates that they are a result of the bad quality of the Washington whisky and suggests that if the Murphy movement is not pushed with more vigor the Democratic majority in the House will be endangered. Unfortunately this joke has too much truth in it to make it very laughable. It is curious to note the change that has taken place in the good order of the City since it has been overrun by the Bourbon Democracy; and it is, probably, not too much to say, that in all these four instances death was premature and was directly the result of over potations of ardent drinks. I was informed by an officer of the House, who was familiar with their habits, that they all grossly abused their constitutional powers and that, with lives better regulated, they might have lived many years.

But the connection between whisky and Democracy is no new thing. It only seems new to us in consequence of the change from Republican to Democratic supremacy. In the old days of Democratic rule drunkenness was hardly regarded as a disgrace, and it was not an uncommon thing for men to stagger into the Hall of Representatives in such a condition that they had to be led out by their friends. In the biography of Alexander H. Stephens, just published by Lippincott, is a letter from Mr. Stephens to his brother describing the condition of things among the Democratic members during the fight over the admission of Kansas. He says:

"How shamefully the South is represented! Some of the Southern men were too drunk to be got into the House; but we got a postponement of the question until to-morrow."

On the next day he wrote again in the same strain:

"Luck seems to be against us. We had all our men there to-day except those paired. Some were so drunk they had to be kept out until they were wanted to say "Aye" or "No," as the case might be."

The Republicans are probably indebted to Whisky for a good many Democratic failures, but it also has the quality of making very steep partisans and is a good whip in the hands of unscrupulous party leaders. The absurdities and follies of the present and last Congress are largely owing to whisky, and the frauds and murders that have made the South solid are the legitimate offspring of its illicit distilleries.

One of the things which will be sure to strike the popular sense is the unwonted effort which the Democratic party is making to find something that will justify its shameful course in organizing the Potter Committee. You will notice with what effrontery Sen. Hill, of Georgia, refers to the Presidential fraud and how much noise is made over what is called the forgery of returns in Louisiana. In the latter case the facts are these. A return was made of the electoral vote of the State, duly signed by all the official parties, and forwarded to Washington. It was found to be defective in some minor particulars and a corrected return was called for. The verbal changes required were accordingly made and the return was ready to be forwarded with the exception of two signatures which could not be got because the men were out of town. In this dilemma, a clerk, since dead, signed the names of the absent parties and the corrected certificates was sent, in that shape to Washington. Of course it was all wrong, but it did not vitiate the certificate already filed, and in no way affected the general result. The same thing was done in Arkansas and is often done innocently in individual cases. The writer of this letter was the victim of a similar forgery only last Summer. On going away from home he left a note of hand to pay a grocer's bill. After he had gone the grocer found an informality in the note which prevented him from getting it discounted; whereupon he drew another note, with the proper corrections, and had my name signed to it by some third party; and the note thus made, and without my proper signature, was discounted, went through all the usual forms of notification and was paid at maturity. It was a forgery, but the party that did the wrong had no evil intention and no mischief resulted from his act.

Speaking of the Potter Committee brings to mind the damaging statement of Mr. St. Martin, which is just now giving that Committee new trouble. St. Martin was interviewed yesterday, and stated that he had been beset by Maddox since his advent in Washington and offered money if he would retract his statement. He says he proposes to tell the truth when he is called and that what is written in his affidavit is not all that he shall have to say. There has been so much systematic lying in connection with this famous Committee that the public distrusts all statements of a sensational character, but what St. Martin says about the conduct of the Committee as to its eagerness to exclude all testimony not favorable to the Democratic party, and its efforts to bribe pliant witnesses to testify in its behalf, is so accordant with what the public knows already that there is a disposition to believe what the unwelcome witness says. We shall, however, know more of the facts soon.

Within a day or two the House has passed several important measures which will interest the country. 1. The bill providing for a small treasury note or certificate of deposit bearing interest at 3 per cent. It went through the House with little or no opposition, and will doubtless pass the Senate. It will probably be the poor man's saving's bank. Deposits in savings banks have proved to be so very unsafe that the public will be likely to seize with avidity on this new method for safe and reliable investments. The notes will be of the denomination of $10, and will be convertible into the 4 per cent. bonds. 2. Another measure which passed the House by a large vote was to make greenbacks receivable for customs. This measure comes a little late, but the Democrats think it will cover some of the blunders, and as the notes are already virtually receivable for this class of dues there can be no harm in passing such a law. 3. The new pension bill. This bill, it is understood, will take out of the Treasury about $20,000,000. It has passed both Houses, and only awaits the President's signature to become a law. It will, of course, attract general attention, and be spread out in all the newspapers, so that it will be sufficient to say in general terms of its peculiar feature, that, in all cases, it carries the pension back to the date of death or of discharge. It will be a most welcome measure to many a poor soldier.

There is a rumor abroad that Sen. Davis, of Illinois, who has been so long balancing between the two parties is not quite satisfied with his betweenity position, and proposes to take one side or the other of the political fever, and rather inclines to take the Republican side.

There is a movement among the Republicans of the Senate, headed by Sen. Edmunds, which looks to such a distinctive declaration on the subject of constitutional money, as will draw a sharp dividing line between the "hards" and the "softs," and compel the hard money Democrats to repudiate their soft brethren. On the whole, the Democratic family is not so sweet as its eternal and unchanging "Democratic principles" would seem to indicate.

Gen. Shields, the newly elected Senator from Missouri for the short term, is expected here to take his seat on Wednesday next, the 22d. He should be called the roving Senator, having held that high office from three different States.

Two Mormon women were before the Judiciary Committee yesterday, one of them a daughter of the late Brigham Young. They pleaded the cause of their people with great force and effect. Mrs. Wells said among other things that her people had been driven out of civilized society and had made a community of their own, causing the desert to bud and blossom like the rose. She said: "We have no dram shops, no paupers, no outcast women, no illegitimate children." Mrs. Williams, the daughter of Brigham Young, asked if the government desired to make all the children of this great commonwealth outcasts. "We suppose," she continued, "that the law would be declared unconstitutional, but we are disappointed and so come to you for protection. We are United States citizens, born on American soil and a source of strength to the nation. Nowhere will you find braver or truer men than our husbands and sons." Mrs. Spencer who was acting as their attorney, said in reply to a question from one of the Committee, that Congress was asked to frame a law which would protect Mormon women against the action of the recent decision of the Supreme Court; and she claimed it as a virtue to the Mormon system that it recognized these women as wives and did not treat them as concubines.

Hon. Alex Stevens was in the House yesterday attending to his legislative duties and appeared to be as well as before his late accident.

The report of the Senate Committee in favor of seating Mr. Corbin, in the place of Butler (South Carolina,) will come up for consideration on Monday. Sen. Hill, of Georgia, will be ready with an adverse minority report.

The New York Custom House quarrel is revived with new bitterness, and the administration is trying to show that the removals were for cause, and that the public interest demanded them.

BUCKEYE.

LETTER FROM WAKEPEACE.

Washington Privileges and Opportunities—A Week's Program—The Poor Indian—Mrs. Hayes' Reception—Senator Ferry, and Other Personal Matters

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15, 1879.

To an observant eye in Washington, life's daily round is full of privileges in infinite variety. It is impossible for one person to compass them all; but let me set before you the program of the current week. The religious privileges of the Sabbath are too universal to particularize, but I may add to those common to other cities the vesper service at the colored Catholic Church, St. Augustine, where the choir is of marvelous ability, the whole degradation and deprivation of the race seemingly compensated for and turned to opulence by their wonderful gift of song. The Church is thronged with aristocratic listeners every Sunday.

Last Monday, one could choose between making calls at the houses of the Supreme Court Justices, where were to be met, besides the dignified hostesses, elegant women representing all the high official and legislative families, in their handsome visiting costumes, chatting merrily in French and English; and finish up with paying respects to George Bancroft, the historian, and his old-time, ladylike wife at their pleasant home on H street, open to callers on Monday; or go up on Capitol Hill and look in upon Mrs. Mary Clemmer, whose parlors are always thronged that day and evening; or, if of graver tastes, there were the solemn funeral rites to a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, to be witnessed from the galleries of the stately Hall, with President, Cabinet, Supreme Court Justices in their black robes, and both Houses of Congress, all in attendance. In the evening, at Lincoln Hall, the scientific world of Washington sat with interest to learn from Capt. Tyson, the newly returned Arctic explorer, of the adventures of the "Polaris" with her hardy crew, and of eight months on an iceberg, a most thrilling story. Tuesday, interesting sessions in both Houses of Congress, including Senator David Davis's comprehensive speech on our Agricultural Interests; Tuesday night the first evening Presidential reception of the season, at which, beside the dignitaries common to the occasion, one saw the erect, graceful figures of Chief Joseph and Yellow Bull of the Nez Perces tribe, in their native costume; and near them one of the Japanese Legation, wonderfully like them in essentials, only cast in a smaller mould, betraying to the ethnologist a common origin; also two Mormon ladies from Salt Lake City, one of them a vivacious, interesting young widow a daughter of Brigham Young. Fancy the opportunities of conversation with all these, including also Senators, Cabinet officers, the Speaker of the House, and other cultivated men moving, as spectators through the historic parlors of the White House, which were odorous with flowers from the conservatory; and you have a fine panorama for two hours enjoyment. To-day I have been privileged to see, in the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a meeting between Chief Joseph and Yellow Bull on the one hand, and six Southern Ute Chiefs on the other, and the grave courtesies mutually extended through their interpreters would be worthy of Sir Edward Thornton, the pink and pearl of the Diplomatic Corps. As soon as this letter is done, I go out to make "Cabinet calls," Wednesday being the day when their houses are open to the social world: as also the house of Speaker Randall, on Capitol Hill; thence to the Riggs House, to call on the Mormon ladies above mentioned, who want to tell me many things showing that their home life is "not so black as it is painted." The daughter of Brigham Young is one of 52 brothers and sisters, and she says she loves them all!

To-morrow evening occurs the meeting commemorative of Prof. Joseph Henry, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, where the Vice President will preside, and picked men of the Nation, irrespective of party, will present appropriate eulogies.

Friday evening Chief Joseph and Yellow Bull will speak, through interpreters at Lincoln Hall, assisted by one or more of the Ute Chiefs and sub Chiefs, who are named Billy, Tom., Sam., Colorsco-Chito, Ungipaquitz, and Wass. "Billy" is the head Chief, a stalwart brave of 25 or 28 Summers, dressed clumsily in citizen's clothes, like his associates, but despising schools and civilization. But Billy has one sweet human trait, in a decided ear for music; and he has learned, at Agent Kelly's house, to sing "Sweet Bye and Bye;" so we will hope there is a sweet by and by for Billy and his race, when, as full-blown citizens they will pitch into politics with the best of you, and come on to Washington and to Congress, to "pull the country through" in great crises of the twentieth century.

Saturday occurs the regular weekly reception by Mrs. Hayes, where there are always pleasant people to meet. Last Saturday my escort there was my old time friend and your efficient Chairman of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee, Gen. James S. Robinson, of Kenton,—may his shadow never grow less! He doesn't let himself be "interviewed" much as to politics, but I think I see "John Sherman" in his eye.

I have sketched the barest outline of one week's opportunities in Washington; but after all, some people say it is a dull season! Perhaps to mere party-goers it may be; or to the ladies who sit in hotel parlors and chat with each other idly over their worsted work. I come and go among a score of such daily, and I know they sometimes pity me my life of incessant work; but silently I pity them back again; for it would half kill me to sit still in a sheltered life, as they do. I like to "flax around" and see what the men are doing who mould legislation for us, and then sit down and write you all about it. The brethren will bear a good deal of judicious watching; especially when they are "setting up the pins" for a new Presidential game, as at present. These earliest stages of an incident campaign are most fascinating and intricate to watch.

Yesterday, in the F. street cars in the long ride to the Capitol, I had an old fashioned, genial talk with the Vice President, who made room for me at his side. I knew him, and Mrs. Wheeler at the same boarding-house, during his last years in Congress; and he has not changed an atom, only a shade the sadder by her loss. He is the same true-hearted, rock rooted Republican as then; and while fulfilling every duty of his high, though quiet, station, he chafes a little over his inactivity, and holds the mere pomp and millinery of office like a hollow bauble in his strong sinewy hand. He is the best presiding officer that the Senate has known in many years.

Sen. Ferry came into the White House last evening, a little late, as trim and fresh as the bridegroom when he had just been assisting safely over the dangerous leap into matrimony. Mr. Frank P. Conger, son of Hon. Omar D. Conger, in Congress from Michigan was married to Miss Charlotte Brown, daughter of a prominent citizen residing in a suburb of Washington called "Mount Pleasant," and Michigan turned out in force, in the person of representative men in Congress, to do honor to the occasion. Sen. Ferry was master of ceremonies, a duty he performs admirably for an incorrigible bachelor. The ladies don't scheme for Senator Ferry any more. They know it is no use: he is delightfully agreeable and—inaccessible. He told me last evening many pleasant particulars of the wedding, and of the beauty of the bride. Young Conger is in better health than formerly, and his outlook for the future is bright, as a bridegroom's ought to be.

EMMA JANES.

The Spelling Reformers.

Cincinnati Sun.

The spelling reformers are making headway fast, and the most sensible of them are coming to some sort of agreement as to the essential changes demanded. Prof. March, of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, and Prof Whitney, of Yale, the two most distinguished philologists in the country, are the leaders in a spelling reform association which has adopted an alphabet to meet the requirements of the new system, and has already published a Primer and First Reader embodying the new characters and methods. The principal features are the use of a single vowel for a diphthong or tripthong having the same sound; the substitution of one vowel for another of similar sound, according to a determined plan; the use of *f* for *ph*, and of *k* for *ch* hard; the omission of the final *e* when not pronounced, and of all silent letters, and the introduction of significant characters to represent sounds compounded of two or more letters. The new system seems to be gaining many disciples among intelligent men.

A Laughable Accident.

Boston Exchange.

On New Year's eve a gentleman went to church. In the course of time he concluded to remove his overcoat, and with all the grace and ado imaginable. After taking his seat and folding his arms, imagine his surprise when he discovered that he had removed both dress and overcoat and was in his shirt-sleeves. The rest is better imagined than told. The same evening a dressy, prim gentleman went to a church, and after removing his ulster, was horror stricken to find that in place of his dress coat he had on his short knit blouse.

The Real Trouble.

Chicago Times.

The faulty ventilation of the House of Representatives may have something to do with mortality among Congressmen, but an abnormal appetite for the product of the still, freely indulged, must not be forgotten as an aid to death.

THEOLOGICAL students reason that if there be counterfeit money, there must be genuine; so, if there be infidels, there must also be Christians. If this be true of money and religion, will not the same rule apply to "put up" medicines? Do not the cheap and worthless nostrums prove that there are genuine and meritorious "put up" medicines? The great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has resulted in the manufacture of many *shoddy* alterative and tonic remedies, but one after another these have disappeared, the proprietors having found that, no matter how *loud* they advertise, success depends upon merit. In South America, as well as in this country, the Discovery is the standard remedy for all scrofulous and eruptive diseases. It acts promptly on the stomach, liver, and blood, toning up, regulating, and purifying the system. It speedily allays all bronchial irritation, and cures the most stubborn cough or cold in half the time required by any other remedy.

The Lucky Day!

Is January 30th, when the Seventh Grand Drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company takes place at Louisville, Ky. How many will be made happy on that day? Prizes from $30,000 down to $10 aggregating $115,000, will be distributed. The popularity of the Company at home bespeaks and guarantees fair dealing for all. Prizes are paid promptly and without grumbling. Two dollars is all a ticket costs, and may secure you the $30,000 prize. The names of the lucky ones will not be published unless consent is obtained. Full lists of the winning numbers will be sent to all ticket holders. It will be interesting to read: your number may be there. The time in which to buy is short. Orders should be addressed to COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., or T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

HEARING RESTORED.—Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock Box 905, Covington, Ky.

Fortune Again Favors a Brave Man.

The how, where and when is pithily told thus:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 16, 1878.

The undersigned certifies that he held for collection for account of William T. Doty, New York, one tenth of ticket No. 81,175, Single Number Drawing Extraordinary, Class M, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the first capital prize of $100,000, on Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1878; said ticket having cost the sum of $1 at the office of H. L. Plum, 319 Broadway New York, and that the amount was promptly paid on presentation of the ticket at the office of the Company.

T. M. WESCOAT,
Ag't Southern Express Co., N. O., La.

Any further information given by addressing M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans.

The Decline of Hendricks.

Cincinnati Gazette.

The political weather indications in Indiana point to the decline of Hendricks and the elevation of Sen. McDonald in Democratic favor. It is sad to learn that many disappointments have soured the once genial Hendricks and that his sourness is rapidly losing him the affections of his party.

Poking Fun at Charles Frigid.

New York Tribune.

Why doesn't the Potter Committee summon Charles Frigid Adams? This alert and agile body, which skips half way across the continent whenever Mrs. Jenks drops her reticule, ought to show a livelier faith in the trustworthiness of the grandson of his grandfather.

A Powerful Civilizer.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Whether the Indian Bureau is transferred to the War Department or not, it will be admitted that a 12 pound Napoleon gun turned on a lot of half-frozen and fugitive savages is as powerful an agent of civilization as could be concentrated upon them.

CUTICURA.

Cuticura

Salt Rheum Covering the Body for Ten Years, Permanently Cured.

LAW OFFICE OF CHAS. HOUGHTON,
17 Congress Street, Boston, Feb. 28, 1878.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: Gentlemen,—I feel it a duty to inform you, and through you all who are interested to know the fact, that a most disagreeable and obstinate case of Salt Rheum or Eczema which has been under my personal observation from its first appearance to the present time,—about ten (10) years,—covering the greater portion of the patient's body and limbs with its peculiar irritating and itching scab, and to which all the known methods of treating such disease had been applied without benefit, has completely disappeared, leaving a clean and healthy skin, under a few days of profuse application of Cuticura.

I can and do heartily advise all similarly afflicted to try the remedy which has been so effectual in this case. Very truly yours,
CHAS. HOUGHTON.

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The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Letters on Dancing.

Some one says she considers it worse to go to a dance than one of these kissing bees. Now, if my boys were girls, I would far rather, when they were old enough, they should attend a dance than a kissing bee. Ladies are not obliged to dance with every young man in the house, while at a kissing bee they often have to redeem some little trinket they have forfeited, by going around the room kissing every young or old man in the house. Or another way to redeem their pawn: Choose some young man to get up in a chair and crow at them. O how absurb! Some may say that I don't know what I am talking about, but I do.

What is the use of running down a man because he uses tobacco? I am a widow, but when my husband was alive he used tobacco, and he was as good a husband as ever lived, and I kissed him, too. O, horror! you may say, but I don't care. If I was to marry again I don't know but I should have it a special bargain he should chew or smoke, either or both, as he chose. Don't try to make your husband walk too straight, ladies, or he may fall over backwards. Remember we all have our faults. I will come some other time and horrify you ladies again!

WIDOW NO. 2.

I think when those in favor of dancing speak of it as *one* of the amusements that every sensible man and woman would enjoy, are entirely mistaken themselves in what it takes to make a sensible man and woman. I ask where is the intelligence, sense and so on of mankind placed? Surely, not in the feet. Who ever heard of a more absurd idea, than a company of highly educated, sensible people, entertaining each other with their feet. But one says our Bible tells us "there's a time to dance." I suppose you would say that the young lady who danced and pleased the King, deserved her reward—the head of John the Baptist; and was it followed with a blessing? And as for that class of people more than holding their own, morals, I claim that they *do not* in any of the circles that surround me. They may stand the test for awhile, but ere long they will betake themselves to the pleasures of the flesh, which go with dancing hand in hand. Just think of an intelligent sensible young man, leading a blushing modest young lady through the dance, with his breath perfumed with the contents of the bottle in his pocket. Oh how his countenance lights up with intelligence and refinement. This I know to be true. Why several young men here acknowledged to me that whisky was *always* there. I do not say that *every* one drinks, but look with whom they associate. "By their fruits shall ye know them," they lower themselves often with the very lowest, with people if they met on the street they would scorn to notice. I hear some say we will not have such a class there, but how will it be prevented? for if they hear they go, and want to take part, which if they were hindered in often ends in disorder. I have heard the gray-haired of this class, in advice say, that it shortened life. It surely does take the mind off everything else, which one writer Cleopatra, admitted. Nor do I believe in those detestible, dirty little kissing parties. It *is* hard for a timid lady to kiss or be kissed before a whole company it shakes one's nerves so—so much harder is it than to be kissed "good night" a number of times at her father's gate or door; but mark the difference—"there's no one there to see." But of course none of us sensible people do this. I do not think dancing is a sin in itself, but what it leads to, sooner or later, if carried to excess, and it cannot be pinned down to mamma's apron strings. Grace asks for a writing on the evils of tobacco. It is not nice, I know, but far worse is the use of whisky. It even lowers one below the beast, that stops, then turns aside for the human form lying senseless in the dust. Oh, if the pity we feel for such would only help to lead them in the way of eternal life. MAGGIE.

Sparta, Ills.

I have just been reading Fannie Dale's letter on waltzing. If the Bible does say there is a time to dance, it does not mean dance to music. David danced, but it was to glorify God. That is not what people dance for now. If it is, what is the use of a nice cotillion? As to young people enjoying themselves I think it is perfectly right that they should. But there are other ways besides the "low degrading" dance. If you will attend and take part in young folks' prayer meetings, you will find *true* enjoyment. You can find true enjoyment at church; you will find enjoyment if you will live a Christian life. I don't believe in long-faced Christians that are afraid to laugh and talk, and I don't believe in dancing Christians either. They are what is breaking down the churches, setting the example for young people—making them believe there is no harm in dancing, yet they would not dare go to church and get up and tell the people they were living a Christian life. If they do they will tell what is utterly false. I think Fannie made herself quite ridiculous in regard to conversation parties. She talks as if we could do nothing but sigh and blush, and ask after Ma and Pa. Not that I think it is any sign of weakness to inquire after the welfare of the old people, for you will have to admit that they deserve our best respect, and if we would listen to their advice we would not so often be led astray. But I can't see any use in sighing and blushing—that would be a very poor way to keep up a conversation. I think an intelligent person could talk without all that extra. Intelligent people can find something intelligent to talk about, and have a nice time, too. The *best* enjoyment is to live as you wish to die.

Boxley, Ind. FARMER GIRL.

Answer to Peggy Shortcake.

The BLADE of October 3d contained some queries by Peggy Shortcake about bees. The questions are such as will be asked by nearly every novice in bee-keeping. The answers by V. V., Nov. 14th, give advice so widely at variance with the teachings of those best informed on such subjects, that I feel obliged to try my hand at giving advice, and will answer Peggy's question to the best of my ability.

By the date you mention the bees had filled every available corner and cell in the hive, and those that remained on the outside were forced to do so for want of room within, and on account of excessive heat caused by the crowded state of the hive. Although you do not say so, I presume you put some kind of receptacle on the hive for your surplus honey, but as they are a little notional about such things, they refused to enter the boxes and thus remained idle nearly all the season for want of proper room. Where the holes between the hive and boxes are small, they often refuse to work in them.

The best plan is to use the section boxes, or small frames set in a case without bottom, the frames being supported by strips of hoop iron nailed on the lower edges of the ends and partitions between the tiers of frames. The case may be as large as the top of the hive and is put on in May or early in June before the hive is quite filled with honey, by removing the honey board and putting the case in its place. The frames should be close fitting at the sides, that is, if your case is 14 inches wide inside use seven frames with sides two inches wide, bottom and top pieces 1¾ inches. This will give one-fourth inch openings between the frames when placed in the case for the heat to pass up and the bees to enter them by; 4¼ by 4¼, 5 by 6 and 6 by 6 are popular sizes for frames, according to the hive upon which they are to be used.

If you do not care for increase but desire to obtain as much comb honey as possible, watch and when the first case is nearly full of honey, set it off putting an empty one in its place, then set it back on top of the empty one. The bees finish the first and fill the second if the flow of honey lasts long enough, as they abhor a vacuum. A third and even a fourth are sometimes necessary to prevent their becoming idle. If you delay too long in putting on the second they will be likely to swarm if it is a strong colony.

If increase of stocks is desired, either divide them as early in the season as circumstances will allow, or delay putting on a second case until after they swarm. Always remove cases as soon as filled, even if a few cells on the outside next the glass at the sides of the case are not capped over, as it is injured by remaining on a long time, the nice white combs becoming yellowed.

My advice is, don't use any box hives or tobacco smoke as long as any good frame hive and bellows smokers, cotton rags or rotten wood can be had, and never undertake to handle bees in the night or after sunset. PIERCE.

Garrettsville, O.

From the Parsonage.

DEAR EDITRESS:—I have been thinking to-day of the pleasant talk and good advice you gave your Household a year ago, and wondering if you had not better just say it over again, as I am sure much of it would bear repeating. I hope your work is still pleasant and taking it up for another year is not a burden, but an easy task. I have been thinking also of the bereft and scattered households among those included in your large one. How many are lonely to-night? How many eyes that, a year ago, read the gathered thoughts that you give your readers week by week, are closed to all earthly things. Some after long and weary days of weakness and some in the midst of their labors for the good of their fellow men.

But thoughts like these should not tempt us to idle dreaming. There is work to do for those that are still left us. Somebody must take up the broken thread and fallen sword of those that are gone. Let us gather up the dropped mantles of the translated ones, and go back to daily duty. These may seem small, only to sweep and dust and mend and make, only to help on busy days, write a letter this evening, and read aloud to-morrow night, make a call here and do an errand there, be in our place at church and temperance meeting. These are not great things, but if they are our duties we should do and not despise them. Every one at his post, is the way to make the crooked places straight, and the rough places smooth, in this upside-down world of ours. We have spent a quiet New Years at the St. Paris parsonage, but are not as tired, probably, as some who "received" a large number of friends. We expected nobody that failed to come, and, therefore, are not disappointed. There is something comfortable in being old and old-fashioned after all. By the way, we were reminded of how the years are going by in glancing at the lists of young ladies who would be "at home" to-day, published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* suburbans. There were the names of little girls that we knew a little while ago. We gladly give them our seats and get in the corner nearer the fire. Wishing all, the sad and glad a good New Year, we say good night.

MARY E. DUSTIN.

St. Paris, Ohio.

A Possibility.

DEDICATED TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND.

Afar o'er the distant Sierras
The death-angel hovered one day,
And away, 'neath his pinions, he carries
A child whom he found there at play.

While the sorrow-bowed mother still lingers
At midnight alone with her dead,
Thro' trees reach the moon-beam's white fingers,
To play with the shade on the bed.

All over the white cloth that covers
The form now so breathless and still,
They break up the shadow that hovers,
Disposing the fragments at will.

The light and the dark shades combining
Have limned many scenes of the past
And perhaps, with an elfish designing,
Some scenes of the future forecast.

One a woman with clasped hands uplifted,
In posture betokening prayer,
While over her features there drifted
A look that is born of despair.

By the swaying of boughs they are varied,
Now brightened, now almost withdrawn;
But one scene the same ever tarried
Till brushed out by wings of the dawn.

That, tossing with undulant motion
On bellows of moonlight a ship:
And alone on its deck, in mid-ocean,
A man with a pen to his lip,

Who ponders or writes:—His beard flowing
Down to his breast—while his hair,
Long and light, the sea breezes are blowing
Over eyes that are heavy with care.

Do those eyes see the figure white shrouded
She watches alone thro' the night?
And the moonlight drawn scenes that are crowded
All over the covering white?

Do his thoughts, straying west o'er the mountains
See graves in the unresting sands?
Hears he child-laughter bubbling like fountains?
Feels he clutching of soft baby hands?

No culture, alas! of "red flowers"
No training of "tendrils" on "walls,"
Will help him forget these dark hours,
Or this light that on sheeted form falls.

Many suns may arise "in red splendor,"
Many sunsets may guild all the west,
But each shall awaken thoughts tender
Long sought to be stilled in his breast.

Till at last he must list to the pleading
Of nature.—And what is undone
Be knit up again with more heeding,
And the severed united as one.

MAUD INCONNU.

Woodstock, Ill.

The Bastie Glass.

Some time ago a lady was inquiring about the "Bastie" or tempered glass lamp chimneys. Owing to sickness, I could not reply then, so I take this occasion to answer her. I will quote from the "Scientific Miscellany" department of the *Galaxy* for February, 1875, p. 275, which will describe it better than I can: "A large factory is now building in France for the production of the malleable glass discovered by M. de la Bastie. This substance is said to be ductile, so that kitchen utensils can be made of it and used with almost as much freedom as the ordinary ones of iron and copper." Then in the same for April, 1876, p. 567, is mentioned the almost impossibility of drilling, sawing or filing without its flying into minute fragments. And again in the same for March, 1877, p. 420, she will find a case described of an accident similar to that mentioned by our own Rose Geranium, which had happened to an English lady, who had purchased some globes for gas lights directly from M. de la Bastie's manufactory. They may last for years, and then fly into fragments instantly. My mother used one two years, when in half a second there was not a piece as large as a grain of corn. Fortunately no one was near. I was reading in some scientific publication not long ago about this glass, and its peculiarities. Among others of the dishes, etc., into which it was made flying into fragments the same as the lamp chimneys, and the writer—I forget his name—expressed his opinion that there was some relationship existing between this glass and Rupert's drops.

I have been reading Mary's letter in this paper, for December 12th, and wondering if she may not be an old schoolmate. If she will write to box 55, and my address, I will receive the letter; and if it from some old acquaintance I will be real glad to get it, and if not I will answer it any way to the best of my ability.

Some of us here have been wondering why those out West do not get their friends in the East to put up apple jelly in wine casks, or strong barrels and send it to them. They would then have the basis of all the butters—apple, peach, pear, quince, pumpkin etc. The apple and peach butter they could make by stewing the dried fruit until very soft and putting it through a cullender, and then proceeding the same as for the butter with fresh fruit. MYRRH.

A Letter From Busybody.

I thought I would come once more and let you know I am still alive, and not scared out if some of the sisters *did* give me a blowing up. I am not the only one that "catches it." Those much abused girls are away going to school now, and have been since the 1st of October, and I am trying to get along without any of their help, find sometimes I have my hands and heart both full. I enjoyed Polly Anthus letter about waltzing, it suited me to a T. But don't you think those girls who are so weakly they can't assist their mothers, are not able to dance half the night? I know of some that can dance *all* night, but can't help ma, nor hardly wait on themselves at other times, but while Ma does the work they either lie in bed or run to the neighbors to discuss the latest scandal.

Kitty Roe, your boys are not the only boys that wash dishes, for the nicest, manliest little boys I know, wash dishes and do lots of other work. Our three-and-a-half-year-old Eddie thinks he helps Ma, and he does too. I help him lay the table cloth, give him the knives and forks, he places them and turns a plate over them and says: "That is the way our girls does. Now Ma, say thank you." To Alcyone my address is Peachville, Butler County, Pa., if you wish to correspond with me direct to my *nom de plume* it will come all right. What has become of Common Sense, why don't she call again. To the "correspondent" that wanted to know how to prepare willows to make baskets, gather the willows very early in the Spring, tie them in bundles and boil them till the bark will peal off easy, and when you want to use them pour hot water over them or let them soak till they will bend without breaking. If this is not plain enough write to me and I will try it again. BUSYBODY.

A Hairpin Receiver.

I feel like writing a letter to the Household this morning, and thanking Aunt Sophy for her directions for knitting oak leaf edging. As I never knit anything of the kind before, I tried several times before succeeding, but at last I got it right, and think it lovely. Hope anyone will succeed as well in following my directions for hair-pin receiver. To be made out of cardboard and zephyr. Cut the cardboard 12 inches long and six inches wide; work with zephyr in the center, a bird or anything you wish. We bought a sample of girl and dog, and worked on it. Next work a border on the edges lengthwise, then fasten the ends together by lapping half an inch and working with zephyr through and through, and now it will be round. Crochet with zephyr two round pieces to fit the ends, and add a full scalloped border. You must crochet this so as to have it full of holes, in order to stick the hair-pins in. Fasten with zephyr to the end of the cardboard. Fasten a cord to the center of each crocheted piece with balls or tassels to the other end of cords. Tie in a bow knot, and hang up your hair-pin receiver.

Now, will some one tell me how to make a paper holder, and will some one who has had experience in raising birds send me directions, or tell me through the Household how to raise them, as I wish to raise some next Spring. I will be so thankful. BERTHA STANLEY.

Decatur City, Iowa.

What Shall we Do?

I would like to ask Cleopatra a question: What would you have the young folks do (in the way of enjoyment) when they are invited out to spend the evening? Each sit and look at the other until going home time comes? Ah! such nonsense! Do you think we will sit around and do that, in this day and age of the world, and be called drones? Far, far from that; we will have fun if it is in a social cotillion.

I think it is much more respectable than the silly plays that are indulged in at the present day. For my part, I've no use for them and utterly despise them. Although not as old as some of my predecessors, I've seen the folly of such doings. Where will you find a bright, intelligent mind that will mingle in such a set? I believe we were created for something higher and nobler, and in place of elevating our thoughts it degrades them, and causes our minds to be placed on things that we never should think of. I don't believe in all kinds of dancing. I think that what are called "round dances" are just as degrading to us as the last mentioned.

I believe where there is a select crowd and you are personally acquainted with all, there can no harm come from a social cotillion. Hoping to hear from Cleopatra on "What shall the young folks do," I remain, PHENIX.

Garnett, Kans.

A Long Felt Want.

Ever since Rosella Rice inquired for that mop, I have wanted to state my annoyance in hopes of finding help. Now, Rosella, I sympathise with your feelings on that mopping arrangement, but it is not half as disgusting to me to bend over and wring a mop as to bend over the stove in that same room and black my hands and face. No, I can mop or scrub a floor cheerfully, but to take a brush in my hands when they are clean, right from the wash tub, and grime them all over, provokes me. Of course I know how to scrub them clean again, but it makes me mad all the same. I like to see a stove look comfortable, but to-day mine stands here with a very red face—have not blacked it for a week—while I try to find a new method for the treatment of it through the Household columns. Now only one word more, Don't any one suggest putting sugar or molasses in the blacking, for I have tried that to my heart's content and it don't help my case at all. If no body knows of a good method never mind. Perhaps I shall be obliged to wait until some *man* invents a new style of brush or blacking; or better still a stove that will never need blacking.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Longmeadow, Mass.

Planchette, etc.

Can any one tell me what has become of "Planchette," that was of so much interest in the newspapers about 11 years ago. Has it lost the power it was supposed to have? Some one please answer by mail.

Girls don't all write to John P. Schenck just because he can do housework so well. If he is 35 and can't find a wife in the East, where women are so plenty, you may depend upon it he is very particular and dreadfully "set" in his ways; but maybe he would do pretty well if kept real busy. There is one thing in which Eastern men do better than some Western ones: They don't pretend they "can't learn" how to milk, so that in disagreeable weather their wives, mothers and sisters must milk the cows. Even a rather short dress will be soiled and drabbled and fit for the wash tub, as well as skirts and hose. Now, I know I've made somebody mad, but then times have been so peaceful in our Household (thanks to the editress who, I suppose, suppresses all cutting remarks), that it is growing monotonous, and the dear brothers haven't had a chance to say for some time, "I told you so," "Women can't agree," "I knew it would end in a quarrel."

MRS. JOSEPHINE SCOTT,

Wilseyville, O.

Hard on Somebody's Christmas Gift.

I come to have a friendly chat with Mayflower. What is more lovely than a mayflower after the frosts of winter? In my mind's eye I see her in her youth, innocence and thoughtlessness. I, too, was once young and did not stop to consider many things: married a man that used tobacco; and now let me whisper softly in your ear, that tobacco deadens the finer feelings of man, it is the nature of it to do so. Girls, beware of making tobacco-bags for young men, as presents, until there are no suffering little bare feet to knit for, left bare because the fathers must have that means to buy tobacco with.

Oh, how, by experience, I pity those poor women who have to, and do, go with feet, poorly clad, children cold and hungry. *He*, with his feet elevated on the stove, covering it with that abominable filth that no dumb brute would take within his jaws, unless compelled to.

GRANDMOTHER EXPERIENCE.

Lonetree, Kans.

The "Dutch Girl" Hits Mr. Schwartz.

I want to ask a *few* questions. First is one for a friend whose hands perspire so freely that once wearing kid gloves ruins them. Will some one suggest a cure?

Tell me how to get rid of a bunion; it is not painful, but is growing so rapidly.

Shirley Dare, where do you do your shopping?

Were I Minnie, of Boston, Mass., I would feel like boxing James E. Schwartz's ears. No doubt he imagines he is very bright, but, alas! for him, we do not all see through the same glasses. He need not suggest amputation as an answer to two of my questions. I hope every one who can, will send a book to Janet. I wish I could. I want to say to Barry Trevor, that when I was young and in my prime, I once was guilty of answering an advertisement for a correspondent, and as my letter met with a well merited reception—silent contempt—I fear to make another attempt. Do not each think *you* need not answer my questions, that some one else will.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH GIRL.

A Conundrum for Mothers.

I have been picking up bits of wisdom and laying aside the nonsense furnished by the "sisters" for a long time, and yet my wants are not all supplied. First, I want a good recipe for making soap of potash, ammonia, or any other ingredients that will help cleanse clothing without injury. Then I want directions how to knit "fascinators" or shoulder shawls.

Many thanks to the lady for the directions for oak leaf edging. I can knit it nicely. Now I want to know what to do with my little 3-year-old *man*, when he exhausts his hobby horse, is tired of his pictures, can't go out doors, but just stretches his arms up over his head and says "don't know what to do, Mamma." But the thing I must have is a poem by W. W. Storey, Cleopatra and Antony, commencing, "Here Charmion, take my bracelets; they bar with crimson stain." Also, the poem by Longfellow, entitled "Morituri Salutamus." If any of you can send me these in condition for scrap book, I'll give anything getable in this sunny Southern land.—WILD TOUCH-ME-NOT, Montana, Kan.

That Husband of Mine!

In answer to Mrs. L. Bernhardt, let me say I am pleased to have one of the sisters of the Household exactly describe my husband! I didn't know there was a woman in the world that had a husband like mine! You surely know something about having *your* stove hearth used as a spittoon! When *my* husband goes to the office and gets his BLADE, he hardly countenances me or allows me to speak to him until he reads the whole paper; then he will say, "Wife, is supper ready," when he knows there hasn't been a stick of wood cut since morning.

I would like very much if some of the ladies of the Household would send me a pattern for chicken's stockings, as old Bluetail came up unexpectedly with a baker's dozen, and I made a house for them out of boards by driving them in a circle in the ground, then banking dirt up to the outside and covering it with sheet iron. So I would be much obliged to the sisters if they can help me in keeping them, as there is a big snow on the ground and they complain of being cold by their noise.

Billings, Mo. MRS. AMANDA F.

A Pretty Rug.

If any one would like to make a pretty rug for a bed room or sitting room, just ask your dear Charles to bring you a nice clean coffee sack and cut it the size you wish to have your rug, then take some red flannel and cut it in little round pieces about the size of a silver dollar, then sew one row of these pieces all the way round. Now cut black the same way and sew on so as to fit snugly together, and so on till you have two rows of red and two of black, leaving the center bare. you can ravel enough of the edge to make a nice fringe. I have just made one which my Charles says is very pretty. WINNIFRED.

Toledo, O.

Exchanges Wanted, Etc.

I have some choice bracket patterns I would like to exchange for garden-seed or second-hand reading matter.—WM. HAWKINS, Brookfield, Moody Co. D. T.

I have Peterson's Magazine for 1878 which I will exchange, for same year of Ballou's Magazines. All in good condition.—MRS. J. B. CARPENTER, Rippey, Green Co., Iowa.

I would like to send any one the directions for making apples, peaches, pears, blackberries or strawberries in wax. Can also send shadow pictures, slips of house plants or minerals, in exchange for minerals shells or geological specimens.—MISS F. N. SPAULDING, Royalton, Vt.

I have a black worsted shawl and a black fur muff that I will exchange for tidies or books of equal value. Will some of the sisters of the Household please send me some worsted pieces for a quilt, for which I will try to send them something of equal value. All letters promptly answered.—MRS. MERRITT F. GRIFFITH, Jamestown, Charet Co., N. Y.

I would like to exchange the Weekly Oregonian for Arthur's Magazine for 1878; also exchange Arthur's Magazines for 1875-76 for some good book—Uncle Tom's Cabin preferred; also a small box of moss, which is considered very beautiful here, called feather moss—this I will exchange for any good paper.—M. M. STUDEBAKER, Castle Rock, Washington Ter.

I have all the numbers of the Atlantic Monthly for 1864 and 1870. Would like to exchange them—number for number—for Scribner's Monthly, any year, or for Harper's Magazine, for any year previous to 1873. I have also the "Mother's Recompense," bound in cloth, in good condition, which I would like to exchange for some book of equal value.—C. W. VAIL, Quakertown, N. J.

One of the girls wishes me to say that she has a lot of pressed ferns and 100 different kinds of leaves. She hopes there would be some young lady in the city that would like them, and send her some old magazines—Arthur's, Scribner's or Harper's suitable for a girl of 15 years; would like stereoscope views if nothing else. Have seven different colors of sweet william seed; bachelor buttons, five colors; yellow evening primrose seed; love in mist seed, lavender, pansy, four o'clock, or China pinks.—M. A. MAPLE, Strongsville, O.

I have a few sea shells I would exchange for a geode. Some of these shells my husband and myself gathered at Cape Lookout, N. C., during the war. I also have some specimens of coral I would exchange for other kinds of specimens. I have some pressed wings of a full blooded Rouen Drake that I would exchange for stuffed birds, shells or specimens of ore. These wings have a beautiful bar with a changeable color of metallic blue and green.—ALCYONE, box 46, St. Charles, Mich.

Several ladies have written to me to exchange different articles for the dress models. I would say I will exchange them for good books; would like a good work on thorough bass and harmony, Beecher's Sermons, or any books worth the amount ($3). They are printed on heavy cardboard with full printed directions, so any one can use them; will suit the largest lady or smallest child, plain and simple; would exchange for garden seeds; also blue grass seed.—MRS. J. R. DAWSON, Nelson, Cloud Co., Kansas.

I have 28 pieces of sheet music, all in good order, I will exchange for Peterson's magazine, or Ladies Friend. Among the music is the overture to the opera of the Califf of Bagdad, and three or four local pieces; the rest are waltzes, galops, polkas, marches, etc., etc. I want the magazines to have the engravings all in good order. By the way I hear "Merrie," of Johnsonburg, is a fine musician, and perhaps she would like to make the exchange. For further particulars she or any one may address, MRS. J. C. NICHOLS, box 106, Corfu, Genessee County, N. Y.

I have the following books to exchange: Life of Major General William H. Harrison, Our Girls by Dio Lewis, Physiology and Hygiene, by J. E. Dalton, M. D., Freedley's Treatise on Business, Book of Evergreens or Cone-Bearing, Plants by Josiah Hooper, illustrated, Fowler's Phrenology, and The End of the World, by Edward Eggleston, all in good reading condition, will exchange for Seven Oaks, by Edith Lisle and Little Brown Bessie; or any two books for a year's number of Leisure Hours, Appleton's Journal or Harper's Bazar.—M. E. T., box 120, Delta, O.

I have a few books I would like to exchange for any of Mrs. M. J. Holme's or Mrs. Southworth's works. "Love, L'Amour," by Michelet, nicely bound in cloth, containing 242 pages; not a bit soiled, good as new; "A Gift Book for Young Men," also bound in cloth, containing some 300 pages; cover some soiled, otherwise uninjured. "Political Manual," by Mansfield, 340 pages, good as new, except cover little soiled. A few school books, such as Andrews & Stoddard's Latin Grammar, also First Lessons in Latin, Well's Natural Philosophy, Natural History, etc. If any one wishes to exchange, please address—S. E. B. H., Box 53, Stockbridge, Calumet Co., Wis.

I have patterns of grape leaf, match safe, cupid, and cross and crown to hang in the window; also pattern for the front of corner what-not shelves, which any one can make. I have one made of brown paper, pine burrs, acorns, buttons, seeds, peach stones and a little of everything, which is a quaint curiosity, as well as very pretty. I will send any or all of these for quilt pieces. The "quilt fever" must be very contagious. I've caught it, I suppose, from just reading the BLADE. Would like some trailing arbutus, but not until Spring, our Winters being too severe to send it now. I have The Circuit Rider, by Edward Eggleston, cloth binding, and Nicholas Nickelby, by Dickens, paper binding, I would like to exchange for reading matter or the latter for Barnaby Rudge.—ALLIE HENRY, Clarksville, Mo.

I wish to exchange the following books and magazines for others that I have not read. The books are all bound and in good condition. The magazines are partly bound and in good order to bind: The Galaxy, a $4 magazine, six volumes bound, four years' numbers; Rokeby, by Sir Walter Scott; Marmion, by Sir Walter Scott; Husks, by Marian Harland; Romola, by George Eliot; Felix Holt, by George Eliot; Silas Mariner, by George Eliot; Mill on the Floss, George Eliot; Adam Bede, by George Eliot; First Year of the War, by E. A. Pollard; Rural Architecture, by Allen; Home Garden, by Watson; The Poultry Book, by Bennett; The Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors, by Carpenter. Also, York wax beans, an excellent snap bean, and the new tree beans, for other seeds or plants or curiosities. Those who wish to exchange will please send a description by postal card. I have also Dwarf Nasturtion seeds, fine.—J. C. CRISPIN, Savanac, Mich.

Our Young Folks.

Willing Workers.

BY RUTH BARRETT.

"I wonder what we could do, Tommy. Mr. Gordon said each one of us could do something for the missionaries, if we would try. I don't know where we are get *even a cent* to take to Sabbath-school next week, for father didn't get to market to sell any thing last week. He always gives us money when he has it, but he didn't have any to-day," said little Charlie Morrison.

"I wish we could take some money for the collection next Sunday," answered Tommy; "we don't have any pennies for candy to save."

The two boys had just come from Sabbath school, where both Superintendent and teacher had urged the scholars to interest themselves in behalf of the heathen at home and abroad, asking them to deny themselves some toy, or candy, and to bring, on the next Sabbath, one cent apiece for the missionary cause. They had talked about it on the road home, and still continued the subject as they sat in the doorway.

"What is it, boys?" said Mrs. Morrison. "Come in the kitchen, and help me get supper, then I will help you, if I can. Here, Tommy, take the pail and bring some water, while Charlie stems the strawberries for me, and we'll soon have supper ready for father." The boys sprang at their mother's call, each one eager to help, and, while they were at work, told her all about the missionary collection.

"Couldn't you give us a cent apiece, mother; we don't like to go without it."

"I am afraid not, Charlie. Father has not many pennies to spare. Don't you think you and Tommy might earn a little money?"

"What could we do, mother?"

"Well, suppose you try selling strawberries. You heard father say yesterday that he had no time to market any of the berries, the other farm work is pushing him so. It seems a pity to see such fine berries as these going to waste. Now if you will pick the berries, you may carry them to the village with you when you go to school, and perhaps some of the people would buy them of you. You may have the finest berries to sell, and all the money you get shall go to the missionary collection next Sabbath. But you will have to get up early, in order to pick your berries fresh, and sell them before school-time, for I shall expect you to do the chores for me as usual. Now how does my plan suit you?"

"Hurrah! we'll have some missionary money, I guess," exclaimed both boys.

When Mr. Morrison came in to supper, they were eager to tell him all about their plans, and he readily gave them permission to sell all of the berries they could pick. Monday morning came; they were up long before any one else was stirring, and by the time their mother came down stairs, they had the fire made, wood and water all brought in, chickens and pigs fed, and were ready to start for the strawberry patch. Mrs. Morrison took from the shelf a half dozen baskets, such as farmers use to market fruit in, and giving three to each, told them they might fill them, and cautioned them to select the finest, sent them off in high glee, while she prepared the breakfast.

"See, mother, aren't they beauties," said Charlie, as they came in half an hour later.

"Indeed, they are, Charlie."

"Say, mother," said Tommy, "do you think six quarts enough?"

"Yes, perhaps it is more than you will sell, enough to commence with at any rate. How much are you going to ask for them?"

"How much shall we ask," mother, said Tommy.

"Not more than five cents a quart, sell them cheap, and you can dispose of them more readily."

The boys started for the village an hour earlier than usual, in order to have ample time to sell their berries before school. They were somewhat timid in offering them at first, and a little disheartened, after stopping at several houses and finding no sale for them; by the time they reached Dr. Grey's house their courage was almost gone.

"Halloo! youngsters, what have you there?" said the doctor, as they came up on the porch; "berries, as I live, and beauties, too; what are you going to do with them?"

Tom told the doctor all about their plans, and while his eyes twinkled there was a suspicious moisture in them. The doctor said:

"Here, mother, you were just wishing for some strawberries. Here they are right at the door."

Mrs. Grey came to the door, and after admiring them, bought a couple of quarts, paying the boys for them, and telling them to come again the next day.

"Better go up to the squire's, boys; they are expecting company to-day, and will be glad of them, I'll warrant," the doctor called out, as he sprung into his buggy and drove off.

The boys went up to Esquire Lee's house, and found a ready sale for the rest of their berries. Better than that, Mrs. Lee told them they might bring her four baskets of berries every day during that week; and with light hearts they started to school, though the day seemed long to them; they were impatient to get home to relate their success to their mother.

"Only think, mother, we sold them all; isn't that good? Thirty cents for the first day; aren't you glad? You keep the money for us, mother, and we'll sell more to-morrow," said Tom, when he came home in the evening.

"Indeed, I am glad you succeeded so well; after supper you shall tell me your adventures," Mrs. Morrison replied.

Tom and Charlie were interested in their work, and each morning found them ready with their berries to sell; when Saturday night came, their mother counted the money in their cash-box. They found that they had $2.25, all their own. "And he earned it, too," little Charlie whispered, as he gave it to Miss Brent; "it's all for the missionaries." There were no happier boys in the school than Tommy and Charlie Morrison, when the collection was taken up, and the Secretary called out $2.75 for Miss Brent's class; it seemed sweeter to them because they had earned it. They had learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Boots Who Ate a Match with the Troll.

Once on a time there was a farmer who had three sons. His means were small and he was old and weak, and his sons would take to nothing. A fine large wood belonged to the farm, and one day the father told his sons to go and hew wood, and try to pay off some of his debts.

"Well, after a long time he got them to set off, and the eldest was to go first But when he got well into the woods and began to hew at a mossy old fir, what should he see coming up to him but a great sturdy Troll.

"If you hew in this wood of mine," said the Troll. "I'll kill you!"

When the lad heard that he threw the axe down, and ran off home as fast as he could lay legs to the ground; so he came in quite out of breath, and told them what had happened, but his father called him "hare-hearted"—no Troll would ever have scared him from hewing when he was young he said.

Next day the second son's turn came, and he fared just the same. He had scarcely hewn three strokes at the fir before the Troll came to him too, and said:

"If you hew in this wood of mine I'll kill you!"

The lad dared not so much as look at him, but threw down the axe, took to his heels, and came scampering home just like his brother. So when he got home his father was angry again, and said no Troll had ever scared him when he was young.

The third day Boots wanted to set off.

"You, indeed!" said the two elder brothers; "you'll do it bravely, no doubt! you who have scarce ever set your foot out of the door."

Boots said nothing to this, but only begged them to give him a good store of food. His mother had no cheese, so she set the pot on the fire to make him a little, and he put it into a scrip and set off. So when he had hewn a bit the Troll came to him, too, and said:

"If you hew in this wood of mine I'll kill you."

But the lad was not slow; he pulled his cheese out of the scrip in a trice, and squeezed it until the whey spurted out.

"Hold your tongue," he cried to the Troll, "or I'll squeeze you as I squeeze the water out of this white stone!"

"Nay, dear friend," said the Troll, "only spare me, and I'll help you to hew."

Well, on those terms the lad was willing to spare him, and the Troll hewed so bravely that they felled and cut up many, many fathoms in the day. But when even drew near the Troll said:

"Now you'd better come home with me, for my house is nearer than yours."

So the lad was willing enough; and when they reached the Troll's house the Troll was to make up the fire, while the lad went to fetch water for their porridge, and there stood two iron pails so big and heavy that he couldn't so much as lift them from the ground.

"Pooh!" said the lad; "it isn't worth while to touch these finger basins. I'll just go and fetch the spring itself."

"Nay, nay, dear friend," said the Troll; "I can't afford to lose my spring; just you make up the fire, and I'll go and fetch the water."

So when he came back with the water they set to and boiled up a great pot of porridge.

"It's all the same to me," said the lad, "but if you're of my mind we'll eat a match!"

"With all my heart," said the Troll, for he thought he could surely hold his own in eating. So they sat down, but the lad took his scrip, unawares to the Troll, and hung it before him, and so he spooned more into the scrip than he ate himself; and when the scrip was full he took up his knife and made a slit in the scrip. The Troll looked on all the while, but said never a word. So when they had eaten a good bit longer the Troll laid down his spoon, saying: "Nay! but I can't eat a morsel more."

"But you shall eat," said the youth; "I'm only half done. Why don't you do as I did, and cut a hole in your paunch? You'll be able to eat then as much as you please."

"But doesn't it hurt one cruelly?" asked the Troll.

"Oh," said the youth, "nothing to speak of."

So the Troll did as the lad said; and then you must know very well that he lost his life; but the lad took all the silver and gold that he found in the hill-side and went home with it, and you may fancy it went a great way to pay off the debt.

THE OFFICIAL BOTTLE.

It Was Uncorked in the Good Old Days.

New York Graphic.

The criticism upon Evarts is still further intensified by the fact that he set out an ample sideboard of wines and liquors for his foreign visitors, but promptly locked up the sideboard when others began to call.

"I never," said Col. Rangstarter, of Virginia, "realized the mournful change which has come over our national politics until now."

Arm in arm with Major Cottonbloom he was leaving the Secretary's reception room when his roving eye had concentrated itself for many minutes on the Secretary's tightly closed sideboard, while his nose, still keen on such a scent, sniffed the bouquet quaffed by the foreign ambassadors as it lingered in the air.

"In the good old times before the war," continued Col. Bungstarter, "the hospitable open bottle on New Year's was to be found in every cabinet member's reception room. It was always open. It was always filled. With the delicacy which characterized the official hospitality of those days, they did not on an occasion like this even run the risk of conveying an unintentional hint by putting in the cork. No. The New Year's whisky bottle of Buchanan's administration was corkless. It was free alike to Republican or Democrat, friend or foe."

"I was never before so treated on a Washington New Year's day," continued the Colonel. "Treated? What a mockery. Treated? It is a result I have long forseen, long expected. It's this cold, Northern influence. Yes, it's the politico-social cold wave down on us. Below zero? I know it. I feel it." Col. Bungstarter shivered and shuddered. "Lemonade at the White House table. But we could stand that. We knew what to expect. We were prepared for it. Mrs. Hayes is a humane woman. She would not tantalize us by allowing a scent of the roses to hang upon the air. But this man, sir, this figment of a man, this piece of dried parchment, opens his champagne to the bedizened emissaries from foreign courts and denies plain whisky to us, sir—to us, the representatives and standard bearers of freedom throughout the world. It is too much, too much, sir! Ah! We are at Willard's. Major Cottonbloom, have you a quarter about you? I only await the decision on my war claims to—to—but there is no necessity for me to speak of this."

OLD SI'S GOLD PIECE.

How it Burnt a Hole Through His Hand to His Great Joy.

Old Si, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, came in yesterday afternoon, and held out his hand with a bright yellow spot shining in the center of the palm.

"Jess look at dat now."

"That is a very pretty gold dollar."

"Now, ain't dat han'som? Hit minds me of 'fo' de wah, when old Marse used ter gib me one ebery fust day ob de munt."

"Where did you get it, Si?"

"Down hyar at de countin' room. Marse Hemfill gib me hit an' I'm a tellin' yer now hit kinder sot me back!"

"Well, ebber sence freedum, I'se bin pine'n jess ter feel er gole doller—jess ter know dat er nigger's han' wouldn't git burnt if hit touched one, but ebery time I see one hit wuz in er bank winder wid a big glass twixt me an' hit."

"How does it feel now?"

"Well, I dunno. Hit sorter feels awkard like; sorter ez of hit warn't used to sirkerlatin; sorter got de kramps fum too pertractid laziness!"

"But gold is at par now."

"What?"

"At par—equal to greenbacks."

"Dar hit is! I nebber could git de inturn on dis finances bizness. Jess er week ago de greenbacks wuz down—now dey is up; den er gole wuz harder ter git dan er frunt seat at de freemale minstrels — now yer gits de gole doller in prefrunce ter de greenback, an' yer don't want hit."

"Why not?"

"Kase why, dare I'se got de gole doller. Hits a heap littler dan er postidge stamp an' not much thicker, an' dar ain't no gum on hit ter make hit stick in yer pocket. Gole is moughty good, but gimme de doller what hit don't take er two doller pocketbook ter hold, so yer know all de time dat hit's dar."

"Get thee behind me Satan," as the actress said when she kicked the train of her dress out of the way.—*Puck*.

THE ARMY.

Merits of the Burnside Bill

Discussed by Gen. W. B. Hazen,

Cincinnati Commercial.

A *Commercial* reporter called upon Gen. W. B. Hazen, who is now in this City, for an interview on the Burnside bill, now under consideration by Congress. The interview was granted. The General remarked, in introduction:

In the discussion about to open upon the Burnside Army Bill, the staff seems to have already captured the press.

The main force of the opposition to the bill will come from the staff, since the bill strives to effect a thorough change in a portion of it, made necessary by the present lights on military subjects, and this opposition will be united and concentrated.

These changes have already taken place in all other good armies of the world with the same struggle and resistance that will take place in our own, while on account of our Democratic systems, our staff will have a much more effective field for work than any of them. That it should resist these changes is perfectly natural since it will affect its members personally, and no body of men ever gave up willingly the advantages of place and power, and it would be unreasonable to expect it now. But the undue advantages they have for maintaining these prerogatives ought to be understood, while the bill only proposes to equalize them in the whole army. The are able and cultivated men; have seen this contest coming for years, and have prepared for it, while all their stations being in Washington, the seat of legislation, or in cities, the centers of the press, they have facilities for finding both, which it is perfectly natural they should attempt to exercise, while the army itself, the members of which are friends of the reform, are stationed in the remote and frozen Territories, and can not be heard, and who are also known to possess great delicacy in speaking out upon these subjects. Even if they could be heard, the gentlemen of the staff by long acquaintance contact and friendship can impress their views and wishes both upon Congress and the press with a facility and power which the army can not hope to do.

For years they have seen this question looming up before them, to be met sooner or later, they have been preparing their arguments, which are already beginning to appear as pamphlets and editorials, and it is not strange, with these early expressions in print, that we see it published and believed that "the army opposes the bill," because the staff, about the only representatives of the army seen and known, oppose it, just as, at the beginning of the war, it appeared that all the army was joining the rebellion, because the conspicuous officers in it, who had been given place by Southern influences, did all go South while, in fact, but a very small porportion of the army went.

Q.—Is it your judgment that the Burnside Army Bill is calculated to improve the organization of the army?

A. Every page of it corrects some fault, and it can not fail in having a good effect. It is the result of very careful and laborous study, including the entire military plan of our present system and those of other countries, particularly the very great improvements, incorporated in foreign armies, the results of actual war; and wherever changes are made, it is with a view to adopt those well known improvements. Our army has stood still while all others have gone forward. We did not even attempt to incorporate the lessons of the war.

Q. Does it change for better the relations between the line and the staff of the army?

A—It certainly does. A most harmful strife has existed for a long time between the line and staff, growing out of our present fixed staff system, which makes an officer once of the staff always of the staff, thereby creating at once special and opposing interests, the advantages being largely with the staff. They by this system become specialists, and by long separation from the line lose the characteristics of soldiers and become unfamiliar with the needs and spirit of the Army, while they largely control it. Their habitation in Washington, and social relations there, give them great control over Army legislation; and in our country, where the military interest is so weak, there is no sufficient check to legislation of this kind for personal ends.

This bill proposes to correct all this by interchange of duty in line and staff, making the army homogeneous in interest and sympathy.

This interchange has been adopted by every good army in the world but our own.

The bill also creates a general staff, a most important part of armies which we do not possess at all.

Q.—What changes have been made recently giving the staff an undue preponderance in the business of the army?

A.—These changes have not been markedly of recent origin, but have been growing by slow degrees for 20 years. By orders, decisions and rulings of the Secretary of war and acts of Congress they have gained high rank and very great immunity from control of military commanders, until the 10 heads of bureaus in Washington are as near the Secretary of War as the General of the Army, and are in fact distinct commanders of their branches. This is opposed to discipline, harmonious administration and economy, and this independence runs in their own departments down through all grades of the army.

Q—Then you do not look upon our military organization as in the highest degree of efficiency?

A.—By no means. We have no general staff. There are no ways by which bright and intelligent young officers can be rewarded and encouraged. Our staff is usually recruited through favor. The advantages of the staff as now constituted draw many of our best officers into it, where they are practically lost as soldiers, and we have no plan of promotion by which officers can join such rank as to enable the best portion of their lives to be utilized for its best purposes. The portions of the lives of our officers spent as First Lieutenants and Captains should be spent as Majors, Lieutenant Colonels and Colonels.

Q. In what way would the Burnside bill improve the organization?

A. It gives a general staff; it gives interchangeability of duty in the staff and line, ending the feuds between them; it gives opportunity for rewards for enterprise; it betters promotion; it tends to equalize rank in the line and staff; it gives military control over all portions of the army to military commanders, benefiting discipline and administration.

Q. Has the bill a tendency to reduce the expenses of the army?

A. It will to a certain extent, and may very largely if portions of the cavalry are dismounted, in case mounted service is not required.

Q—What would be the better method, in your judgment, of strengthening the regiments?

A—Without finding any fault with the proposed organization, which has great advantages of expansibility, in my opinion the present organization of regiments is very good.

Q—Would not the efficiency of the army be much impaired by the reduction of the cavalry?

A—Upon this subject I have always had special and unchanging views. Considering the great cost of cavalry, nearly three times as great as infantry, man for man, I would have very little cavalry, but mounted infantry, to be dismounted, and the horses sold when not needed. A cavalry horse eats off its head twice or three times every year, and the infantryman on the long chase is the equal, if not the superior of the cavalryman.

Q. Is it understood that there is a serious difference of opinion between the Secretary of War and General of the Army as to the reforms proposed in this bill.

A. I have not understood that there exists any difference of opinion at all between the present Secretary of War and the General of the Army in this respect. On general subjects I know they are in accord, and neither had anything to do in drawing up this bill. The difference sought to be healed in the bill had their origin in the old controversy between General Scott and Secretary Davis, which ended in the practical recognition of the principle, in part at least, of the independence of the heads of military bureaus of the control of the General of the Army. Most of the Secretaries of War after that time, till Judge Taft assumed that duty, favored that idea, as it practically made them commanders of an army, and while they as civilians were unacquainted with military details they of course left all these to the heads of the different bureaus. This put them all, 10 in number, upon the same footing as the General of the Army, and practically independent commanders of their little army corps. And this independence, or scattered authority, reaches down through all grades to the staff officers of posts, to the great annoyance of all commanders, and the destruction of discipline, good administration and economy, just as divided control would do in any other great and complicated interest. As soon as the principle of staff independence in part was recognized, they in the most natural way began to seek entire independence of these trammels of authority, and by decisions, rulings of the Secretary of War and special acts of Congress have during this period not only gained this independence, but have gained statutory authority for it. This they will seek to hold, and in doing so will be the great struggle against the bill. The framers of this bill never sought nor desired to give the General of the Army any authority not properly belonging to him and necessary for the best efficiency of the army, and the cry to the contrary is merely intended to injure the prospects of the bill.

Q.—Is the proposition to abandon the manufacture of arms by the Government an essential part of the Burnside bill?

A.—It is not, and it will greatly endanger the bill unless it is speedily shown to be a decided step in economy. I have been told that the friends of the clause are prepared to show that Government manufactured arms cost many times more than they are reported to cost. But this should be indisputably stated in order to be believed. The Government is usually an extravagant workman, and often omits elements of cost in its estimates.

Q.—What is the state of the equipment of the Army as to batteries? Have we a single field battery that would be fit to go into action with a corresponding arm of any of the European armies?

A.—Our artillery, as compared to that of European Governments, is very unsatisfactory, and could not oppose the light and accurate steel guns now in use by every European power. The Austrian gun of similar pattern and equal merit, is made of a hardened or steel bronze.

Q—Is the Springfield breech loading musket as good a weapon as any that is turned out by any of the private manufacturers, or equal to any in use in Europe?

A—I have not seen these arms complete, and could not satisfactorily answer the question. I will say, however, that while our Springfield gun is a very superior weapon, I was of the opinion that the arms furnished by the Providence Arms Company to the Turkish Government, which I saw in the hands of the Turkish troops, were better, and that the sporting or hunting arms made at private manufactories are usually a better arm than those made by the Government.

Upon the bill generally I believe it highly in the interest of the Government. Of course, some changes may be made, but some such bill must soon become the law. I believe it a great wrong to reduce the number of General officers, and in bad faith to the corps and army commanders of the war who choose to remain in the army with reduced rank, with the tacit understanding that the 16 general positions left to the line were left that they might gradually regain their war rank as a suitable retiring grade for their old age. They have seen these whittled down from time to time, till this law would leave but six, while the staff, beginning at the end of the war with three, have steadily increased theirs, in the way here described, to nine.

The Old Book Publishing Houses of New York.

N. Y. Home Journal.

No name amongst the list of publishers known of lovers of sound literature is more universally or more justly respected than that of Mr. James Miller, who for a long time past has carried on business at 770 Broadway, opposite Stewart's retail store. He has been in the publishing business for over 40 years, and is one of the oldest in the trade in this City, and if we are to judge from what he has accomplished, he is also one of the most able and energetic. He commenced business about 1835, in connection with the late firm of C. S. Francis & Co., whom he succeeded at the end of 15 years. For the last quarter of a century he has done business under his own name, and with marked success. His publications include the best works of nearly all standard authors in miscellaneous literature, poetry, fiction, and moral and juvenile literature. He is also the New York agent for the Universalist Publishing House, of Boston, and of the American Unitarian Association, of Boston, and all the publications of these houses are kept in stock, and furnished at their terms and prices. In some lines Mr. Miller reports an enormous demand, some times far in excess of the capacity of supply. For instance, for the words of Capt. Mayne Reid, he can sell more than he can furnish, and altogether, as he recently observed to one of our reporters, he thinks that the book trade has not had such a good aspect as at present for many years back.

Among recent additions to his list of juvenile books—of which he makes a special feature—may be named the "Mother Goose Series," and "Legends from Fairy Land." Both these series are printed in very clear type and are richly bound, making elegant books for the little ones. Another fine publication, for older heads, is called the "Loves of the Angels," by Thomas Moore. This is also beautifully printed and bound, in cloth, and contains a steel engraving of the author, Thomas Moore, as a frontispiece. But the book to which Mr. Miller is giving his most particular attention, and which will soon be published, is entitled "Evenings with the Poets," and it will contain beautiful selections from Thomas Moore, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tom Hood, Goldsmith, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Osgood, Clarence Stedman and other famous dead and living writers.

The wood engravings are splendidly done, and are the work of Hennessy, Bush, Sol Etynge and other noted masters of the graver. This must certainly prove to be one of the hits of the season. Mr. Miller has had a long and honorable career, and yet at the end of 40 years of experience we find him just as ready to take up a new undertaking for which there is a prospect of success as the youngest man in the trade.

Trying Over Again.

New York Times.

It is not uncommon nowadays for married persons who have been divorced to make new conjugal experiments, and finally marry one another again, and be quite content with a renewal of their first matrimonial experience. They cannot clearly understand how much worse wives or husbands they can get until they have made a fresh trial. A man in Southern Indiana recently separated from his wife because she had such a temper. He said he would as soon live with the devil's daughter; and after he had procured a legal release, he removed to Ohio and found another partner from whom he secured a divorce in six months. He returned to Indiana and resumed his wooing of No. 1. She rallied him on his sarcasm, and he replied that she might be the devil's daughter; but that No. 2 was the devil himself, and he preferred, connubially, any member of the family to the head of it. Capt. Jack Kershaw, of Gonzales, Texas, has just been reunited to the bride of his youth. Incompatibility of temperament separated the young couple 30 years ago. She went back to her father's house in Tennessee with an infant daughter. She married again and removed to Texas, losing her liege during the rebellion. Kershaw married a Tennessee woman and made money; but his wife died, and he then opened correspondence with his former wife, through their daughter, now a mother of a small family in St. Louis, and they are conjoined again. Thirty year's changes one's horizon, and ought to teach wisdom.

The Syracuse *Standard*, the day after the great storm snowed that beautiful city in so deep it took six engines and a snow-plough to look over the top of a small drift, remarked with great gravity that "the chief of police had given strict orders to arrest any boys found bathing in the canals."—*Hawkeye*.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

The Official Agricultural Report

The report of the department of agriculture for December, just issued, says: The corn season closed was a marked improvement in the condition of the crop. The condition returned Oct. 1, was 96.1—not quite so high as October, 1877. The acreage as found by the June returns no material change, being in round numbers 51,000,000 acres, in 1878, and 50,300,000 for 1877. Compared with 1877 the South Atlantic States, show a falling off in production and the Gulf States a slight increase. The States of Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, four of the largest producing States decline considerably, while all the other States north of the Ohio River and in the northwest makes a decided increase, thus making the aggregate crop for 1878 larger than 1877 by some 30,000,000 bushels. The result is the more remarkable as it is the fourth of an unbroken series of large crops.

The oats crop is somewhat in excess of the very large crop of 1877, constituting it the largest crop ever raised in this country. The rate of increase, however, is less than that of the acreage, showing that the average yield per acre on the whole is somewhat less than last year. The Atlantic slope, north of the Chesapeake, showed a decline, especially in the large oats producing region of the Middle States. The Southern coast States, from North Carolina to Texas, uniformly increase their product, but the Southern inland States, as a whole, fell off. The West, Northwest and Pacific States showed a marked increase. The Territories also indicate an enlarged product. The quality of the grain in most of the States is inferior, only Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas reporting a full average. The minimum quality appears in the neighborhood of Chesapeake Bay, though portions of the Northwest also note a marked deficiency of weight and other merchantable qualities.

There is no material change in the barley crop for the year 1878, compared with that of 1877, except that the great product of California, which will be double that of its predecessor. The large producing States of New York, Wisconsin, and Illinois each shows a decrease in the number of acres sowed a slight decrease in yield per acre, while Michigan, Minnesota and Kansas show an increase in both acres and yield. The State of California, which is the largest producing State, increased her acreage from 450,000 acres to 650,000 acres, and almost doubled her yield per acre. The total product for the year 1878 will be, in round numbers, 42,000,000 bushels, while in 1877 the crop was 34,500,000 bushels.

The rye crop turns out about one-sixth larger yield than in 1877. The Atlantic slope, north of the Potomac River, shows an increase of nearly 1,000,000 bushels. The small crop of the Southern States shows a tendency to decline, though West Virginia and Tennessee report increased yields. The other sections of the country report increased yields. The total yield amounted to nearly 16,000,000 bushels. The quality of the crops is below the average in New England, except in Connecticut, and above the average in all the Middle States except Delaware. The crop of the South, on the whole, is inferior, while in all the States of the West, Northwest and Pacific slope the quality is superior, except in Illinois and Nebraska. The crop shows very little change from last year. In many parts of the country there were complaints of injury from the extreme heat and drouth.

The returns of December of the potato crop show no change from the estimate made in November, and there is a large decline in the product for this year as compared with 1877. The acreage planted was, within a small per centage, the same as last year, the difference being less than 1 per cent. The New England and Middle States fell off in production nearly one third; the South Atlantic States increased their small yield of 1877; the States north of the Ohio River declined about one-quarter; the States west of the Mississippi River show a decided increase in production. The leading complaint was the extreme heat, which especially affected the last plantings; in some places it was combined with drought, and in others with excessive moisture, causing rot. The average yield of the whole country will be 69 bushels per acre, against 94 bushels in 1877, thus making a total product, in round numbers, of 124,000,000 bushels for 1878, against 170,000,000 in 1877.

The hay crop is 20 per cent. greater than last year.

Sorghum is receiving increased attention, especially in the trans-Mississippi States and Territories, where the results of a year's culture are noted by different correspondents as very satisfactory. In the Atlantic and Gulf States there is, on the whole, a considerable increase. Virginia reports a product 41 per cent. greater than in 1877. The Eastern slope of the Mississippi valley shows decline. A variety called the "Red-head" is growing in favor with the farmers of South Carolina. In the West the Minnesota amber-cane has produced the most satisfactory results. In Stearns County, Minnesota, this variety is reported as yielding as high as 330 gallons of syrup per acre. Delaware County, Iowa, manufactured 100,000 gallons of sorghum syrup during the year, and found a steady home demand for the whole.

The tobacco crop of 1878 has been secured under exceptionally auspicious conditions of weather, the bright days of September favoring the growth, while the unusual delay of severe frost enabled the plant to mature thoroughly before the knife was applied. Of the large producing States, Virginia, Maryland, Connecticut, and Massachusetts report an improvement in quality. Twelve States, representing the bulk of the total production, compared with last year as follows: Kentucky, 80; Virginia, 73; Missouri, 56; Tennessee, 53; Ohio, 90; Maryland, 84; Indiana, 83; North Carolina, 89; Pennsylvania, 86; Illinois, 50; Connecticut, 85; Massachusetts, 86.

The conditions of fruit growth during 1878 were quite unfavorable. The grape culture of the Atlantic slope was very unsuccessful, especially in the region of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. Many whole vineyards in this section failed to yield anything that might be called a crop. In the South, even the hardy Scuppernong succumbed to adverse climatic conditions and withheld its usual abundant product. South Carolina Florida and Texas report an increased production, but this branch of culture is very limited in those States. All the States of the Mississippi valley report reduced production, except Nebraska, where wine culture is still in its infancy. California, however, reports a greatly increased yield of her peculiar production, which embraces mostly the European varieties of the grape.

The apple crop shows an increased yield in all the New England States, New York, Texas, and the Pacific States. In all other States it shows a falling off, Missouri reporting less than half of last year's crop.

Pears—All the States yield less than last year, except Kansas, Nebraska, and California. The crop suffered most severely in the middle Atlantic region where the yield ranges from half to two-thirds of last year's.

Progress in Sugar-Cane Machinery.

In a moist but otherwise favorable season, and growing on humid soil, sugar-cane will naturally contain more juice than after a dry season and when grown on dry soil. The ligneous parts of the cane remaining the same quantitatively, the juice gained therefrom varies between 60 and 70 per cent, and sometimes even more. Cane generally consists of from 85 to 87 per cent. of saccharine juice and from 13 to 15 per cent. of solid matter. By the present mode of extraction only 75 per cent. of the entire liquid portion is really extracted, while the remaining 25 per cent. is lost to manufacture.

Important as it is in the manufacture of cane sugar to extract as completely as possible the juice from the cane, the methods employed for this purpose are still far from satisfactory. The premium offered in 1876 by the General Council of Guadaloupe of $20,000 for a new perfected apparatus for expressing cane juice was awarded to Mr. Duchassaing. According to his method the cane is first treated as in the ordinary mill; then the fibrous mass is moistened in hot water and submitted to compression in a mill consisting of three cylinders, similar to the one used for the first compression.

Another premium of $20,000 is now offered to the inventor who, before the 1st of June, 1880, will find a new way by which the quantity of sugar obtained from 100 parts of cane will be raised to 14 parts, whether this end be attained by a better mode of expression or other means. The commission appointed to award the prizes gives the following figures, which has been possible previously and what it required now. The old method, as before 1876, gave a quantity of sugar, 9.40 per cent. used; result obtained by Mr. Duchassaing, 11.01 per cent., as at present the increase by maceration and repression being 1.61 per cent. It will be seen that the product was, compared with the result of the old method, increased by Mr. Duchassaing's process in the proportion of 6 to 7, and that in order to obtain the premium in 1880, the inventor must be able to show an increase of 25 per cent., to the quality realized by Mr. Duchassaing.

The Revue Industrielle, which gives a minute description of the construction and workings of the three-cylinder mills of Rousselot's system, which are better known and more generally introduced than any others, says that by continued experiments cylinders have been constructed in such dimensions and are worked at such an initial velocity of rotation—thereby exercising such a pressure, that the maximum quantity of juice is obtainable by one single compression from a given quantity of cane, and it is clear that no matter how powerful an apparatus is employed, we shall always be only able to produce incomplete exhaustion. Of all the means employed to overcome this difficulty, soaking or moistening the compressed fibrous mass in hot water, submitting the same again to pressure, and repeating this several times, has been found to give the best results.—*New York World.*

The Swine Plague.

Dr. Detmers, V. S., who was selected by the Commissioner of Agriculture to investigate the prevalent disease among swine known as the "hog cholera," has given to a correspondent of the *Country Gentlemen* the following concise statement of the results of his investigations during the two months he was engaged in making them.

He made 54 post mortem examinations, paid 55 visits to 26 different herds of swine, undertook and carried to conclusion two sets of experiments on two seperate "bunches" of young and matured swine, and, in addition to these labors, accepted every opportunity of informing himself on many points as to the whole course of the conduct and management of swine breeding. The disease was found under nearly all forms and affecting nearly all organs and tissues. Though in many respects the subjects of the 53 post-mortems were wholly differently affected there was something common to all of them. The disease attacks every part of the animal, especially the tissues of the lungs, lymphatic glands, all mucous and serous membranes, the heart, the liver, the spleen and the skin. The most characteristic changes are found in the cæcum and colon, and occasionally in the intestines.

The form which the disease takes appears to depend on the season of the rain-fall, the temperature, the diet, and the local surroundings, and in some respects runs parallel in its symptoms to concurrent sickness in human subjects. Thus the same exposure, exciting climatic, malarial or atmospheric causes, which produce typhoid fever, pleuro-pneumonia, pneumonia, tuberculosis, typhus, quinsy, diphtheria, etc., in the human family, seem to affect swine in a similar way, and the feeding lots and the farm house are often stricken down by diseases in many respects similar. But in one respect there is a very broad and distinct difference in the diseases as they affect the human subject and swine. While in the case of the human subject none of the disease above named are held to be contagious in the strict sense of the word, and not all of them infectious, Dr. Detmers pronounces the "swine plague" both contagious and infectious. This fact the commissioner established to his satisfaction, in several experimental cases, in which by the inoculation of several subjects with the blood or serum of affected animals he succeeded in producing the disease in some form, which in most cases proved fatal. Indeed the case is pronounced contagious and infectious as the pleuro-pneumonia among horned cattle, and measures of the most stringent character are recommended to prevent the spread of the plague. Dr. Detmers claims to have made the discovery of the cause of the disease, finding it in countless multitudes of bacteria which swarm in the blood, the serum and all the diseased organs and tissues. These monsters (they are a ten thousandth by seven-thousandth of an inch respectively in length and breadth) are not in any organs or portions of the healthy swine, but they were numerous in the virus with which the healthy swine were inoculated, and under which the majority succumbed. There can be no successful medication for the disease; therapeutic treatment is out of the question, and on this point the report will be decisive. The remedial treatment must be wholly one of different and improved surroundings, and bettered conditions of life and living in every respect. When herds are attacked they must be sequestered from other herds or destroyed and when individuals are attacked the same course must be pursued.

Durability of the Catalpa Wood

At the late meeting of the Ohio State Horticultural Society, E. E. Barney, Esq. of Dayton, read an essay on the catalpa tree and its economic uses. Mr. Barney has been for a number of years engaged in gathering reliable information respecting the Catalpa, and has reached the conclusion that it is the most valuable wood with which he is acquainted. He exhibited many samples of the wood among others pieces taken from a bar-post that had been in the ground 75 years, sections from the post below the surface, and sections showing the holes in which the bars were inserted, all showing a remarkable degree of preservation, and that it would have been good for at least another quarter of a century. He also exhibited samples showing that it was capable of a very high polish, and gave the results of many experiments, to prove its value as railroad ties, building timber, etc.

There are two varieties of Catalpa found in this country, both of rapid growth. One is the common or late-blooming variety, which is liable when young, to be killed down by very severe Winters, but acquires hardiness with age. The bark of this variety is light colored, thin and comparatively smooth, is somewhat of a straggling grower when planted singly, but in groves seems to grow erect and well shaped. The other variety is of an erect habit of growth, and hardy, and for that reason the most valuable variety for planting. It is called the early blooming, and has dark colored bark, rough or furrowed, resembling the black locust of the same age.

Deep and Shallow Plowing.

Few subjects attract more attention and give rise to more discussion and want of agreement than that of the depth of plowing. Many do not consider the very important fact that deep or shallow plowing depends upon the nature of the soil. The truth is, there are many soils in which if one plow deep he may find great profit in so doing; but on the other hand, there are thousands and thousands of acres of land where it is sheer madness to plow deep. On flat clay land where water cannot drain rapidly away, and where the lack of drainage is the bane of the cultivator, it is found by experience that a shallow but rich surface soil is much better than a deeply stirred one. And the reason is obvious. If water be an injury, and it cannot get into the soil by reason of the hardness of the subsoil the rain will pass over the surface to the open ditches, which always have to be made in a flat country. If we loosen such soil deeply we only harbor more of our liquid enemy, and this counterbalances what otherwise might be a good thing in a deep soil. Besides these, there are other considerations. If the surface soil be poor, and we turn this down into a still poorer subsoil, we bury what little good there might have been in the surface soil far below the reach of the roots.

A little learning is undoubtedly a dangerous thing in farming. There is no department of industry wherein circumstances alter cases more than in this. While deep plowing is an excellent thing when circumstances suit, there are innumerable cases when it is wise to go the other way.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-fifth Congress—Second Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.

Sen. MATTHEWS introduced a bill to refund to Faran & McLean certain internal revenue taxes alleged to have been erroneously assessed and collected. Referred.

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate the proceedings of the Convention held in Chicago in November last, for the promotion of American commerce. That part referring to commerce was referred to the Committee on Commerce, and that part referring to railroads, to the Committee on Railroads.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of unfinished business, being the bill to amend the patent laws, and Sen. MATTHEWS stated at length his objections to the bill.

The amendment submitted by Sen. Morgan, several days ago, providing that "whenever the Court shall be of the opinion that the suit of plaintiff or defense of defendant was vexatious or malicious, or the infringement was wilful, the Court may award against the party guilty of such vexatious or malicious conduct, or said infringement, such sum, by way of counsel fees and expenses of the suit, as it shall deem just and reasonable," was agreed to.

After discussion, the bill was laid aside, with the understanding that it should be unfinished business tomorrow.

After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. GOGDE moved to embrace in the benefits of the pensions bill officers and privates of the marine service.

Mr. SINNICKSON offered an amendment granting pensions to soldiers who served 60 days in the military or naval service of the United States in the war of 1861 for the suppression of the rebellion.

Mr. WILLIAMS (Or.) moved to amend the amendment so as to include the survivors of the Oregon and Washington Indian wars in 1865-6. Adopted on a standing vote.

On Mr. Sinnickson's amendment the ayes were 87 and the noes 79, and, on a vote by tellers, the amendment was agreed to—96 to 88.

Mr. HEWITT (Ala.) moved to strike out of the bill the portion granting pensions to survivors of Indian wars, and also the amendment just adopted, on motion of Mr. Sinnickson.

Mr. BURCHARD offered, as a substitute, an amendment striking out of the first section everything but the direction to the Secretary of the Interior to place on the pension rolls the names of surviving soldiers, including militia and volunteers of the military and naval services of the United States, without specifying any particular war.

Mr. HALE offered an amendment to the substitute, so as to leave in the section simply the amendment just adopted in relation to the late war.

Mr. BURCHARD accepted the amendment.

The vote was then taken on the substitute by tellers, and resulted: Yeas, 97; nays, 97.

Chairman EDEN cast his vote in the negative, and the substitute was defeated.

The Committee, without further action, rose.

The SPEAKER announced the following appointments to fill vacancies in committees: Judiciary, Forney (Ala.); District of Columbia, Townsend (Ill.); Foreign Affairs, Acklen; Militia, Young (La.); Expenditures in the War Department, Bailey (N. Y.); Expenditures in the Department of Justice, Young (La.)

The Committee on Appropriations was instructed to make an appropriation to the widow of the late Julian Hartridge, of amount equal to the remainder of his salary as a member of the Forty-fifth Congress. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.

Sen. VOORHEES submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Indian Affairs to inquire into the circumstances which led to a recent escape of Cheyenne Indians from Fort Sill, Tex., and their slaughter by United States forces. Agreed to.

Sen. ALLISON, from the Conference Committee on the Military Academy Appropriation bill, submitted a report, which was agreed to. The House having agreed to the report yesterday, the bill now goes to the President.

Bills on the calendar, not objected to, were considered under the five minute rule.

The House bill for the payment to officers and soldiers of the Mexican war of three months extra pay, provided for by the act of July 19th, 1848, led to a long discussion.

Sen. EDMUNDS submitted an amendment to make the act apply to those who served in the late war.

The House bill reported from the Committee on Ways and Means for the issue of certificates of deposit of the denomination of $10, bearing interest of 3 per cent., and convertible at any time into four per cent. bonds, was taken up and discussed.

HOUSE.

In response to the resolution the Speaker submitted a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury transmitting a supplemental statement of the balances on the loan account in coin standing to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States in national bank depositories on the 1st of January, 1879. The aggregate amount of balances was $4,689,168. The larger amounts were: First National Bank of New York, $19,107,948; National Bank, State of New York, $7,155,054; Bank of New York, National Banking Association, $5,551,411; Madrick National Bank, Boston, $4,842,999; National Bank Commerce, New York, $2,216,928; Second National Bank, New York, $1,512,526; Monument National Bank, Boston, $1,088,521. The remainder is distributed among 33 banks, in some varying from $300 to $900,000.

Mr. WOOD, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, reported back a bill authorizing the issue of certificates of deposit in aid of the refunding of the public debt. The bill authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to issue, in exchange for lawful money, United States certificates of deposit, of the denomination of 10 dollars, bearing interest at the rate of three per cent., and convertible at any time, with accrued interest, into four per cent. bonds authorized to be issued, and directs that the money so received shall be applied on 5 20 bonds.

Mr. KELLEY (Penn.) submitted an amendment so as to make the certificates convertible, with accrued interest, after six months, into lawful money, and at any time into four per cent. bonds.

Mr. WOOD called attention to the bill as introducing a novel feature into the affairs of the Government. So far as the producing classes were concerned, it would afford the poorer classes an opportunity of investing their small earnings where they would be safe and secure, and not subject to the instability of private corporations. It was proposed by this bill to make a National Savings Bank, where there would be positive and absolute security for every dollar deposited by the poorer classes, and the result of which would be to make these classes of the people copartners in the Government itself. Another effect of it would be to cement fraternal concord throughout the land.

Mr. KELLY said that the only provision in the bill which was characteristic of a savings bank was, that the Government would receive deposits as low as $10. There was no other. His amendment proposed that these certificates should be convertible at the end of six months, with accrued interest, into lawful money. Without that amendment the bill was a snare and a trap for the poor, and a disgrace to the Government. With it, the bill would be safe for the people, and beneficial in its effect on the funding operations of the Government.

Mr. Banks said he was in favor of the general provisions of the bill, but if it went into operation, its first effects would be to induce the depositors in savings banks to withdraw their deposits. This would compel the savings banks to go to their securities. They must foreclose their mortgages, and this foreclosure of mortgages and sales of real estate would take from the remaining depositors nearly the whole security they now had in savings banks that were sound.

Mr. BURCHARD said that, though the bill was not very unobjectionable so far as it went, he should prefer a measure that had been reported last session, for the establishment of Government savings banks. He argued in favor of the latter measure.

Mr. BUTLER opposed the bill as a delusion and a snare.

Mr. GARFIELD said that the less legislation there was on the finances the better. The country was getting on well, and he would not favor any radical change in the present order of the currency laws. But here was a bill that was greatly misunderstood. In the work of refunding, the present Secretary of the Treasury had abandoned the syndicate and invited all national banks—markedly all depository banks—to take hold of the work and aid him in transferring six per cent. bonds into four per cent. bonds. He now believed that he could make the work of refunding proceed yet more rapidly by going beyond the banks and dealing with the people directly. This bill proposed just that thing. It was not a proposal to make a savings bank of the Treasury. The amendment of the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Kelley) put a savings bank feature into it, but not one broad enough to fill the idea of a savings bank, while it substantially took away the purpose of refunding. He believed that the bill as it stood would be very efficacious in hastening refunding. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Butler) said that the bill would distress the poor man, and he (Garfield) had more faith in the poor man. One of the elements of strength in France arose from the fact that 5,000,000 Frenchmen held the bonds of France, and that day on which 3,000,000 American laborers were holders of United States bonds, would be a day when the occupation of those gentlemen who tried to raise a row between the bondholders and the poor people would be gone. He was anxious for the death of demagoguery, and that the people should become interested in the debt of the nation. That would be a great protection for the public credit. It would hasten the day for refunding the debt. If labor and industry were to be encouraged, the Government must get out of the way as a competitor for loans.

Mr. PHILLIPS opposed the bill. He desired to offer an amendment providing for the deposit, in any postoffice which is a money order office, of any amount not less than 25 cents, to be forwarded to the United States Treasury, and an account kept with the depositor, who shall receive interest at the rate of four per cent., and that when this sum shall amount to $10, it shall be convertible into certificates provided for by the bill.

Mr. WOOD declined to yield for the amendment.

Mr. TOWNSEND (O.) favored the bill.

The debate having closed, Mr. BURCHARD offered an amendment that, in lieu of the certificates provided for, the Secretary of the Treasury shall, if desired, enter on the books of the Treasury, to the credit of any one presenting or forwarding it to the Treasury, any sum not less than $1, and shall allow interest thereon and credit the same quarterly at the rate of three per cent. per annum, and shall establish rules and regulations for the withdrawal or payment of such deposits; provided that, when the sum of $1,000 shall have accumulated to the credit of any person, four per cent. bonds shall be issued in discharge and payment of it.

The previous question was seconded and the main question ordered; yeas, 132; nays, 94.

The first vote was taken on Mr. Kelley's amendment, that the certificates shall be convertible after six months into lawful money, and at any time into 4 per cent. bonds. The amendment was rejected; yeas, 81; nays 151.

The next vote was taken on Mr. Burchard's substitute, and it was defeated; yeas, 69; nays, 158.

Mr. Springer moved to lay the bill on the table.

Mr. BUNDY moved to adjourn, and the yeas and nays were ordered. During the roll call, the hour of 4:30 arrived, at which time the House had agreed to take recess until 7:30, but the Speaker ruled that the call should be completed, and it resulted, yeas—77; nays—126, and the House, at 4:30 took recess until 7:30.

During the day, Mr. HUNTON offered a resolution, which was adopted, for the payment to the children of the late R. B. Douglas, of the remainder of his salary as a member of the Forty-fifth Congress.

EVENING SESSION.

The House resumed consideration of the bill authorizing the issue of certificates of deposit, the first vote being on the motion of Mr. SPRINGER to lay the bill on the table. This was defeated—yeas, 78; nays, 115, and the bill then passed—yeas, 117; nays, 72.

Mr. WOOD, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill making United States notes receivable for duties on imports.

Mr. GARFIELD stated that he desired to offer an amendment providing that such notes should be receivable so long as they were equivalent to coin. [Cries of "no, no."] He did not propose, for one, to shut off the supply of coin to meet the interest on the public debt in case any calamity should happen to the country.

Mr. WOOD, acting as the organ of the Committee, yielded to the introduction of the amendment, and the previous question was ordered.

Mr. HARRISON (Ill.) to Garfield—Has the gentleman any doubt about the success of resumption?

Mr. GARFIELD—I have no doubt of the success of resumption, unless, by such a bill as this or some other hostile legislation, resumption is destroyed.

The amendment was then defeated—yeas, 73; nays, 125.

Mr. GARFIELD—Believing this bill to be a serious attack upon resumption, I move to lay it on the table.

The House refused to lay the bill on the table.

The bill then passed, yeas—154; nays—43. It simply provides that, after the passage of the act, United States notes shall be received in payment of duties on imports.

Mr. WOOD also reported a bill to facilitate the refunding of the National debt.

The House then adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.

Sen. WINDOM, submitted the following:

Resolved, That with a view to the peaceful adjustment of all questions relating to suffrage, to the effectual enforcement of Constitutional and National rights, and the promotion of the best interests of the whole country by the elimination of sectionalism from politics, that a Committee of seven Senators be appointed by the Chair, and charged with the duty of inquiring as to the expediency and practicability of encouraging and promoting by all just and proper methods, a partial migration of colored persons from those States and Congressional Districts where they are not allowed to freely and peacefully exercise and enjoy their constitutional rights as American citizens, into such States as may desire to receive them and will protect them in said right; or into such Territory or Territories of the United States, as may be provided for their use and occupation, and if said committee shall deem such migration expedient and practicable that they report, by bill or otherwise, what, in their judgment, is the most effective method of accomplishing that object, and that said Committee have leave to sit during recess.

Laid on table for the present, at the request of Sen. Windom, and he gave notice that he would call it up soon and submit some remarks.

Sen. DORSEY submitted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of all appropriations and expenditures from the National treasury for the purpose of paying the expenses of the Indian Department, from July 1st, 1790, to June 30th, 1878. **Agreed to.**

Sen. THURMAN, from the Committee on Judiciary, reported with amendment the Senate bill to extend the operation of the act of February 27, 1875, to provide for settlements with certain railway companies for one year. Placed on calendar. (It refers to various Southern roads.)

The House bill providing for the payment of arrears and pensions was taken up, on motion of Ingalls.

House bill to regulate inter-State commerce, known as the Reagen bill, was taken up in the Committee of Commerce and referred to a sub Committee, consisting of Sens. Spencer, McMillan and Dennis.

Sec. Robeson was before the House Naval Committee this morning, and made a statement in explanation of his course in relation to the completion of the double turret iron clad monitors.

Sen. KERNON favored the pension bill.

The morning hour expired, and, by unanimous consent, unfinished business being the bill to amend the postal laws, was laid aside informally that the Senate might continue with the bill granting areas of pensions. Considerable discussion ensued, and a number of amendments were offered, which were rejected.

The bill was then read the third time and passed—yeas, 44; nays, 4.

The bill, as it passed, reads as follows:

An act to provide that all pensions on account of death or wounds received, or disease contracted in the service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, which have been granted, or which shall hereafter be granted, shall commence from the date of death or discharge from the service of the United States.

For the payment of arrears of pensions and other purposes, be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that all pensions which have been granted under the general laws regulating pensions, or may hereafter be granted in consequence of death from a cause which originated in the United States service during the late rebellion, or in consequence of wounds, injuries or disease received or contracted in said service during said war of the rebellion, shall commence from the date of death or discharge from said service, of the person on whose account the claim has been or shall hereafter be granted, or from the termination of the right of the party having prior title to such pension; provided that the rate of the pension for the intervening time for which the arrears of the pension are hereby granted, shall be the same per month for which the pension was originally granted.

Sec. 2. That the Commissioner of Pensions is hereby authorized and directed to adopt such rules and regulations for the payment of arrears of pensions hereby granted as will be necessary to cause to be paid to such pensioners, or, if such pensioners shall have died, to the person or persons entitled to the same, all such arrears of pension as the pensioner may be or would have been entitled to under this act.

Sec. 3. That Section 4,717 of the Revised Statutes, which provides that no claim for a pension not prosecuted to a successful issue within five years from the date of filing, the same shall be admitted without recorded evidence from the War or Navy Department of the injury or disease which resulted in the disability or death of the person on whose account the claim is made, provided that, in any case in which the limitation prescribed by this section bars further prosecution of claim, the claimant may present through the Pension Office to the Adjutant General of the Army or Surgeon General of the Navy, evidence that the disease or injury which resulted in the disability or death of the person on whose account the claim is made, originated in the service and in the line of duty, and if such evidence is deemed satisfactory by the officer to whom it may be submitted, he shall cause a record of the fact so proved to be made, and a copy of the same to be transmitted to the Commissioner of Pensions, and bar to the prosecution of the claim shall thereby be removed, be and the same is hereby repealed.

Sec. 4—No claim agent or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services in making application for arrears of pension.

Sec. 5—That all acts or parts of acts, so far as they may conflict with the provisions of this act, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Not having been amended by the Senate, it now goes to the President for his signature.

The Senate then resumed consideration of unfinished business, being the bill to amend the patent law.

Pending the question, being on an amendment by Mr. Matthews, but no quorum voting, a call of the Senate was ordered. After a quorum responded, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of executive business, and, when the doors re-opened, the house bills to facilitate the refunding of the National debt, to authorize the issue of certificates of deposit in aid of refunding the public debt, and the House bill to make United States notes receivable for duties on imports, were referred to the Committee on Finance.

The Senate then took a recess until 7:45 P. M., for the purpose of attending the Prof. Henry memorial services in the House at 8 o'clock.

Upon reassembling at 7:45, on motion of Sen. EDMUNDS, the Vice President was directed to adjourn the Senate until 12 o'clock to morrow, when the return of that body from the ceremonies in the House, and the Senate, at 7:50, preceded by its officers, repaired to the hall of the House. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Senate returned to its chamber, and, in accordance with the previous order, adjourned.

HOUSE.

The SPEAKER announced the regular order to be the consideration of a bill reported last night from the Committee on Ways and Means, to facilitate the refunding of the National debt, and the pending question to be on the passage of the bill.

Mr. MILLS asked Mr. Wood to yield for an amendment subjecting all bonds hereafter issued to taxation. Mr. Wood declined to yield for the purpose, and the bill passed without division.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill for the improvement of the Mississippi levees.

After some discussion, it was decided to continue the debate on the bill next Wednesday evening, the previous question then to be seconded and the vote to be taken Thursday.

Mr. COBB introduced a bill to authorize the local taxation of legal tender notes.

Recess till 7:45 P. M.

Upon reassembling, memorial services in honor of the late Prof. Joseph Henry were held in the presence of a vast audience, the President and Cabinet, Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, United States Senate, the alumni of Princeton college, and members from various societies with which Prof. Henry had been associated occupied seats on the floor. Addresses were delivered by Vice President Wheeler, (after the reading of an address of Sen. Hamlin, who was unable to be present) Pres. Withers, Professors Gray, of Harvard, and Rogers, of Boston, Representative Garfield and Cox (N. Y.) and Gen. Sherman. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Byron Sunderland, and, the invited guests having retired, the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Sen. SAULSBURY submitted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the amount of commission or other compensation paid bankers, brokers, firms, companies, syndicates or individuals for services in negotiating the sale of United States bonds or securities, from 1872 to the present time; what amount has been paid to any such persons for services rendered in refunding any of the bonds of the United States, and also whether the interest has been paid on the called bonds, and, at the same time paid on bonds sold to redeem such bonds, how much double interest has been paid on each class of bonds, and how much money has been allowed to remain on deposit in national banks designated as depositories.

Discussion arising, the resolution was laid over.

The credentials of Senator Houston (Ala.) were presented.

At the conclusion of the morning session, consideration was resumed of the bill to amend the postal laws.

The act amendatory of the patient laws came up as unfinished business. pending question, being on Mathews amendment offered yesterday, Senator Mathews withdrew his amendment.

Other amendments were offered and voted upon, but the proceedings were frequently interrupted by the absence of quorum and calls of the Senate.

Sen. WALLACE, for himself and Sen. Bayard, asked that they be excused from service on the Teller Committee. After discussion the request was granted, and the Vice President appointed Senators McDonald and Randolph to fill the vacancies.

Sen. PLUMB introduced a joint resolution providing for the payment of 50 per centum per annum of the amounts required by law to be withheld from certain railroad companies for transportation services rendered for the Government. Referred. The bill is in accordance with the recommendation of the Secretary of War.

Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the private calendar.

On motion of Mr. Gunter, Chairman of the Committee on Private Land Claims, the Senate bill was passed defining the manner in which certain land scrip may be assigned and located by actual settlers.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the private calendar.

After laying aside several bills to report to the House, the bill was reached for the payment of $20,000 to the trustees of the Protestant Episcopal Seminary and high school in Virginia, for the rent of the buildings during the war.

Quite a lengthy discussion ensued, the opponents of the bill asserting that it was a war claim, and the friends of the measure stating that it was just a bill for the rent of property, and that the Government was as much bound to pay rent for this building as for any other building occupied by it.

Without reaching a vote the Committee rose and the House adjourned till to-morrow.

THE 19TH!

Execution To-day of Martin Bergin, the Molly Maguire Murderer.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Jan. 16.—Martin Bergin was hanged at 10:40 this morning, for the murder of Patrick Burns, at Tuscarora, April 15, 1870. He is the

NINETEENTH MOLLIE MAGUIRE

already hanged for murder in this State. Two others, Peter McManus and John O'Neill, the alleged murderers of Hesser, at Shamokin, December, 1875, are yet to be dealt with. Bergin's wife was with him much of yesterday and last evening. At midnight he retired, but passed little time in sleep, praying the greater part of the night. At 4 o'clock he dressed and continued his devotions until about 6, when he

TOOK LEAVE

of his old companions and fellow prisoners, and was joined again by his wife. At the 7 priests arrived, and mas was offered, which occupied till about 9 o'clock. Bergin then ate some bread and butter and eggs, and drank a cup of coffee, and immediately afterwards resumed his devotion. At 10:37 those authorized to be present assembled in front of the scaffold. The procession was formed in the corridor, and headed by Sheriff Matz and Warden King, marched down to the prison yard. Fathers Gallagher and Brennan were on either side of the condemned, who

HAD A LIGHTED CANDLE

in his hand. Behind were the prisoner's councel, deputies and jury. Bergen mounted the scaffold quickly and with firm steps, and smiling faintly as he turned toward the Sheriff, who asked whether he had anything to say. He replied, "I have nothing at all to say. I will die like a game man. That is all I have to say." When his wrists were ironed, he kissed the crucifix and then fastened it behind his vest, having previously held it in his hand. After the

ROPE AND CAP

had been adjusted, he called after Warden King, who was leaving the scaffold to come back and shake hands. This was done, and at 10:40 the drop fell. Only a few convulsive movements were perceptible. A quarter of a minute after the drop fell the pulse ran up to 160 but gradually died away, and in four and a half minutes respiration ceased. At 10:50 Bergen was declared dead and cut down. The body is to be taken to Shenandoah this afternoon and be buried there Saturday.

THE COOLNESS

displayed on the scaffold by Bergen exceeded that of the other Mollie Maguires, and excited much comment.

BERGIN'S CRIME.

On Good Friday morning, 1870, Patrick Burns was assassinated at the behest of the powerful Mollie Maguire order, which was in the zenith of its power. The victim, Patrick Burns, a young Irishman, was a clerk at the colliery of Socarez & Co., near Tuscarora, Schuylkill County. He had incurred the ill-will of some of the Mollies, from the fact of having reported to his employes some of their misdoings about the breaker, and for which these men were docked a certain percentage of their wages. For this "terrible" action on the part of Burns he was reported to the order, and it was voted that he should die: and Martin Bergen, then a young man scarcely out of his teens, and one John Kane, were the parties selected to do the job. The arrangement was that as Burns would pass a certain point on his way to work, the murderers would lay in ambush and kill him as he passed. This was done to the letter, Bergen firing the fatal shot at a signal given to him by another party waving a handkerchief. Immediately after the murder several arrests were made, but as each of the parties arrested proved what was an easy matter in those days, (an alibi), nothing further was done, and the bloody deed seemed to have been forgotten, until Detective McParlan, of the Pinkerton Agency, some years after, by his disclosures, laid bare the hidden secrets of the organization. Those implicated, who had previously terrorized the whole Anthracite coal fields, commenced to seek safety in flight. Among that number was Martin Bergen who first went to Colorado, and afterward, fearing arrest there, fled to Canada. He left a wife and two children in Pennsylvania, but after he had been in Canada a short time, he again married a woman with whom he was living when he was arrested. Since his incarceration his lawful wife has done all in her power to save the wretch who deserted her for another.

Kane the man arrested with Bergen, was afterward discharged for want of sufficient evidence to convict, but is liable to arrest at any time when proper evidence is forthcoming.

EWING'S IDIOCY.

Amendment Offered to the Bill Providing for the Repeal of the Resumption Act.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The House Committee on Banking and Currency to-day authorized Representative Ewing to offer the following amendment to the bill now pending on the calendar of the House providing for the repeal of the Resumption Act:

"Provided, that money hereafter received from any sale of bonds of the United States shall be applied only to the redemption of other bonds bearing the highest rate of interest and subject to call; and, provided further, that whenever, from time to time, the proceeds of the sales of the bonds shall aggregate $3,000,000, the Secretary of the Treasury shall issue a call for that amount of bonds to be redeemed, and the interest on the bonds called for redemption shall cease in 30 days from the date of such call; and provides further that all United States notes received in the Treasury shall be re-issued and kept in circulation without change in the aggregate amount of the several denominations existing on the 31st of May, 1878, and it shall not be lawful to issue legal tender notes of larger denomination than $1,000. The vote of the Committee on the adoption of the amendment was as follows: Ayes—Buckner, Ewing, Yates, Hartzell, Fort—5; nays—Hardenberg and Eames—2. Bell, Hart, Chittenden and Phillips were absent.

At a meeting of the Committee on Ways and Means, Mr. Gibson moved to reconsider the vote by which the Committee, on Monday last, decided to recommend changes in the sugar tariff. Lost, ayes—5; nays—6.

Sums It Up.

Buffalo Express.

"Show me a negro who votes the Democratic ticket," said a witness before the Teller Committee yesterday, "and I will show you a hypocrite or a fool." That appears to sum it all up.

THE POTTER COMMITTEE.

A Man who Confesses to Forgery and Several Other Misdeeds.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Witness Kelly testified that the name of Jeffrion was forged by D. P. Blanchard, a clerk in the Governor's office. None but the witness and Blanchard were present at the time.

By Mr. Cox—Did anybody approach you as to the character of the evidence you should give before this Committee?

Ans.—I was approached once by a gentleman named Maddox. He was introduced to me by Col. George W. Carter, and said he came in the interest of the Committee, or from the Committee. He came to the place where I was stopping, and had a conversation with me, the purport of which was that he was employed by high authority from this Committee to ascertain what my testimony would be. He offered as an inducement for me to testify, that no questions should be asked to the injury of me or of any of my friends. The object of the Committee was, he said, to make political capital for Tilden against Thurman. As a further inducement to testify, I was told I could go to off a considerable distance—even to San Francisco—and could then be summoned back, profiting by the mileage.

The witness was examined at considerable length by Gen. Butler. He said, among other things, that Blanchard, who committed the forgery to the name of the certificate, is dead.

Gen. Butler—You say that Blanchard not only had an opportunity to forge the signature alone without being seen, but that he called you to witness, asking, "How is that for high?" What answer have you to make to that?

Ans—That's what he did.

Q—Was there any particular intimacy between you and Blanchard?

A.—I was in a different position from the other messengers. I could write when the force of the office was short.

Q—Have the kindness to write the name of Jeffrion.

A—I decline to do so.

Q—Write your own name.

The witness did so, saying, "That is my signature."

Q—Now give me your signature as it used to be.

The witness did so, and in further reply to questions, he said that he had one signature for letters to friends and another for business.

Q—Why do you make a difference in signatures?

A—The matter concerns myself, and I make a difference in my signature because I choose.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because it suits my pleasure.

Gen. Butler next referred witness to the sentence in his letter to Mr. Potter, in which he said: "If I could see the electoral certificates I could show forgery of the name of Jeffrion as well as that of Levisee. I have made marks on them to prove this beyond a doubt and to show you the men who did it." Gen. Butler exhibited to him the certificates and asked him to point out the marks of which he spoke in his letter.

Witness replied that the difference was in the hand-writing and make-up. These were the marks he designated—no others.

Chairman Potter wished to say, with respect to one statement of the witness, (Kelly) that he never authorized Maddox, Col. Carter or anybody else, to speak to witness in regard to his evidence, or otherwise.

Adjourned until Thursday.

The counsel of Secretary Sherman, Judge Shellabarger, said this afternoon that the examination of St. Martin would depend upon future developments of the Committee.

THE ARMY BILL.

Assumed Defeat of the Burnside Bill—Banning's Substitute.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The House Committee on Appropriations to-day devoted the session—nearly five hours—to detailed consideration of the new measure reported from the sub committee, of which Hewitt is Chairman, for possible incorporation into the Army Appropriation bill, in view of the expected failure of the bill reported from the Burnside Committee. The new measure, in all its essential features, met with the approval of the full committee, but after some discussion it was unanimously agreed that formal action upon it should be deferred a reasonable time to afford Banning an opportunity to test the sense of the House upon the Burnside committee bill. Nevertheless, there is very little reason to doubt that most, if not all, of the provisions of the new measure herewith stated, will be reported by the committee as a part of the forthcoming appropriation bill. They are substantially the following: A reduction of 20 per cent. shall take place among the staff officers. This makes necessary the retirement of 101 of these officers. The bill further provides that the heads of the staff departments shall hold the uniform rank of Brigadier General, and opposes the recently advanced propositions that the staff officers be appointed, at intervals, from the line, and that the positions of staff and line officers may be interchangeable. It is further proposed, by the bill, that the army shall hereafter consist of 32 regiments—eight of which are to be cavalry, four artillery, and 20 infantry. Battalion organization is also provided for, and it is stipulated that most of the proposed reductions shall be made by refusing to fill vacancies, caused by death or otherwise. The bill provides that all officers over 62 years of age shall be retired. The President, however, is authorized, in his discretion, to continue officers in service until they are 65 years of age. Incompetent officers may be retired by an examining board to be called in the discretion of the President, who is also commander-in-Chief of the Army, and any officer who resigns shall be entitled to receive three years' pay after such resignation. In short, the theory of the bill is to reduce the army 20 per cent. by failure to fill vacancies as they occur. In accordance with this plan, the offices of General and Lieutenant General are, upon the death or the present incumbents, to be abolished; and the number of Major Generals is to be reduced to one—he to be Chief Officer of the Army. The number of Brigadier Generals of the line is reduced to six.

The Teller Committee.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 14.—The Democratic members of the Teller Committee complained that, owing to indictments against certain witnesses, the taking of testimony for their side would have to be postponed.

Edwin Craighead, of the New Orleans Times, and N. T. Gordy, Sheriff of St. Mary's Parish, testified regarding the attack on Newman, and the destruction of the election returns. The testimony was circumstantial, and goes to prove that the object of the destruction of the returns was to render the exercise of the appointing power by the Governor a necessity. The object of attacking Newman was to quiet him regarding the visit paid him a short time before by Willie Wilson, who claimed the possession of the returns in Newman's hands by virtue of a telegram he professed to have from the State Attorney General.

T. S. Schaeffer, of St. Joseph, recalled, testified to the killing of an Irish laborer by a negro Constable, and the lynching and shooting of the Constable by a band of armed whites. No names given.

Gaspre DeCair, of Point Coupe, a member of the Legislature, testified that he heard that several negros were whipped and beaten by whites. He understood it was because the negros organized revolutionary bands, endangering the lives and property of the whites.

Charles DeCraig, of Caddo, Deputy Marshal, said that there were two dead negros at Caledonia the day after election; understood that the negros were killed election day. The witness noticed at the Greenwood poll some names not counted. The reason given was that the votes were in the wrong box.

* * *

'Here,' said the managing editor of the *London Times*, to a young editor, who hadn't learned the ways of the office, "here," he said, handing him 21 columns of proof, "you'll have to cut that down; make a paragraph of it." "What is the maximum length of a paragraph?" asked the young man, gazing mournfully at his squib. 'Four columns," was the reply. and the young man destroyed the article and left the paper, saying there was no use in staying on a paper that wouldn't allow a man enough space to elaborate a useful thought.—*Hawkeye.*

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

The Monarchists Trying to Alarm the People at the Prospect of Radical Supremacy.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—A Paris dispatch says: "The Left have fully made up their minds to have the Ministry, and are determined to remove all but Republicans from office and to carry out the wishes of the electoral body, especially as regards the Ministry of War.

The Left would have liked to have had Gen. Faidherbe for War Minister but his physical infirmities compelled them to select Gen. Farre, and it was Gen. Farre whom M. DuFaure proposed for office but Pres. McMahon refused to sanction the appointment, and threatened to resign if it was insisted upon. M. Dufaure yielded and assented to the appointment of Gen. Gresley. All persons acquainted with the relations between President Mac Mahon and Gen. Gresley are aware that the appointment is equivalent to a refusal to allow the Chambers to have proper constitutional control over the War Office. As long as Gen. Gresley is in office, there will be no reforms, and no changes in great military commands. The Marshal retains his hold over the Administration and over the Army, which the Senate claim for themselves, and which they are determined to have.

Another Paris correspondent regards the situation as very critical. The overthrow of the Cabinet, he says, would lead to President McMahon's retirement and Government by the extreme Left with revolutionary program, which would profoundly derange society throughout France.

RUN UPON THE BANK OF LONDON.

Great Excitement Among the People, and Further Trouble Feared.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—An enormous crowd has assembled in Lombard street and great excitement prevails over the reported run on the Bank of London and the County Banking Company. A dispute about a cab fare in front of the bank attracted a crowd. This was about 11 o'clock. It soon began to be noised abroad that the bank was in trouble, and the crowd increased. A genuine run on the bank was begun, and the street ever since has been blocked with people. A corps of policemen is keeping order. There is no unusual excitement inside the bank. The bank has a good many branches in the suburbs, and the rumor spreading may cause such a drain on the cash as to bring the concern into difficulty.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

Rev. DeWitt Talmage Says that He Did Not Drown His Wife and Then Marry Her Sister.

Rev. Mr. Talmage's Last Sunday's Sermon.

But while the falsehoods of which I have spoken may somewhat have stirred your humor, there is one falsehood which strikes a different key, for it invades the sanctity of home, and must arouse the indignation of every fair-minded man, woman and child in the land, when I tell the story. It has been stated over and over again in private and public circles that about 16 or 17 years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill River with my wife and her sister—my sister in-law—that the boat capsized, and that, having an opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister,

I LET MY WIFE DROWN

and saved her sister, marrying her in 60 days. I propose to nail that infamous lie upon the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me. One beautiful morning my own sister by blood relation, Sarah Talmage Whitenack, and her daughter Mary, being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed that we go to Fairmount Park. With my wife and my only daughter, she being a little child, and my sister Sarah and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just come to Philadelphia, I was ignorant of the topography of the suburbs. Passing along by the River Schuylkill, I saw a boat and proposed to take a row. I hired the boat. We got in the boat, and not knowing anything of the dam across the river, and unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw some one wildly waving on the shore, as though there were danger. I looked back, and looked back, and lo! we were already

IN THE CURRENT OF THE DAM.

With a terror that you can not imagine I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over, the boat capsized; my wife immediately disappeared and was drawn under the dam, from which she was not brought out until a week after. I, not able to swim a stroke, hung to the bottom of the boat, my niece hanging on to me; my sister Sarah clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us. After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead, and rolling her over a barrel as watermen are accustomed to do when trying to resuscitate the drowned, she began to breathe. A carriage came up, and leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill River, and with my little girl semi-unconscious and in a dying state, the blood rushing from nostril and lip as she lay wrapped in a shawl on my lap, and my sister Sarah and her child, we rode to our desolated home. Since the world was created

A MORE GHASTLY AND AGONIZING CALAMITY

never happened, and that is the scene by which ministers of the Gospel and men and women pretending to be decent attempt to injure my influence, and concerning which they have been merry. My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the spot. So far from being a sister in-law, the two were entire strangers. They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill did I even know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that disaster she was introduced to me by my brother, her pastor, Rev. Geo. Talmage, now of Paramus, N. J. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church, on Harrison street, South Brooklyn. Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, now pastor, and hundreds of people in the Church and neighborhood remember her as

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND GLORIOUS SOULS

that God ever created. My present wife, whose name was Susie Whittemore, was a member of the Reformed Church of Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story, with hundreds of people on the banks of the Schuylkill to witness our terrible landing that day of calamity, and hundreds of people within a half hour's walk of this place who knew Mary Avery, my first wife, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint who knew my present wife, Susie Whittemore. What do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that which has been manufactured out of whole cloth? I never have spoken of this subject before in public, and I never shall again, but I give fair notice that if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after his affirming this slander, I will pay the informers $100, and I will put upon the criminal vagabond, the loathsome and accursed wretch who utters it, the full force of the law.

Singular Sleighing Accident.

From the Binghamton Republican, Jan. 14.

An accident, startling in its nature but fortunately not disastrous in its results, occurred on Court street, near Fayette street, yesterday afternoon. The eastern part of Court street has been used during this Winter in a dangerous and unlawful manner for a race-course for fancy horses, and since the present sleighing came there has been almost incessant fast driving between the public square and the Water Works. George Smith was driving down the street, not at a very rapid rate of speed, and turned out to pass a slower team in front of him. He was on the right-hand side of the street, as he should have been, and reined toward the center. As he reined out Albert Ostrander, who was driving upon the same side of the street, turned out in the same direction to meet the same team. The result was that the thill of George Smith's cutter swept over Ostrander's cutter and forked Ostrander, who was dodging, in his side, penetrated his overcoat and coat, and picked him out of his seat and carried him several rods before the horse could be stopped and he released,

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

At Washington Jan. 14, the Ways and Means Committee authorized Chairman Wood to report to the House, with favorable recommendation, the following pending measures: A bill making United States notes receivable for duties on imports; a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to exchange four per cent. bonds of the United States for six per cents. at the pleasure of the holders thereof, and a bill providing for the remittance of taxes upon insolvent savings banks.

At Washington Jan. 15, the Democratic Senators held a caucus to consider their course on the resolutions recently submitted by Edmunds declaring the last three constitutional amendments duly ratified; that laws already enacted for their enforcement should be faithfully executed, and that Congress should further provide for their enforcement by additional legislation. After some discussion the subject was referred to a Committee of seven, headed by Judge Thurman, to report to a future caucus. A Committee of three, with Sen. Morgan, Chairman, was appointed to report what further action, if any, should be taken to secure a repeal of both sections of the revised statutes which prescribe test oaths for jurors in the United States Courts.

The Washington National Republican, of Jan 15th, announce the discovery of the fact that the names of the seven electors of Arkansas, in 1876, are all signed on the back of the envelope containing the electoral certificate of that State in the writing of the same person. The story runs that, when acting Vice President Ferry received the Arkansas certificate, he discovered an irregularity therein, in the absence of the signature of the electors from the back of the envelope, and permitted it to be sent back to the State for correction, the same as he did in the case of the Louisiana certificates. When it was returned to him he presented it to the two Houses in joint convention, and the seven votes of the State were counted for Tilden and Hendricks.

A dispatch says the standard silver dollar will be furnished by the Treasurer of the United States, free of expense, for checks on New York in his favor, for certificates of deposit issued by any United States sub-Treasury or depository national bank, for greenbacks or bank notes. The above should be in sums of $1,000 or its multiples.

The *Republican* of Monday print the following upon the subject of the New York nominations: "It is now very generally conceded that the New York Custom House nominations will be eventually confirmed. No action will be had in the premises, however; until after a reply has been received from Collector Arthur by the Senate Commerce Committee to the charges alleged against him in the executive message sent to the Senate last Wednesday; these charges are capable of a ready and satisfactory explanation, in the opinion of Senator Conkling and his friends, and if they are so explained the rejection of the pending nominations of Merritt, Burt and Graham may ensue; but it is confidently believed in administration circles that they cannot be so easily answered or disposed of. Among them is an explicit charge that owing to Gen. Arthur's remissness, the Government lost $375,000 per annum of the customs duties on kid gloves; $3,000,000 per annum on silks, and $6,000,000 on sugars. Although it is proper to add that a portion of this loss on sugars is not directly chargeable to the New York Custom House.

At Washington Jan. 20, Democratic Senators in caucus agreed upon a substitute for Edmunds' resolution declaring the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments equally valid with other amendments to the Constitution. The substitute while recognizing the binding force of the amendments, named, regards Senator Edmunds' resolution as proposing legislative action in conflict with decisions of the Supreme Court, particularly in the Cruikshank case, holding that the Constitution does not confer the right to vote on any one, but simply confers the privilege of freedom from any discrimination on account of race, color, or previous condition, and that the regulation of suffrage belongs exclusively to the several States.

At Washington Jan. 20, the Senate and House Sub-Committees on census in a joint meeting substantially agreed upon all the main features of the bill introduced by Cox, excepting the provision in regard to the manner of appointing census supervisors.

A Berlin dispatch says a popular vote throughout Switzerland has resulted in a large majority in favor of subvention to St. Gothard and other Alpine railways.

A dispatch says the Potter Investigating Committee will meet Wednesday morning, and if the extra appropriation which will be asked for is granted by the House, they will probably at once commence the investigation of the cipher dispatches. Nothing further has been heard from Sherman or Shellabarger as to the evidence of St. Martin and Charees, and they will not be called to the stand.

Representative Turner's bill to regulate the charges for the Pullman palace cars and other sleeping cars, patented by the United States, provides that it shall be unlawful to charge more than $1 for the use of the same by one person for 24 hours, under penalty of a fine of not less than $500 nor more than $5,000 imposed upon the corporation, and any person violating the provisions of this act shall be liable to a fine of $100 and imprisonment for three months for each offense.

EAST.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 15, Parish & Company's striking miners resumed work at 10 per cent, reduction of wages. The Plymouth Division mines resume to-morrow. The reduction lasts till the first of April.

At New York Jan. 21, a Queenstown telegram says there is no chance of saving the steam ship Oberon, from New Orleans for Liverpool, that stranded off Kinsale. A certain amount of cotton and oil cake has been saved. It is blowing a gale and the rain is falling in torrents.

WEST.

At Helena, Mont., Jan. 15, the Territorial Legislature organized, Mitchell, President; Ward, Speaker. The Governor's message says that he has a proposition from a responsible party to take the entire bonded debt of the Territory, $74,000, now drawing 10 per cent., at 6 per cent., free from taxation, or 8 per cent. if taxed. Owing to insufficient Congressional appropriation to pay the expense of the Legislature, a concurrent resolution was introduced that the House be adjourned on the 18th of January without a day.

At Denver Jan. 15, F. W. Pitkin was inaugurated Governor. His message is devoted entirely to State affairs.

N. P. Hill, Manager of the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company, was also elected United States Senator, receiving over a two-thirds vote in both branches of the Legislature. The Democratic votes were cast for W. A. S. Loveland.

SOUTH.

At Montgomery Jan. 16, the Senate adopted the following:

WHEREAS, Interference by officials of the United States in popular elections is justly regarded by the people of this State as an evil of great magnitude, and,

WHEREAS, The manifest purpose of such interference, in part at least, is to influence and control the action of the State in selecting electors for the President and Vice President of the United States, therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on Federal Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the selection of Electors for President and Vice President by the General Assembly until the acts of Congress authorizing interference by Federal authority are repealed.

Information has been received at the Department of Justice of the arrest, by warrant of State or municipal authority, in Alabama, of United States District Attorney Mayer and United States Marshal Turner, the latter being now in jail and the former released on a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by United States District Judge Bruce. The circumstances are that the Municipal or State Court in Selma issued subpœnas to District Attorney Mayer, Marshal Turner, and Denmock, Clerk of the Court, commanding them to appear and bring before it the ballot boxes and ballots used in the election last November. These ballot boxes and ballots were, at the time in question, being used by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court, sitting at Montgomery, as evidence in certain cases therein pending indictment for violation of the election laws of the United States. The State Court assumed that they were required by it at Selma for similar uses in certain cases for the violation of the State election laws. The officers made due return as to process served upon them to the effect that the ballot boxes and ballots were not in their possession or under their personal control, but were in the custody of the United States Circuit Court. When the process had been thus returned to the State Court, the judge of the latter instantly issued writs of attachment for the bodies of Mayer and Turner, and directed their commitment for contempt. The District Attorney, Mayer, at this juncture telegraphed Attorney General Devens for instructions, and was advised to prepare himself for release under writ of *habeas corpus* in the event of the execution of the threat to arrest him. This he did, and being arrested at Huntsville last Saturday, whither he had gone in attendance on his official duty, he was released on a writ issued by Judge Bruce, but Marshal Turner, who was not thus forewarned, was arrested and committed to jail. At the latest account he was yet in custody, and under the laws of the State regulating commitments for contempt of State Courts, would remain in confinement for five days, subject to immediate recommitment as soon as released, or another five days so long as the charge of contempt rests against him. Meanwhile the ballot boxes and the ballots remain in possession of the United States Court. The case in which they are to be used as evidence, has been adjourned until April.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

At London Jan. 15, the rise in the price of silver to 50 pence per ounce was in consequence of the demand for India and a further advance in India and Chinese exchanges. Germany is not offering any of its stock of silver at the present rates.

A Cablegram says the North Wales Miners' Association resolved to vote £7 to every member of the Union who desires to emigrate to America, and £14 to emigrants to Australia. Notices were posted on Saturday by the iron trade Employers' Association in the iron ship building yards and foundries in Liverpool and the district around, of a reduction of wages of 7½ per cent. after the 31st of January. It is thought the men will strike.

The Right Honorable Mr. Foster, in speaking at a soiree at the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, said he did not deny that the strength of protection in the United States was particularly disheartening, but he thought no threat of imposing counter duties would have any effect. The United States would only thereby be provoked to make issue to see which side was the strongest. Besides such a policy would be impracticable, because to bring a serious pressure on the United States, it would be necessary to tax such vital necessities as wheat and cotton.

The North Wales State Quarrymen's Union has offered the same premiums to members who will emigrate as those offered by the North Wales Miners' Association, namely: £7 to those emigrating to America, and £14 to those desiring to go to Australia. The Quarrymen's Union offer £2 additional to those emigrating west of Chicago. It is believed many will accept, as the smaller quarries mostly remain closed.

Germany.

At Berlin Jan. 19, the North German Gazette denies the sensational reports relative to Germany's intended action towards the Samoan islanders, and states that Germany will merely keep a sufficient naval force in the neighborhood to retain possession of two small ports on the Island of Upola which she has seized and will hold as a pledge until the Samoan Government grants Germany her treaty rights.

Bismarck is preparing to submit to the federal counsel a law for the regulation of railway tariff. Bismarck has written and caused to be published a letter appealing to the agricultural community of Germany to afford him their united and vigorous support to his work of fiscal reform; he refers to his new duties to be levied upon imported corn and cattle, and expresses the opinion that such taxation has become an unavoidable necessity.

France.

A dinner was given Thursday, at the Palace d'Elysee, the residence of Pres. McMahon, in honor of ex-Pres. Grant. Among the invited guests are Gen. Grant and family, M. Waddington and Gen. Noyes and wife, Miss King, Miss Stevens, members of the Chinese embassy, representatives of San Salvador, Buenos Ayers, Chili, Guatamala, Peru, Columbia and Uruguay, and a number of French Generals and Admirals.

Afghanistan.

At Calcutta Jan. 17, an official dispatch says that the Kohistani chiefs attempted to create a disturbance and plunder Cabul, but Yakoob Khan induced them to withdraw. The Ghilzai chiefs are urging Yakoob Khan to make friends with the British. Afghan deserters confirm the reports of the disorganization of their army. There had been slight marauding disturbances in the Khejuk Pass, but the marauders were punished.

Rumelia.

At St. Petersburg Jan. 17, the Agence Russe says: "The proposal to extend the functions for the organization of Eastern Rumelia, has received the assent of all the powers, and such prolongation does not constitute a violation of the treaty of Berlin. The Russian administration of government in Eastern Rumelia also is thus prolonged until the labors of the organization of the Commission are all concluded."

GOV. HOYT.

He Is Inaugurated With Great Ceremony.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 21.—The inauguration of Gov. Hoyt took place to-day. The procession, with its banners, music and the diversified uniforms of the different corps, made a splendid and pleasing spectacle. After Gov. Hoyt delivered his address the great crowd was dismissed with a benediction, a salute was fired. In the evening there will be a display of fire works, and Mrs. Gov. Hoyt will hold a reception.

The inaugural rejoices at specie resumption, and says henceforth we are to produce and exchange actual things, and not gamble in fictitious values. With regard to the maintenance of the government by the ballot with equal political rights for all, the address says Pennsylvania's attitude on this question is known wherever her name is known, and she will insist upon its enforcement in every State as certainly as her mountain peaks point toward heaven, and her rivers roll to the sea.

THE TOBACCO TAX.

It Will Probably be Fixed at Twenty Cents a Pound.

Special Telegram to the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The Senate Finance Committee, who are expected to report upon the tobacco tax this week, are divided upon the question of reduction, and it is possible that two or three reports may be made, thus leaving the matter to be decided by the Senate. In case, however, that an amendment is inserted lowering the import duty upon licorice from 10 to five cents a pound, the Committee may compromise upon a tax of 20 cents a pound upon tobacco, since the less cost of the licorice would virtually reduce the tax to 19 cents. A strong pressure is brought to bear in favor of the House bill which lowers the tax to 16 cents. It is not probable that this will pass. Senator Morrill strenuously opposes any reduction whatever, upon the ground that the Government cannot afford the loss of $11,000,000 yearly revenue, his estimate of the decrease in receipts if the bill is passed. The tax will probably be fixed at 20 cents. Urgent appeals are constantly coming from tobacco manufacturers to the Senate, that its action shall be speedy, as the agitation of the subject has had the effect to paralyze this industry, and the trade will continue to be depressed so long as the question remains unsettled.

The Great Chance!

Seventh Drawing Commonwealth Distribution Company, at Louisville, on 30th inst. Only a few more days left. Brilliant array of cash prizes. Tickets only $2. Seize the opportunity. Orders will be filled up to evening of 29th. Address T. J. COMMERFORD, Sec'y, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Fifth Congress---Second Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.

Sen. COCKRELL introduced a bill to provide a uniform national currency; to retire the notes of National Banks and prohibit their incorporation and their issue of notes; to utilize silver and silver coin, and to provide for the reissue of coin and bullion certificates; to provide for the redemption, or payment of the bonds of the bonds of the United States and the issue of bonds bearing a lower rate of interest, and to provide for the expansion and contraction of paper currency to meet the business interests and wants of the country. Laid on the table at the request of Sen. Cockrell who desires to submit remarks in favor of the measure.

Sen. MORGAN submitted the substitute agreed upon in the Democratic caucus for Senator Edmund's resolution concerning the suffrage and later constitutional amendments. Laid on the table.

The consideration of the bill to amend the patent law was resumed.

The pending question being on the amendment of Sen. Davis, (Ill.) that it shall not be lawful to grant any reissue of any patent for any invention except the invention which was embraced in the original patent. After a brief discussion it was agreed to.

Various amendments were discussed and rejected. The bill having been considered in Committee of the Whole, was reported to the Senate, the question being on concurring in the amendments made in the Committee.

Sen. WINDOM moved to lay aside the bill temporarily and take up the Naval Appropriation bill. In explanation of his motion Sen. Windom said his object was to procure time to prepare an amendment, which would make the bill more acceptable to his constituents.

Pending the discussion, the Senate went into executive session, and when the doors reopened the Vice-President laid before the Senate a communication from the Attorney General in answer to the Senate resolution as to whether certain lands granted to the State of Indiana by Congress, to enable that State to open a canal through the public lands to connect navigation with the Wabash and Miami rivers and Lake Erie, have reverted to the United States, and if so what action is necessary to enable the Government to obtain possession thereof. The Attorney General suggests the appointment of a commissioner to examine said canal, and to report whether it has been abandoned, and no longer used as a public highway. Should he report in the affirmative, Congress may declare a forfeiture, and authorize the Attorney General to institute legal proceedings. Referred to Committee on Judiciary. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Mr. POTTER asked leave to offer the resolution authorizing an investigation of the cipher dispatches and to have it adopted under supervision of the rules, but Mr. Butler having objected to that on the grounds that he wished to debate the resolution, it was agreed that Mr. Butler should report it to morrow after the reading of the journal.

The resolution recites that certain alleged telegrams in cipher have been published indicating that attempts were made, after the Presidential election of 1876, to influence by money, or other fraudulent methods, the vote of electors or the action of the canvassing officers in the States of Florida, South Carolina and Oregon, it therefore ordered the committee on the investigation of election frauds to inquire into the same, and into any other matter connected with such election, which, in its judgment, may be proper, with power to send for persons and papers, and to report at any time; also the appropriation of $10,000 for the purpose of defraying the expenses.

Mr. KNOTT, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported a resolution to defray the expenses of the Davenport and Blodgett investigations ordered by that Committee. Adopted.

The House then went into a Committee of the Whole, Mr. Hartzel in the chair, on the bill to provide for the statement of all outstanding claims against the District of Columbia, and conferring their jurisdiction thereof on the Court of Claims.

Mr. EDEN opposed the bill as conferring unlimited jurisdiction and opening the doors to all sorts of claims for damages in connection with the change of grade, etc.; he offered an amendment limiting the jurisdiction to the case of contracts arising since 1871.

The amendment, with some slight modification was agreed to, and the Committee then rose.

The bill was reported to the House and passed.

Mr. SPRINGER introduced a bill to secure to the people of every State equal and just representation. Referred.

It provides that, after the next census, the Legislature of each State shall apportion the State under the census of 1880 so as to provide that when more than two members are elected in a State the State shall be divided into districts of three members each, as far as possible, and when there are two odd representatives, that is, over three or six or nine, etc., there shall be one district consisting of five members. In districts consisting of three members every elector shall vote for only two members of Congress, and in districts entitled to five members, every elector shall vote for three members. He presented in connection with this bill a statement showing that, under it, there could have been elected at the last November election from the Southern States 32 Representatives, instead of 60, a Republican gain of 28, while the Democrats would have realized a like gain in the North. That the grand result would have been the same, but that the Republican majorities at the South and the Democratic majorities at the North would have been equally represented in Congress and that the 4,000,000 colored population could not control the election of 22 members in the following States: Alabama, 3; Arkansas, 1; Georgia, 3; Louisiana, 2; Mississippi, 2; North Carolina, 3; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 2; Texas, 2; and Virginia, 2. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.

Sen. MORRILL from the Committee on Finance, reported bills without amendment to the House. The bill was passed by the House on the 16th inst., for the refunding of the National debt, was placed on the calendar.

Sen. MATHEWS presented a bill to prevent the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases in the United States, and to establish a Board of Public Health. Referred.

Sen. CHAFFEE—A joint resolution directing the cancellation of one and two dollar notes, was laid on the table, to be called up by Chaffee hereafter.

HOUSE.

Immediately after the reading of the journal of the House of Representatives Mr. Potter called for action upon the resolution presented by him yesterday, directing the Committee on Investigation of Election Frauds to inquire into the cipher dispatches, and appropriating $10,000 to defray the expenses of such inquiry.

Mr. Butler opposed the resolution on the ground that Congress had no jurisdiction over the private correspondence of anybody, and that he was a private man who had no public position; besides, Congress should not take part in the slander of any public man to satisfy the curiosity of anybody in the House or out of it.

Looming Up.

Philadelphia Press.

Sec. Sherman is now looming up as the coming Governor of Ohio. As the soft-money people of that State are probably pretty well satisfied with greenbacks on a gold basis by this time, the Secretary would be popular with the best men of both parties.

Too Much Draft.

Philadelphia Times.

The great need of the Eastern section of the country in winter is to have a higher backyard fence and to keep the back alley-gate closed. We get entirely too much draft from the boundless and illimitable West.

Mr. Moody, criticising the self-conceit of many reformed drunkards and others, once said: "You might as well be full of rum as full of egotism."

'WEALTH, INTELLIGENCE, EDUCATION."

They Drag a Negro from His House and Cut His Throat.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 17.—Before the Teller Committee, Abram Thomas (colored), of Bass plantation, Tensas parish, testified: During the late election met a body of armed whites, who chased witness; that night the same men came and took Charley Bethel, a colored man, out of his house, shot him and cut his throat. Witness don't know the parties; was frightened away; now working on the river.

J. Ross Stewart, a prominent colored politician of Tensas, and a member of the Legislature, testified: Threats of violence prevented the Republicans nominating a ticket. At the Democratic convention Col. Reeves made a speech saying that he would make no threats, but the white men were determined to carry their ticket; all opposition would be quietly removed; the ticket was to be carried if they had to go through fire. He made a motion as one firing a gun. The next day a committee of three came to my house and told Bryant Neely and myself that any opposition on our part would be looked upon as a declaration of war. In regard to the establishment of a color line by the negros, the witness explained that he got friends to support him for the office of Sheriff. They signed a paper to that effect, but instead of putting my name on the paper they simply wrote "a colored man." This was the only fact upon which was based the report that I had persuaded the negros to promise to vote for none but colored men. It was on this report that the whites announced that Stewart and Fairfax had drawn the color line. On the contrary, we nominated a ticket composed of whites and colored people. Afterwards it got so hot that we had to take the negro names off the ticket, and nominated a full white ticket. This was the Douglass and Bland ticket. A. B. Burchardt told me Peck and Register had agreed together to "regulate" the Parish. The intention of Peck was to take all the negroes to Catahoula and keep us until after the election. Nothing was to be done to us. We were to be fed high and returned safe after the election was over. I asked the protection of Judge Cordell. He told me he was unsafe in the Parish himself. I believed him. Two days afterwards—two days prior to the election—I overheard Judge Cordell say that white men had only to go around with shot-guns on their shoulders, and ordinary negros would be sufficiently frightened. Such men as Stewart, however, would have to be killed; I got warnings: my wife heard that, on the night before the election, I was to be hung; I at once left the house, and fled over the levee; heard my dog barking, and, looking over the levee, I saw the Sheriff and 25 men at my door; my wife says they asked for me and went over into Mississippi. Witness gave the names of 15 negros alleged to have been murdered.

The death of Maj. John H. New, a prominent attorney, is announced. The United States and District Courts have adjourned out of respect.

IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

How Kate Cobb Received her Sentence.

Saturday's New York Star.

At 9:38 Mrs. Cobb was brought into the court room and seated directly in front of the Judge in the area before the reporters' desk. On her left sat the High Sheriff, and on her right her mother and Miss Loomis, a faithful friend who has stood by her throughout this terrible ordeal. Her mother looked pale and haggard, and her eyes were fixed on the carpet at her feet. Directly back of Kate sat her brother, with his head leaning on his hand. Mrs. Cobb was attired in deep mourning, and a long black veil almost completely hid her face. Her hands reposed idly in her lap and her black eyes roamed about the court room in a vacant way. She watched the Judge while he was sorting his papers, and now and then would cast a side glance at Prosecutor Waller.

She received her sentence with a slight bow, and tears filled her eyes when Judge Culver alluded to her husband, and his "worse than orphaned children." Her mother wept bitterly, and her other companions buried their faces in their hands and seemed stricken with grief. John Waterman, Kate's brother, leaned his head on the back of her chair and moaned aloud. Even Sheriff Bates was seen to apply a handkerchief to his eyes, and struggled hard to check the rising emotions within him. Over in that part of the room occupied by the ladies and Good Templar friends of the prisoner, great grief was manifested, and various exclamations of "Poor Kate," and it is "hard for her mother and children," were frequently heard in the awful stillness that prevailed. Kate Cobb was the calmest and most unconcerned. As soon as the Judge finished his sentence she brushed away the tears from her eyes, the bright, hectic flush flush suddenly came to her face, and she looked around her with a look of wonder, as if to say, "Why this grief?"

The silence was broken by her counsel, Mr. S. S. Thresher, who asked that a reasonable time be allowed him to apply for a new trial. Judge Culver said he would allow him the time prescribed by law, 10 days, at the expiration of which should the counsel fail to enter their motion, he should instruct the Sheriff to take Mrs. Cobb to the State Prison.

Then the Sheriff arose and took Mrs. Cobb's arm and led her from the Court room. She walked out with firm, unwavering footsteps, and nodded to one or two of her acquaintances. The great crowd quickly deserted the Court room and ran down the stairways, hoping to catch a glimpse of the fair prisoner as she was taken to the City Jail. A more eager mob ran up to the jail, and there waited her appearance. But the jailor thought it would be wise to keep her in the Court House for an hour or more until the excitement subsided, and the morbid ones were forced to go home unsatisfied.

NORWICH, Conn., Jan. 17.—Mrs. Kate Cobb, who was convicted of murder in the second degree, made the following statement to the public to-day, through her counsel:

NORWICH, Jan. 17.

To the Public:

In view of the fact that, up to the present time, I have kept silence, except when on the witness stand, in regard to my connection with the crime of which I have been accused, I have been requested by gentlemen connected with the public press to make some further statement than I have yet, with regard to the matter. I have only to say that, believing that my innocence would be vindicated, and acting under the advice of my counsel, I remained silent until the time of my trial. At the trial I told, as my oath as witness bound me to tell, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. On the testimony of a perjurer, together with that of other witnesses against me, some of whom were mistaken in their statements, the jury found me guilty. I do not call in question the honesty of this verdict. I can only say that it is a mistaken one, and protest most solemnly that I am innocent of the crime with which I have been charged, and of which I have been convicted.

(Signed) KATE M. COBB.

BATTLE WITH THE FISH.

The Harbor of Hawkesbury Crimsoned With Blood.

PORT HASTINGS, Cape Breton, Jan. 14.—A large shoal of black fish—the bottle-nosed whale—went into Hawkesbury, C. B., yesterday afternoon, and were driven on shore by some boats and captured. About 300 persons assembled on the banks of the shore. Men, women and children, armed with axes, pitchforks, boat hooks, scythes and carving knives, ran to their necks in the water and began the butchery. The harbor soon became purple with blood, as the large fish squirmed and spurted blood and water from 30 to 40 feet in the air. The dying groans and snorting of the fish, mingled with the shouts and wild excitement of the attacking populace made the scene truly Afghanistan. About 100 were taken, averaging in size from 10 to 25 feet long and worth in all about $1,000.

Charles Francis Adams unto Tilden said:
"'Tis very cold; I do such weather dread!"
"Not very cold," said Sam, "as I can see—
The *Tribune* makes it hot enough for me!"
N. Y. Graphic.

BLOODY BREATHITT.

Horrible Crimes Coming to Light.

Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 18.—The information from Breathitt County is of a startling nature. The dark deeds that have been perpetrated in that unhappy County are only just coming to light. The riot, bloody and fatal as it was, which attracted the attention of the whole country to Jackson, is but a light affair compared with the bloody tragedies and villainous murders that have been committed among the hills of that wild country. Timidly the information is given to the officers of the law, and guilty secrets that have been kept for years are told in whispered accents. Not only have these noble mountaineers fought and killed each other but they have waylaid, robbed and murdered travelers whose journey led them through the treacherous hills. Major Kinney, the prosecutor appointed by the State, learns of men who, having lodged at certain cabins at night, disappeared the next day, and were never heard of again. Their friends knew not where to inquire for them. Dead men, buried in Breathitt, tell no tales. The place is so cut off from the rest of civilization, that it is a safe retreat for fugitives of every kind. I heard recently of a young lawyer who, having been indicted by the United States Court, went to Breathitt where he lived for three years as safe from pursuit as if he was in Africa. Bad men could find no safer place in which to perpetrate deeds of wickedness. It is estimated, from facts that have recently been put in the possession of the law officers, that 19 murders were committed in Breathitt during the war and 26 since the war and up to the present time, making a total of 45; while the men who have been badly wounded, either in open fight or at the hands of the assassin, number 30. Horrible as this record is not one man has been punished for any of these crimes. Living in such impunity it is no wonder that they defied the law as too weak to cope with them. With the assistance of the troops the following have been arrested and placed in jail; Jack, Jerry and Alfred Little, Jason Little, the wife-murderer, Alfred Ganbill, Breck Combs, George Haddox, Wallace McGuire, Jerry McQuin, and Calloway Haddox. The troops are in pursuit of Aikman, though up to this time without finding him. These parties all took part in the last riot, and are indicted for the murder of Judge Burnet or John Freeman. Jason Little, it is said, besides the killing of his wife, is chargeable with the knowledge of how a peddler suddenly disappeared, leaving his wares behind him. The band of Owen County Kuklux and highway robbers, the account of whose deeds, a few years ago, made a black page in the history of crime, were gentle citizens compared with the desperados who infest the ravines and hill of Breathitt. The half has not yet been told. To do justice to the criminals, the Legislature should create a special Court for that County, which should sit continuously until every one of the villains had been brought to justice.

FIENDISH FRENCH FARMER.

An Almost Incredible Story of Inhumanity Toward a Young Girl—A Probable Murder Involved—Woman's Devotion.

Special Correspondence of the Telegram.

RENNES, Jan. 5.—The antiquated City of St. Malo, situated in the Department of Ille et Vilaine, in the Northeastern portion of France, is greatly horrified over a discovery which has recently been made there. Were it not for the military *regime* which exists in provincial France there is little doubt that some of the descendants of the old Armoricans, or the Malouin sailors, would, ere this, have taken the law into their hands, in Judge Lynch fashion, on the miscreants who are implicated in one of the most diabolical acts on record. The following are the facts:—Some time ago a farmer's beautiful daughter, named Josephine Jolivet, became enamored with a neighbor's son. The young man was without means and his addresses to Josephine were ill-received by the Jolivet family, notably by the father and the eldest son, Noel.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

The girl asserted that she would remain faithful to her lover, even if her family discarded her. Early last year he betrayed and abandoned her. Later on a child was born. The ruined girl craved her father's pardon, but he refused to give it. The mother also was inflexible on the subject. One dark night the young mother, while little expecting such a fate, was dragged down into a foul cellar beneath the farm house and bound hand and foot. Here, unable to move and with little to eat, she was kept till her reason fled. Noel, her eldest brother, was her jailor and brought her food once daily, he feeding her. She begged her inhuman relatives to loosen the cords cutting into her flesh and to give her air and light. Finally the cords binding her legs were loosened. Meanwhile she was fast wasting away, and it was evident that her end was rapidly approaching. To save her life she was then removed, like the lunatic wife in "Jane Eyre," to a room in the upper part of the house, where it was hoped that her cries would pass unheard and unheeded by the outer world. A St. Malo gendarme, who was known also as a very able detective, had his suspicions aroused. When passing by the Jolivet house he observed that all the members of the family began to sing loudly. The house was watched and visited by a disguised police agent, and the truth leaked out about the poor tortured girl.

THE HAND OF JUSTICE.

The public prosecutor, accompanied by a magistrate and four gendarmes entered the house of the Jolivets. The old farmer was not among the prisoners: for he had either committed suicide or been murdered a few days previously. He had several stab wounds. The several members of the family were told that they were prisoners. Each was asked separately what evidence he or she had to give. Their statements were taken down by the magistrate, and were all of a contradictory nature, each throwing the blame upon the other. The officers then made their way to the room where the girl was imprisoned, the key having been given them by the family. Words are wanting to describe the horrible condition of the room. The prisoner, formerly a healthy, buxom creature, was found to be a perfect skeleton. Her eyes were sunken and the expression of her face was more that of an animal than a human being. She was hardly able to speak. Her wrists, through being constantly cut by the cords biting their way into her flesh, had become gaping and suppurating wounds.

FEARFUL TORTURE.

The cords were cut by the brigadier of the gendarmes, who spoke to her kindly and told her that all present were her friends, and that she would be tenderly cared for in the hospital. A rough bed was improvised for the quivering wreck of humanity by those present, and she was removed forthwith to the hospital. When she entered its portals she weighed little over 31 pounds. It was here discovered that her back and arms were marked with black lines showing where she had been flogged.

WONDROUS VITALITY.

She lives by a wondrous chance. The doctors who have attended her say it is one of the most wonderful cases of vitality on record. Her mind is completely paralyzed for the present, on account of the long torture she has gone through. Her beauty, it is said, was proverbial for miles around St. Malo. Noel, the eldest son, who has been the chief instrument in torturing her, has already served two terms of imprisonment for attempting to kill two of his former friends. The case is expected to be called daily at the assizes at Rennes. The general impression is that the family will all be sent to prison.

Justice Clifford.

Chicago Times.

Old Nathan Clifford, who comes down from the Revolution and was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court by Pres. Buchanan, is Bourbon to the core. He swears "He'll be damned if he'll die or resign until there is a Democratic President." The chances of Justice Clifford's living to a decidedly greener old age than it has been his good fortune already to attain are excellent.

NEW BOOKS.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's History American Literature.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. Two vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Prof. Tyler has for a number of years borne a high reputation as a lecturer and a man of ripe scholarship in literature. He now appears before the public in a new character, as the author of a work which will no doubt enhance his reputation and attract the attention of scholars generally throughout the country.

Of this work, "The History of American Literature," the first two volumes have just been issued. The plan of the book is one calculated to elicit the widest attention. It begins with the very first written production upon American soil, Captain John Smith's account of his exploits in connection with the settlement of Virginia. As it is the first attempt ever made in the way of a history of our literature, Prof. Tyler has the field alone, and the glory. Here is the task which the author has set himself, as stated in the first paragraph of his preface: "It is my purpose to write the history of American literature from the earliest English settlements in this country, down to the present time. I hope to accomplish the work within the space of three or four volumes. Each of these volumes will cover a distinct period in the intellectual life of the American people; and while between the several volumes there will exist the tie of mutual interpretation and of historical consecutiveness, it is intended that each shall be, with reference to the epoch which it portrays, a complete and independent work."

The first two volumes of the work give in their rich external appearance some earnest of the great wealth within. The first volume covers the period between 1607 and 1676; the second, from 1676 to 1765. Attention is given first to those writers who came from England, and who wrote as they were prompted and led by the circumstances and influences thrown about them in the new world; men who were educated Englishmen, but whose productions mark the reaction of American life upon English scholarship and character. The rest of the work deals with American-born and American-bred men who at any time attracted attention as writers. We have then a work before us "which may be described," says the author, "as a history of the rise of American literature at the several isolated colonial centers, where at first each had its peculiar literary accent; of the growth of this sporadic Colonial literature in copiousness, range, flexibility, in elegance and force, and especially in tendency toward a common National accent; until finally, in 1765, after all the years of our minority and of our filial obedience had been lived, the scattered voices of the thirteen Colonies were for the first time brought together and blended in one great and resolute utterance;—an utterance expressive of criticism upon the parental control wielded over us by England, of dissent from that control, and at last of resistance to it; an utterance which meant, among other things, that the thirteen Colonies were no longer Colonies but a single Nation only, with all its great hopes and great fears in common, with its ideas, its determinations, its literature in common likewise. The real ending of our Colonial epoch, the real beginning of our revolutionary epoch, coincided in that tremendous year of disenchantment, the year 1765. That year, therefore, fixes the limit of the present volumes; for in these volumes I have tried to tell the story of American literary activity during the time of our contented subordination to the European commonwealth out of which we came."

Professor Tyler's style is simple and charming, and one reads these two volumes with the greatest delight, and at the end feels regret that the third is not at hand. No person who has ever been brought in contact with their author has failed to be attracted by his brilliance, in conversation or as a lecturer, and the greatest compliment that can be paid this work of his hand is to say that it is like him. Thorough scholarship, unerring literary taste; a quick appreciation of what is worthy or beautiful in literary productions, and just as quick a sense of what is mean, or mediocre, or ludicrous; wit, humor, sarcasm, but withal a kindness of spirit;—all there are soon marked as strong characteristics of Professer Tyler, by those who have had the pleasure of knowing him in the class-room or elsewhere, and scarcely anything could give occasion for a greater display of these qualities than this very work has done. It is the constant sparkle of these upon its pages that makes their perusal a delight, while that which makes them deeply interesting is perhaps something better still—matter itself, of the book. As you read you begin to comprehend the magnitude of the work undertaken, and you admire the bravery of the man who could consent to take upon himself so great a task. From the nature of the work very much of the histories of the Colonies at the different periods must be woven in, in order to show the occasion and complexion of the writings of that period. The history, the biography, or the literature of a period is usually of itself work enough for one author, but Prof. Tyler has accomplished all of these, and in a way that has won the warmest and most unqualified praise from the leading reviews.

A notice last week of "The Laws of Business, by Theophilus Parsons, spoke of The National Publishing Company, of Cincinnati, as the publishers. It should be stated that the style of the firm has been changed, and that the publishers are Messrs. Jones Brothers, Cincinnati, Chicago and Philadelphia.

A Bogus Jules Verne in Massachusetts.

Worcester (Mass.) Spy, Jan. 14.

A man appeared in Spencer, who said he came from Montreal, and called himself Jules Verne, on the hotel book, and in conversation with those to whom he introduced himself. Last Friday, a letter from him, dated at Spencer, came to the senior editor of the *Spy*. It was signed "Jules Verne, Paris, France." He said in it that he had been recommended to the "hospitality" of the person to whom it was addressed, by Hon. E. B. Washburne, late Minister to France, and asked to have this hospitality begin with the sending of a carriage to meet him at the depot in Worcester, at a given hour that evening. The carriage was not sent. Next morning he presented himself at Mr. Baldwin's house as Jules Verne. After a few questions had been asked and answered, he was told with some emphasis that he was not Jules Verne, that there was nothing French in him, that both his handwriting and his accent were wholly American, and that Jules Verne, visiting this country, would not be first heard of in Spencer, nor expect the hospitality of any stranger without letters of introduction. Finally, after much more had been said, he admitted that he was not a Frenchman, and that he was not the French writer whom he was personating. At last he went his way, and we have not heard of him since. The man was evidently a New Englander, who had undertaken to play a part for which he was not qualified.

A Fastidious Thief.

Sheffield Telegram.

A thief in Chesterfield, who lately robbed the hen-roost belonging to Mr. Britt, landlord of the Horns public house, in Derby road, afterwards wrote him the following letter: "Derbylane, Chesterfield, 25 78 Mr Britt Sir it is with Great pleasure i write to you but the fowls were so good and Tender that i could not refrain asking you whether Chickens would soon be ready as work is very Bad and We Must have something to Eat. Mr. Britt i must not forget to tell you that the Black hen was very tough We could neither roast nor boil it it was a disappointment as i had asked a friend to come to dinner and with Pulling at the old Black hen he Loosened all his Front Teeth the cock was very good and tender i should not written this to you but i hear that you had Promised to give 4 pounds of bacon i will call for it But i am afraid you would not be true to your Promise I am yours Truly FOWL BROTH."

The Markets.

General Produce

DETROIT, Jan. 21.—Breadstuffs—Flour firm and quiet. Wheat a shade firmer; extra, 95¼c; seller February, 96c; No. 1 white, 93¾c; seller January, 93½c bid; seller February 94c; seller March, 95½c bid, seller April, 97¼c. Receipts, 29,68 bu; shipments, none.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 21.—Flour steady. Wheat quiet but rather firmer at 90@95c. Corn quiet at 31@32c. Oats steady at 24½@27c. Whisky lower at 102c. Provisions very firm. Pork, held at $9 50. Lard, $6 09 bid; $6 10 asked. Bulk meats at $3 50@4 50@4 75. Bacon at $4 00@5 00@5 25.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 18.—Wheat—Advanced 1@3c; the noon board closed strong at 95c for hard; 88⅜c for No. 1; 86c for No. 2; 85c for seller January; 86⅜c seller February; 87⅜c for seller March; 71⅜c for No. 3; 62c for No. 4; 53c for rejected; receipts, 82,000 bu; shipments, 16,000 bu. Corn steady; 29c for No. 2. Oats steady; 19c for No 2. Rye firmer; 43c for No. 1. Barley firm; 82c for No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20.—Breadstuffs—Flour steady; superfine, $2 25@2 75; extra, $3 00@$3 50; Ohio and Indiana family, $4 50@5 70. Wheat firm; No. 2 red, 104¾@104¾c; amber, 100¾@106¾c; white, 107@107¼c. Corn firm; steamer, 42c; yellow, 44¼c; mixed, 43¾c. Oats quiet; white western, 30@32c; mixed western, 28@30c. Provisions stronger; mess pork, $9 50. Lard firm. Butter quiet; New York State and Bradford county extras, 21@23c; western reserve, 12@20c. Eggs scarce but firm; western, 33@34c. Cheese steady and unchanged. Whiskey scarce and firm; western, 110c.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Wheat strong and higher; No 2 spring, 85½c cash; 86c bid for seller February; 87¼c seller March. Corn firm and higher at 30¼c cash; 31⅛c for seller February; 31⅝c for seller March. Oats better; 20c cash; 20¼c seller February. Rye, at 44c. Barley nominally unchanged 90c for seller February. Pork excited and higher; $9 25 for cash; $9 37½ seller February; $9 45 bid seller March. Lard strong and higher; $6 17½ for seller February; $6 27½ for seller March. Hogs—receipts 43,000 head; market moderately active, 5@10c higher; light, at $2 90@3 10; heavy packing, $3 10@3 20; heavy shipping, $3 05@3 25.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Cotton unchanged at 9 7-16c for middling uplands. Flour is quiet; receipts, 15,000 bbls; sales, 13,000 bbls; $3 75@5 00 for Round Hoop Ohio; extra, $3 70@3 85. Rye Flour is reported quiet and unchanged. Wheat—Spring steady; Winter shade firmer; receipts, 73,000 bu; sales, 8,000 bush; No. 2 Red, seller January, 110c. Rye is quiet; Western, 56@58c; State, 56@59c. Corn is reported a shade firmer; receipts, 48,000 bu; sales, 70,000 bu; 44½@47½c for western mixed. Barley—The market is dull; 4-Rowed State, 95c. Oats are dull; receipts, 13,000 bu; sales, 20,000 bu; 30½@32c for mixed western; 33@35c for white do. Pork is reported firmer at $8 25. Lard is decidedly firmer at $6 45. Butter—2@32. Cheese — 3@9½c. Eggs—19@30c. Whiskey—111c. Sugar—6¾@7c. Petroleum—Market at 8¼@8½c for crude and 9½c for refined. Coal—Market firmer. Leather is dull at $19@22. Wool—27@43c.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Jan. 22.—Wheat has been quiet, but is now active and higher at the following quotations: Spot Amber, 95c; seller January, 95c; seller February, 95½c; No. 1 White Michigan 94⅜c; No. 2 Red Wabash, spot, 95¼c; seller January, 95½c; seller February, 96c; seller March, 97c; No 3 Red, 92½c; Condemned, 75c; Western Amber, 94c. Corn quite active, with an upward tendency; High-mixed, 32⅜c. No. 2, 32⅜c; Rejected, 32c; No. 2 White, 33c; seller May No. 2, 36½c; old Corn, 33⅜c. Oats are dull and unchanged, Michigan and No. 2 going at 23c. Clover Seed quiet and unchanged. Dressed Hogs active and higher, selling in large quantities at $3 75.

Lumber—Market is unchanged: Clear, $40; 2d do, $35; Stock Boards $12 00, and Common Boards, $11 00; Cull Boards, $9 00; Cedar Posts, 18c. Shingles—Prices are steady and the demand moderate. A1 18 Sawed Shingles, $3 25; No 1 do, $3 00@3 50; No. 2 do, $2 50@3 50. Lath—We quote at $1 94. Hardwood Lumber—Walnut, (merchantable) 1st and 2ds, dry, $60; Culls, dry, $25 00@28 00; Merchantable Green, 1st and 2ds, $48 00@50 00; Culls, $20 00. Oak, ship timber, $20 00; Whitewood Lumber, $18; Ash Lumber, $20 00; Butternut, 1st and 2ds, $30 00; Walnut Flooring, $45 00; Walnut Timber, 4c; Hickory Lumber, $22 00; Oak Lumber, any size under 20 feet, $15 00; Elm Timber and Boards, $10 00@15 00.

BALTIMORE, Jan 21.—Breadstuffs—Flour—Market fairly active and firm; western superfine, $2 75@3 25; do extra, $3 50@4 10; do family, $4 50@4 75. Wheat—Southern quiet; small offerings; Western excited and some higher; No 2 Pennsylvania red, 107@107c; No 2 winter red western, spot and seller January, 106½; do seller February, 107¼@106¾c; seller March, 107¾@108c. Corn—quiet for near; firmer for later options; western mixed, spot and seller January 43¾@44; do February, 43¾@44c; do seller March, 44¾c; do seller April, 44½c; steamer at 40¾c. Oats—market quiet and about steady; Pennsylvania at 28@32c; western white at 29@31c; do mixed, 28@29c. Rye nominal; southern, at 56½@58c. Hay—Dull; prime Pennsylvania and Maryland, at $10 00@11 00 per ton. Provisions—The market is firm and a shade higher; Mess pork, $8 25@9 00; old, $9 75. Bulk meats—loose shoulders, new, $3 37½@3 50; clear rib sides, $4 62½@4 75 per car load; packed, new, $4 00@5 10. Bacon—shoulders, old, $4 00@4 50; clear rib sides, new, $5 75; hams, new, sugar-cured, $9 00@9 50. Lard, refined, in tierces, $7 25. Butter—Market active and very firm for choice; western packed, 16@18c; rolls 15@17c. Petroleum—nominally firm; crude, 8¾c; refined, 9c; no offerings. Coffee—Quiet and nominally steady; Rio cargoes, at 11@16c. Whisky—steady at 109c. Freights to Liverpool, per steam, nominal; no present room offering; flour, 2s 6d; grain, 6½d. Receipts—Flour, 3,663 bbls; wheat, 72,200 bu; corn, 92,900 bu; oats, 1,600 bu; rye, — bu. Shipments—Wheat, 49,000 bu; corn, 28,500 bu.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 20.—Hogs active and higher; common, $2 40@2 90; light, $3 00@3 20; packing, $3 25@3 50; butchers', $3 50@3 60. Receipts, 208 head; shipments, 203 head.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—The Drovers' Journal this afternoon reports as follows:

Hogs—The receipts to-day have been —— head; shipments, —— head. Market 15c higher; choice heavy, $3 10@3 30; packing, mixed, $2 80@3 05; light, $2 85@2 95.

Cattle—The receipts to day have been —— head; shipments, —— head; market slow and 10@15c lower; choice shipping, $4 00@5 25; butchers' dull; cows, $2 00@3 00; bulls, $2 00@3 65; stockers, $2 40@3 00.

Sheep and Lambs—receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; market unchanged at $2 75@4 00.

EAST LIBERTY, Jan. 20.—Cattle—Receipts since Friday have been 3,965 head through and 468 head local; selling fair at last week's prices.

Hogs—Receipts 16,465 head; Yorkers, $3 00@3 20 Philadelphias, $3 40@3 55.

Sheep—Receipts, 5,500 head; selling fair at last week's prices.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Beeves—Receipts for to-day have been 4,300 head, counting the number of car loads booked but not in at noon: market tame at about current rates of a week ago; slow sales; common to fancy steers, $7 25@10 25; fair to prime, $8 75@9 75; about 1,000 steers were taken from fresh receipts by exporters, including 210 head for shipment alive. Shipments for the week ending Saturday, 576 head alive and 8,400 quarters.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for to day have been 7,200 head; trade active and prices a fraction higher; sales of sheep at $4 12½@4 87½ and lambs at $5 00@6 12½; 1 car load premium Ohio wethers, 142 lbs, reached $6 25 per 100 lbs; 4 car loads were taken by exporters. Shipments for the week, 1,100 head alive and 2,050 dressed.

Hogs—Receipts for to-day have been 1,020 head; market quiet $3 35@3 65 per 100 lbs alive, with 4 car loads at $3 50. Exports for the week, 400 head.

Money, Stocks, etc.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Money market quiet at at 2@3 ⅌ cent.; Prime mercantile paper, 3½@5 ⅌ cent.

Sterling strong; long, 48⅞; short, 487½.

Governments firm.

Railroad Securities strong.

State Securities dull.

There was a marked advance in pork and lard at the Produce exchange, to-day, the higher prices being partially due to a speculative element in the West.

The Stock market was active and excited throughout the day. In the early dealings prices advanced 1⅛ to 2½ ⅌ cent., Northwest, St. Paul, Rock Island, C., C. C. & I. and coal shares leading the upward movement. Toward the close New Jersey Central declined 2⅞ ⅌ cent. Later, Northwest common, partly under sales to realize, and partly on account of a bear raid. A report was current that the bulls had made the market down for the purpose of enabling other strong operators to secure a line of stocks. The market closed firm at a recovery of ¼ to ¾ ⅌ cent.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thrs	Wed	Tues
Old Tenn's	34	35½	34¾	35⅛	35¼	36¼
New Tenn's	29¼	30	28⅝	30	28⅝	29⅛
Old Virginias	26	25	25⅜	26	25	25½
New Virginia	26¼	26⅛	25½	26	25	25½
Missouris	105	104¼	104⅝	104⅛	104⅝	104⅝

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Sat.	Fri.	Thrs	Wed	Tu.	Mon
U. S. 6's, '81	106⅝	106¾	106⅞	106⅞	106⅝	106⅝
U. S. 5-20's, '65						
U. S. 5-20's, '67	102	101⅞	101⅞	103	101⅞	101⅞
U. S. 5-20's, '68	103	102⅝	103	103	103¼	104
U. S. 5's, '81	107⅛	107⅛	107⅛	107⅛	107⅛	107⅛
U. S. new 4½'s	106	106	106	106	105½	105⅝
U. S. new 4's	99⅝	99¾	99¾	99⅝	99⅝	99⅝
U. S. 10-40 reg.	106⅝	106⅞	106⅞	107	107⅛	107⅛
10-40's, coup.	106⅝	107	107⅛	107	107⅛	107⅛
Currency 6's	120⅝	120	120¼	120¼	120	120¼
Gold						
Sterling sight	488½	487¾	487¾	487¾	488	488
Sterling 60 d	485	481½	484¾	484¾	484¾	484

Winter Hog Packing in the West

As reported by the Cincinnati Price Current, Nov. 1 to Jan. 8:

	1878-79. Nov. 1 to Jan. 8.	1877-78. Nov. 1 Jan. 9.	1876-77. Nov. Jan. 10.
Chicago... No. 1	1,765,000	1,185,000	1,330,000
Cincinnati	430,000	413,000	450,000
St. Louis	440,000	290,000	340,000
Indianapolis	335,000	147,000	245,000
Milwaukee	295,000	170,000	200,000
Louisville	190,000	215,000	235,000
Tot. 6 points	3,545,000	2,550,000	2,640,000
Estimated at all others	1,507,016	1,081,032	1,452,390
Grand Total	5,052,016	3,130,992	3,712,618
Do. prev. wk	4,581,730	3,129,992	3,712,603
Packed week	470,286	343,040	379,787
Do. prev. w'k	320,630	342,027	318,581
⅌ ct. 6 points	*70.17	70.17	64.51
All other p'ts	*29.83	29.83	35.49

* Estimated on ratio of 1867-78.

RADWAY'S [illegible]

FROM THE

Hon. Thurlow Weed,

Indorsing Dr. Radway's R. R. R. Remedies using them for Several Years.

NEW YORK, January 5, 1878.

Dear Sir—Having for several years used your medicines, doubtingly at first, but after experiencing their efficacy, with full confidence, it is no less a pleasure than a duty to thankfully acknowledge the advantage we have derived from them. The pills are resorted to as often as occasion requires and always with the desired effect. The Ready Relief cannot be better described than it is by its name. We apply the liniment frequently and freely, almost invariably finding the promised "Relief."

Truly yours,
(Signed) THURLOW WEED.
DR. RADWAY.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA
INFLUENZA
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR.
After Reading this Advertisement Need Any One Suffer With Pain?
RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF
IS A
Cure for Every Pain.
It was the first and is the
ONLY PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO 20 MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL
Afford Instant Ease.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA.
CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.
CHILBLAINS AND FROSTBITES.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

For the cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofula or Syphilitic, Hereditary or Contagious, be it seated in the Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, Corrupting the Solids and Vitiating the Fluids, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaint, &c.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

Sold by Druggists. Price, $1.00.

OVARIAN TUMOR
Of Ten Years' Growth Cured
BY DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.
DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 WARREN ST., N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S
Regulating Pills,

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinkings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all of the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

READ
"False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.